

ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

Foreign Literature, Science, and Art

VOL. CXL.
THIRD SERIES. VOL. IX.} FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 2

POETRY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

Though it be a truism to say that chronological divisions have no natural relation to the human events which take place in them, it is remarkable how often an epoch of thought or art appears to us as contained within a century. The coincidence is accidental and the accident takes accent from our temptation to show the feet of human change keeping step with the beats of time. But even if there were less of truth than there is in the suggested unison, it would still be convenient to shut off within the circumscription of a cycle the events contained in it, just as we are content to let a window make a framework to a section of landscape, even if the outline of a hillside may be curtailed, one stretch of woodland severed from another, or some reach of a river made to lose its continuity with the stream. Occasionally the severance works for fragment, but as often as not it involves a composition. So it is with history, and especially perhaps with the history of art; and at all events it is certain that in isolating thus the nineteenth century for the purpose of presenting the aspect of a cycle of English poetry, we do succeed in getting something like a com-

plete picture. It may be said, not unfairly, that the birth of the century was contemporaneous with that of a new poetic era, and that its close saw the exhaustion of the movement which its opening happened to inaugurate; and, with this assumption, we may hope that it will not be uninteresting to pass in review, partly for the sake of chronicle, but partly also for appreciation, the names of those who have made the chief show in verse from 1801 to 1900. We may well begin with a reflection with which we might appropriately end: the work of the period has been a redemption; from slovenliness we have risen to style; from vagueness to precision; from levity to earnestness; from triviality to high purpose; from convention to reality in feeling and thought. And, without venturing upon what would be a wide disquisition, we will content ourselves with ascribing—as to two great parent causes—the birth of so happy and so vast a change to the impulse of scientific discovery, and to the purifying fires kindled by the French Revolution.

The great poetic outburst which illumined our Elizabethan era, and has continued without a lull, though with much variation in volume and quality of light, ever since, came at so mature a point in the literary development of

* "The Victorian Anthology." Edited by Sir M. E. Grant Duff. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co. 1902.

Europe that it has been marked by two apparently contradictory characteristics. It has been at once derivative and individual. Derivative, because with Homer and such of his followers as have come down either in fragment or tradition, the Attic Tragedians, the Lyrist, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Dante, and Petrarch, all soliciting imitation and supplying models, it was impossible not to accept and digest the grand result of time. Individual, because with such a wilderness of choice before him, a poet was almost bound to follow his own bent, and to become epic, dramatic, lyric, classic, medieval, romantic, mystic, or a compound of some or all of these, as Nature made and bade him. And a capricious diversity was made all the easier because there was no academic and conservative public audience with its powerful traditions to coerce him, as at Athens, and no Imperial coterie to dictate his taste and subject-matter, as in Augustan Rome. Leaving out Shakespeare, who stands alone, as incapable of imitation as of approach, Marlowe, Jonson, Ford, Milton, Marvell, Denham, Congreve, Addison, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Goldsmith, to say less of Prior, Beattie, Collins, and the rest, had by the close of the eighteenth century provided their successors with a variety of native type and model, both in motive and treatment, unparalleled in the literature of any country. As it was with Adam and Eve on leaving Paradise, when

The world was all before them where
to choose
Their place of rest,

so it was with the poetical aspirants of the nineteenth century, and they accordingly scattered themselves over the whole domain. From the start onwards we have had satire, unalloyed, or as sauce to didactics; we have had tragedy, melodrama, comedy, lyrics,

one epic at least, a pretty natural daughter of the middle ages, in classic name and fancy dress, and thinking to dance her steps under the tuition of Apollonius Rhodius; we have also had a most remarkable series of epical cameos, most properly named Idylls, but esteemed by some as an Arthurian cycle; besides scores of truncated narrative, that sometimes recall the limits, and occasionally the topics, of Theocritus; and, lastly, we have had didactic gossip by the square yard, and introspective stanzas by the cartload.

For the multitudinous and no less multifarious poetic production of the last hundred years the spread of education has been largely responsible; and this through one of its thousand consequences, good and bad, that self-esteem which is apt to mistake taste for power, and the desire of achievement, which is so common a possession, for creative instinct, with which so few are dowered. The repeal of the paper duties, and the mechanical appliances which have cheapened production, have been contributory and facilitating causes. Something also must be laid to the charge of the many forms and devices of unscrupulous advertisement, to the recklessness, the lack of sense, and occasionally of conscience, in inferior criticism, not to do more than mention the pernicious habit of a group of authors reviewing one another in turn. But, just as true merit was never permanently obscured either by hostility or neglect, so no mediocrity has ever been made illustrious in the long run by unmerited laudation. It is certain, however, that after we have swept away the piles of rubbish which vanity has produced, and incompetence or dishonesty has recommended, the poetic work of the nineteenth century remains very splendid. A mere review of it, even without anything like an attempt to classify it or to account for it, is of supreme interest. Crabbe,

Campbell, Rogers, Southey, and Wordsworth may be said to have led off the procession. Two out of these five, Crabbe and Wordsworth, were something more than "considerable," and both of them may, one certainly will, prove to be immortal. It is a few of his small pieces such as "Hohenlinden," "The Mariners of England," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "O'Connor's Child," and "The Battle of the Baltic," which give Campbell his chief title to renown. Of these "Hohenlinden" approaches nearest to greatness. Of "Lord Ullin's Daughter" it may almost be said that it is saved by its theme in spite of its treatment. "O'Connor's Child" is fantastic and secondary, and little better than a vamped-up reproduction of rags and tags from the store closets of the old ballads. As to the "Pleasures of Hope," what are they? Blameless no doubt, with a strong smack of the school exercise, and such a prophetic forecast of the Prize Poem as illustrates his own well-repeated dictum that

Coming events cast their shadows before.

Patches they have, and many, which are hardly purple, and filled they are with facile generalities, touches of conventional landscape and morality; they abound in platitudes most remotely connected with the pleasures of hope; and lastly they are interspersed with occasional flashes of outrageous hyperbole, of which one specimen is enough:

On Erie's banks where *Tigers* steal
along,
And the dread Indian chaunts a dismal
song;
Where human fiends on midnight er-
rands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous toma-
hawk.

We trust that we may be forgiven for our italics.

The chief merit of Campbell is his blamelessness, and the literary modesty which saved him from such disastrous failures of over-vaulting ambition as made Southey the laughing-stock of every good judge from Porson and Byron until now. Of Rogers it is unnecessary to say more than that he was a cultivated gentleman who chose to employ a strenuous leisure in writing tolerable verse.

Crabbe, as he was infinitely superior to Campbell, so he more vividly recalls their common poetic ancestry. He is of the race of Pope, Dryden, Swift, Goldsmith, and Cowper. He may lack the philosophic insight, the neatness, the antithesis of the first, the rollick and burlesque of the second, the causticity, wit, and political grasp of the third, the grace of the fourth; but then, to make up for these deficiencies, he has been spared the matchless dreariness of the fifth, and there are moments when he shares the qualities of all. But he poured new wine into their old bottles, and he has a characteristic which differentiates him: his purpose was his own. It was at once sad and solemn; he was the first of our moderns to take seriously to heart, and consciously to write about, the suffering, temptations, difficulties, and degradation of the poor, urban and rural, as he knew them. This he did in no vague or reflective fashion, but in narratives drawn from concrete experience. The population of the Eastern Counties among whom he was bred, half agricultural and half seafaring, perhaps also in an especial degree the victims of material poverty and spiritual neglect, were eminently likely to awaken his sympathy and rouse his sense of wrong; while his opportunities of knowledge as he went among them, first as doctor and afterwards as clergyman, accentuated the influence of their condition upon his heart and brain. The outcome was such a

string of poems as "The Village," "The Parish Register," and "The Borough." These may not have added much to the graces of English poetry, any more than the pictures of Teniers did to the æsthetic beauty of painting. But they have directness of incident, firmness of touch, and distinctness of portraiture. In fact Crabbe was a serious, purposeful Teniers in verse; and so has perpetuated for us some of the many contemporary phases of poverty for which the generation among whom they were manifested will be held unwontedly responsible at the bar of history. His intent was somewhat akin to that of Wilkie in painting, and still more to that yearning towards the delineation of her own class and neighborhood which so soon afterwards produced the novels of Miss Austen. But no poems like his have since been attempted, and their predecessors, "The Deserted Village" and "Gray's Elegy," were both so far removed from them that we may fairly say of them that there is nothing "quid prius dicamus, nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum." Crabbe's powers were undoubtedly great enough to make his literary work permanently valuable as a picture of manners and a record of sentiment, although perhaps they were not great enough to place him very high among the poetic expositors of man's nature to man.

The contribution of Coleridge to the permanent literature of England is in very poor proportion to his genius. He must be classed among the first poets of the second order, that is to say of the order which comes next after the four Giants of Epic, Shakespeare and the three great Athenians; and yet he will be remembered by less of his work than will any undeniable master. It is indeed deplorable that the soul from which could emanate "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," "The Ancient Mariner," and the two great adaptations of Schiller, should have shed so

niggard a lustre upon the world. But so it is, and Coleridge can only be mourned as a shattered, half-redeemed prodigal, whose very creations cry out against him, and who for his wandering and self-waste must ever demand pardon of his kind.

Sir Walter Scott is an illustrious example of a man endowed with the highest genius who, having tried both, came to the conclusion that his natural vehicle of expression was prose, not verse. It would be incorrect to say that he never wrote a poem after the production of "Waverley," but his occasional relapses do not interfere with the fact of his resolve. And after all, as might be expected, it was wise. The world would not be so very much the poorer if "Marmion," "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "Rokeby" were to perish, but it will remain infinitely richer so long as "Old Mortality," "The Antiquary," "The Monastery," "The Legend of Montrose," "Quentin Durward," and a score at least of the other novels survive. Considering the swing and rapidity of the verse in his longer poems, it sounds strange to say that he perpetually fails to produce music in his shorter lyrics, but it is stranger still that nobody seems to have noticed the extreme clumsiness of many a line in some of the best known of them. To take one only, though dozens might be collected: "can anything be worse than

"Hall to the Chief who in triumph advances"?

But, thank Heaven, the fame of Sir Walter has been otherwise won. Might it not be true to suggest that one reason why his poetry remained below his natural level was that he is one of the very few men who have risen to the height of literary greatness without fully belonging to, or being in keen sympathy with, their epoch? Far otherwise was it with the two poets whose

names stand next on the roll. Byron and Shelley were set on fire by the French Revolution. It illumines "Manfred," "Childe Harold," and "Cain," "Prometheus Unbound" and "The Revolt of Islam," and is the cause of many another less valuable effort of the two masters, especially of each in his more palpably satirical mood. It is questionable whether either Byron or Shelley has had, or ever will have, accurate justice done to him. The lightning of their genius was too highly tinted by the more unpopular and less abiding colors of an epoch whose effervescence was checked by a reaction which wreaked vengeance upon all the most openly avowed products of the period against which it set itself to war. It was the cant of the "twenties" and "thirties" to dismiss Byron as false and sensual, and Shelley as a dangerous atheist. To the half-blind preachers of this unwarranted rejection the lordly self-presentation of such a nature as Byron's, its alternate flash and gloom, its masterly grasp of Nature in her most stupendous moods, the rhetoric which could roll audible thunder among the summits of Alps, fling sunbeams adown their valleys, sparkle over their falls and torrents, and sweep along their clouds, were all as naught. They could see nothing but what their littleness left them free to ridicule or dislike, loathe or dread; and their position is all the more provoking because they were right in their judgment of what they could see. Among things that irritate, it is as prominent as it is true that the lower nature which looks at the higher from below is apt only to catch sight of its baser parts and qualities; but it does catch those. The names of Byron and Shelley have been more commonly associated than those of any two other poets. The reasons for this are obvious. They were both of them, to begin with, of gentle birth,

and—we say it with deference to those who might think otherwise—their poetry was largely influenced by their rank, though in varying extent and fashion. They were both, too, what one of them called "exiles of the heart" as well as of the home. The conjunction of these two accidents added recklessness to Byron, intensity to Shelley. It wrung "Alastor" and "Prometheus" from the one, "Manfred" and "Don Juan" from the other. These were indeed widely sundered products, but it must be remembered that Shelley also wrote "Swellfoot the Tyrant," just as Byron wrote "The Vision of Judgment," and that if Shelley gave us his delicate Laments and Romances we are all much the richer for "The Dream." Social isolation was in both of them the cause of a common defect, in which, however, we once more see the difference of their temperament conspicuously working. Each of them in his own way from lack or contempt of criticism falls in style. In Byron this is most apparent in the want of what is called "finish," and in the vain facility with which he allowed his "rubbish" to go forth to the world. It is impossible to charge such a worker as he was with commonplace idleness, and so it seems better to lay to his account a moral lethargy which made him careless of his true fame. He never seemed to treat his creative faculty, or what came of it, as a reserved chamber of his nature to be kept swept and garnished, whatever came of the rest. He wrote indeed:

I hope to be remembered in my line
With my land's language,

but the desire was not fervent enough to carry him beyond the poorer result inevitable to his native powers. If only the conscientious labor of a Tennyson had been possible to him, what a manifestation he would have made!

The social isolation of Shelley was

even more complete than that of Byron. Byron was at least in correspondence with Rogers, Moore, Broughton, John Murray, and a host of others from whom he had to endure valuable protest and counsel which were not altogether without fruit. But Shelley had no one to criticise or advise him. His circle was small, and it only lifted hands of adoration. His main defect was exuberance, and he had no one to apply or even to recommend the pruning-knife. How infinitely the "Prometheus" would have gained if somebody could have persuaded him to reduce it by at least one-fourth of its mere bulk. There is too much of everything after the first act, which, however, is faultless; too much Zeus, too much Demogorgon, too many pine trees singing interminably "old songs with new gladness," too many "voices of spirits o'er land and o'er sea." There are even too many of the lyrics in the fourth act, divine as are some of them; and there is far too much of an ill-defined, half-imagined millennium, which might be rest to an over-fatigued Titan, but which only takes casual account of anybody else. But may we be forgiven for seeming to complain that these two great human bestowals were not better than they were.

Near to them in the "Castello," but somewhat apart, like "the lonely Saladin," there sits a quieter figure. He left the world so soon, and with so little done, though some of that little be of the highest, that the world can hardly estimate him. It may mourn him, but it cannot judge him. The promise of his "Endymion" gleams through its faulty shape, and survives its frequent clumsiness of epithet and its crude versification. If it contained nothing else of value than that splendid symphony in words of which the first theme begins:

Oh, sorrow, why dost borrow,

and after two other magnificent measures comes back at last to the melody with which it started, the poem itself would be stamped with immortality. Half a dozen of the "Sonnets," "Lamia," the lines to "Autumn," "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," and beyond all these the "Ode to a Nightingale," and "Lines on a Grecian Urn," are credentials enough for a youth who died at twenty-six. But, as we have already said, you cannot place Keats, because you cannot tell what would have become of him.

It would be gross ingratitude to one of the caterers for the delight of his boyhood if a survivor of the last generation were to forget to mention with affectionate remembrance the name of Thomas Moore. If a school-boy were to try to picture the sort of regard which the thought of him calls up in his elders, it would resemble that which he himself might feel for a family friend who was wont to confer upon him occasional sovereigns. Dear, chubby, little old Anacreon! He could sing to us of love and wine without doing us any harm. How we felt for him when he sang

The days are gone when Beauty bright
My heart-strings wove.

The more, perhaps, because we could not quite realize the operation. And how glad we were to hear—our own locks being still brown and our cheeks ruddy—that it was possible for him and his olden contemporaries, although

The snowfall of Time might be stealing
ing

over their brows,

Like Alps in the sunset, when lighted
by wine
To wear the gay tinge of Youth's roses
again.

And how thoroughly we agreed with him, having some grumpy mathemati-

cal master or fruit-withholding gardener
in our mind's eye, when he broke out—

Only think what a world we should
have of it here,

If the haters of peace, of affection
and glee,

Were to fly off to Saturn's comfortless
sphere,

Leaving Earth to such spirits as you,
Boys, and me.

It is true that he wrote "Love," not
"Boys," but we used to take the liberty
of making an undoubted emendation
in our own favor. Then did he not
teach us "The Minstrel Boy"? How
real as well as noble we thought the
lad, and how our breasts swelled with
sacred pity when we heard that

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's
chain

Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again
For he tore its cords asunder.

We endorsed that last act of the poor
little hero, without pausing to think—
seeing what is the toughness of catgut
—how very trying a feat it must have
been for his relaxing fingers. Then,
when we had grown somewhat older,
when sentiment, with its gratuitous
but very real sadness, had begun to
work in us, how grateful we were for
such lines as

No, not more welcome the fairy num-
bers

Of music fall on the sleeper's ear,
When, half awaking from fearful slum-
bers,

He dreams the full quire of heaven is
near,

Than came that voice when all forsaken
This heart long had sleeping lain,
Nor deemed its cold pulse, &c., &c.

By the time that such tender catas-
trophes had lost something of their
original poignancy, had not Lalla
Rookh already grown dear to us? Did
we not rejoice over the hoodwinking of
Fadladeen? And were we not—wicked

young puppies—uncertain whether we
were glad or sorry that the seductive
king's messenger, the mysterious and
handsome singer of romantic stories,
who beguiled the long journey as he
rode beside the litter of his master's
bride, should turn out to be her be-
trothed himself, so that there was noth-
ing like naughtiness or irregularity in
the loves of Feramorz and Lalla Rookh
after all? And how our hearts had
ached over "The Fire-Worshippers,"
and the sweet lament for Hinda at the
close of that poem. Poor Tom Moore,
what Fame will end by doing with you
we do not care to enquire; we trust
that you may even now be sipping your
nectar and water, cooled to a consolatory
point, in the company of Anacreon
and a pleasant group of the Anthologists.
It may be that no future generation
of old fellows will be grateful to you,
or recall, when they think of you, the
merriment and little heart-aches of
their youth. We suppose that our
grandchildren will have merriment
and heart-aches, but will they have a
Tom Moore also? We, at all events,
not foreseeing either their temperament
or their destiny, will return thanks for
having had you. As for your politics,
or your satire, we knew very little
about them, and cared less; they may
possibly have amused our elders.

The Reactionaries were assisted in
the tilt which they ran against Byron
and Shelley by the contrast of the de-
cent life and calm genius of Words-
worth, seated remote and contempla-
tive among the hills and vales of the
Lake country. There he was, in honest
communion with Nature, and, save for
an occasional outburst of judicial in-
dignation, breathing nothing but resig-
nation and content, while the others
were storming in vain fever and fury,
and flaunting a somewhat ostentatious
violation of what they affected to mis-
take and despise. The range of
thought in Wordsworth, his rustic dig-

nity, his power of seeing the true poetry in common things, his gentle unaffected mysticism, and his simple method of expressing it, are qualities so well and so long acknowledged in him that, except in an historic sketch, it would be too late to call attention to them. But even now it may be worth while to recur to his love for the poor and his reverence for woman. His poor are not the shepherds and shepherdesses of earlier sentimentalists; they are living, working, loving, thinking human creatures, with sins, virtues, and sufferings of their own, not to be pitied, blamed, or loved one whit more or less than their betters, and affording equal food for the contemplative poet or the humane philosopher. What we might call the "village" stanzas of Gray's "Elegy" form a shorthand registration of a vast amount of Wordsworth's poems; and to the minds and tastes of many the multiplicity and elaboration of concrete instances by the later poet grow wearisome in comparison with the brief and easy summary of the elder. Possibly so voluminous a writer as Wordsworth suffers from attempts to read too much of him at one time. There seems in him a reiteration of subject, in which minute shades of distinction merge into dreariness, and beget a monotony of treatment which has, perhaps, no minute shades to lose. His unchanging simplicity is apt to pall, like the bread diet of the poor of whom he loved to sing. But his worship of women is as supreme as it is simple. It would be unfair to it to say that it has been achieved by no one else, for it is clearly innate in the man; it is not an achievement, it is an intuition. In the days of duelling it would have been unsafe to give a full and true expression of our opinion to his face of the man to whom the "Lucy" poems did not appeal.

Among the worthier workers of the

second rank George Darley must not be forgotten. He was not great; he had no mission; and, unfortunately for him, he arose at a moment when men were for asking, with a new directness, of all who proposed themselves for fame, "What have you come to teach?" His impulse was secondary, his style derivative. He savored, now of the Elizabethans, now of Milton, now of Shelley, and now of Keats. His method was inartistic. He had nothing of his own to say, but he remembered what others had said before him, and he piped away to their airs, sometimes almost as they would have done it themselves, and always prettily, because he was like them. He was an echo, faint, but not uninteresting. Of his two best known works, the Fairy drama "Sylvia" and "Nepenthe," we prefer the former. Darley's merits may be said to be those of an anthologist on a large scale, and that is as far as one can go in recalling him.

Another strange and half-formed genius who broke into a brief show of prominence along with Darley was Thomas Lovell Beddoes. He had more of strength and less of grace than Darley, but his light was, like that of his friend, planetary, and his work purposeless. Such fame as he had was equally fugitive, and the kindly attempt of his late editor to revive him has, as in Darley's case, failed. Yet both in "The Bride's Tragedy" and in that so-called of "The Fool" there is poetry, and in his fragments, especially in those of "Death's Jest Book," Beddoes scintillates at times with some thought or expression, some little half-gleam of self-revelation, which seems to hint at a mind that never shone with its full power. It may be that real madness lay at the root of his imperfection, for his life was eccentric and unaccountable, and he died a suicide.

As to the value of a certain contemporary of Darley and Beddoes, we

could wish that we were more heartily in accord with critics to whose judgment we should be glad to subordinate our own. But we cannot affect an unfelt admiration, and we can only present the long drama of "Joseph and his Brethren," by Charles Wells, as a work which many persons highly competent to judge have as highly praised. It does not seem to us that the touching old tale has gained anything by its elaboration. In the reprint of 1876 it occupies some 252 pages of considerably more than twenty lines apiece on an average. Its first act alone is about as long as most of Shakespeare's plays, and there are four of them. The composition consists of little else than a series of sermons preached upon texts supplied by the main incidents of the story. Reuben's lecture to his brothers on their treatment of Joseph occupies some three hundred lines at least, and is only broken by ejaculatory sentences from one or other of his ten listeners. The disquisitions upon cruelty, mercy, pity, patience, ambition, and—as soon as Phraxanor, Potiphar's wife, and the only female character, comes on the scene—upon lust, love, honesty, duty, and God's providence, are surely unredeemed by originality. Phraxanor herself falls immeasurably below the Phædra of Euripides, and adds nothing to the Phèdre of Racine. Perhaps the truest apology for the poem is that the work was that of a very young man.

Among the strong men of his generation who deliberately adopted verse, very few were more deliberate in their adoption or stronger in their use of it than Walter Savage Landor. He did not hesitate between prose and verse, but he oscillated between them as a man may between a town and a country house. With now a play, now some "Imaginary Conversations," now an epic, he turned backwards and forwards from one to another with a

lordly alternation too magnificent to be called caprice. His power in both directions no man may call in question, but there is an indescribable difference between poetic genius and such power. As a boy, he was a precocious scholar, and, when he could be persuaded to try, he produced Latin and Greek verses, original and in translation, which were the bewilderment, and more than once provoked the envy, of his teachers. But his waywardness and wilfulness were as transcendent as his aptitudes, and he was as a lazy animal that will not put forth its strength. Later on, with like irregularity, he chose his own models, and invented his own methods. Though he studied Dante, he undervalued him on the score of his medievalism. He idolized Milton, whose mightiness in music appealed to him; probably from analogy he would have loved Handel as a musical composer. As a poet we may admire his elevation of style and his intellectual pride, which, scorning small subjects, held itself aloof from playfulness in metre, tricksiness in fancy, triviality in sentiment. We may acknowledge that he never dandled a commonplace, and that he avoided poetical doll-dressing, with all the thousand and one prettinesses in which too many, who ought to have known better, have either courted popularity among half-cultivated coteries, or stooped to solicit the applause of the mob. But it would be difficult to own that he ever moves us; we leave him as calm and unexcited as he is himself. Even his landscape is not vivid; he has not fed his reverence with it like Wordsworth, mastered it like Milton, or assimilated it as Byron did that of Spain, of the Alps, and, above all, of Italy. He cannot bid Nature sing, as Shelley did, ode upon ode of her own making. In short, he is not an evangelist. He had not that kind of self out of which, after all, Gospels are made.

And so he remains, colossal, impressive, like a ruin whose purpose is unknown, and from which we turn not without wonderment, but unstirred by reverence, sympathy, or affection. Half a dozen of Shakespeare's sonnets, Byron's "Isles of Greece," Shelley's "Sky-lark," and the "Ode to a Nightingale" of Keats are, any one of them, worth a wilderness of "Gebirs" or "Hellenics," fine as these may be. We may admit Landor's stateliness of diction, though this is not so much native as derived. We may acknowledge his power of creating weird situations, but what is there either in his subjects or his treatment of them that satisfies or seduces us? Does he feel, or make us feel, what he writes? Grievously as we may revolt from much that we find in Byron or Shelley, at least we feel that they felt, and thence comes the touch of Nature that makes us akin to them. Not so with Landor.

Perhaps the lowest depths beneath style were plumbed by Wordsworth, just as its high-water mark was habitually paced by his immediate successor in the primacy of English poetry. We reserve the expression "grand style" to express the majesty of verse, say, in Milton and Virgil, but that is a matter apart. We employ the term "style" for a more general purpose. It conveys the idea of masterly elevation of manner, of an inevitable form of phrase, of chasteness in rhythm, of caution in expression, and of a general finish and polish in work. Now, in all these, especially when his volume, his range of subject, and his multiplicity of metre are considered, we hold Tennyson to have been supreme. As he ranges below the majesty of Milton, so he cannot be said to have caught and reproduced the inmost melodies of verse like Shelley, while the rhetoric of Byron he may consciously have shunned. But style, as representing the conscientious handicraft of a master deter-

mined to send forth nothing slipshod, common, or unclean, he certainly had and used as no Englishman has ever had or used it. He represents in this respect a staglike bound of our poetry out of the wilds of the rough and the unkempt into a smooth, well-shaven lawn of gardenlike order. It was natural that such a method should be allied to a receptive rather than to a creative mind. Imagination he had, and fancy in abundance, and he relied upon the latter more, perhaps, than on the former. His constructive faculty was not large. The consequence of this last limitation, so long as he remained conscious of it, was his love for short pieces. None of his poems up to and inclusive of those published in 1842 is 500 lines long. "In Memoriam" is but a wondrous collection of pearls strung together. Very few of its odes are absolutely essential to one another. They follow in fair sequence, though rather like separate stones in an ungraduated necklace; but it requires some ingenuity to plead a general design. So it is with the "Idylls of the King"; the connection between these is confined to the reappearance, ever and anon, of the same personages. In short, Tennyson was a carver of cameos, which he set in a blank matrix. But, then, what gems these cameos are! The two exceptions, outside the dramas, are "The Princess" and "Maud." "The Princess" especially stands apart. Its story is consecutive, directly told, and is constructed without flaw, but it is slight. Still, as a production, especially taking size into consideration, we are inclined to put it as high as anything he ever did. Perhaps its excellence is partly owed to an element of jocularity, to the fact that it was originally started for fun; this feeling, working unconsciously in its author all through it, may have given him a sense of ease and freedom. Certainly he does touch the serious sub-

jects involved in it with a surer hand than elsewhere. Absolute seriousness of approach towards the highest is apt to work hesitancy and a want of precision, sometimes even of courage and candor. There are few minds in the whole history of literature that have been equal to this test. A little ripple of laughter, however restrained, evades the difficulty, and leaves success complete. Of "Maud," in spite of its many beauties, we had rather not say much. It has been called its author's masterpiece. After much reflection, we take leave to doubt this. Its subject is needlessly disagreeable. Its hero provokes no sympathy; its heroine is a phantom, a statue for Pygmalion to write verses to. The brother and the lordling are unfair caricatures. It is immortalized by some exquisite fragments, such as the garden song, the apostrophe to the Swainston cedar, many lines of the song that begins "Oh, that t'were possible After long grief and pain," and the nautilus. But it is defaced by metres here and there that are positively ugly, and by satire that is unexciting because too often undeserved. Of Tennyson perhaps the last word to say is this: Outside and below the group of the very grandest, he is the most perfect and companionable of poets, and will be remembered by an unusual quantity of his work. He will stand forever in the history of English literature as the champion who refound and rescued the lost Lady of Style. His aim was always lofty; he never wrote a line, much less conceived a poem, that should express himself at the expense of his readers. He never laughed, at or with society, the laugh which corrupts while it affects to censure. It was not in him to gloze over the commonplaces of lust, or to elaborate the portraiture of great crimes with a half-concealed admiration; he could never have written his own apology, or excused his readers' fascination

as did the author of "Monsieur de Camors" when he bade farewell to his adulterous traitor and suicide with the words, "Sans doute un grand coupable, mais qui pourtant fut un homme." No "Cencis," no "Beppos," no "Don Juans" for him; though perhaps he did spend too much time over the episode of Launcelot and Guinevere, and though his fame would not have suffered if he had abstained from the somewhat nambý-pamby love-making of Rosamund and Henry. Let us forget these blemishes of substance, with here and there a false experiment in form; they are but a few specks in the crop of rich fruit which the garden of his soul has borne for the world; let us turn them lovingly to the bottom of the basket. The poetry of the nineteenth century culminated in him, and, fitly, in the very noontide of its own course. He may be said, in his own words,

To sit a star upon the sparkling spire,
and there is none to dispute his throne with him.

Side by side and almost year for year with the great laureate there was working a man whose genius was at once the contrast and a complement of his own. Browning's method was not so much a negative lack of style as a positive rejection of it. His magnificent imagination, his intellectual force, his instinct for a fine subject, his love for and mastery over landscape, his penetration into the devious passages and closed chambers of human nature, are all undoubted; but so are his wilfulness, his roughness, his unliterary avoidance of simplicity, his love of leaving his reader, and perhaps sometimes himself, lost in half-lights of intention, and half-thridded mazes of unexpounded philosophy. His burlesque and muscularity found acceptance with many persons not too capable of appreciating his highest qualities, but who fancied that they had found in

him satisfaction for a lack of virility which they had imputed to Tennyson simply because he was delicate and clear. Many such mistook his obscurity itself for profundity, thinking that what they could not plumb must needs be deep. A host of the admirers of "Sordello" irresistibly recall that old Northumbrian story of the night-wanderer who stumbled into one of the hundreds of disused shafts in the mining district, but, managing to catch hold of the bank as he fell, maintained himself with foot and hand, shouting the while for help. He is said to have been dragged out shaking and chattering in his agony; and it was found that, had he but known it, his toes were only a few inches from the bottom. But Browning must not be undervalued because silly folk have raved about him. He will pass his immortality in the company of his great rival and contemporary; propped, it may be, upon a somewhat lower bed of amaranth or moly, though very close at hand. Because nonsense has been talked about "Paracelsus" we need not forget "Strafford," "Pippa Passes," "Saul," "Rabbi ben Ezra," "How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix," and, above and beyond all else of his, large or small, the matchless and priceless "Ring and the Book." But great as he was he cannot be wholly forgiven, even by the most grateful of us, for the perversity which elected to scorn the use of good handicraft in the shaping of fine thought. Whoever the jeweler may be, he has no right to set diamonds in mud.

At Browning's own side for many years sat and wrote his gifted but artistically deficient wife. The long romance of their joint lives, and the unquestioning worship of her husband, threw for a while an undue lustre upon the work of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. The chastisement inflicted upon a still living critic, who at the

time of her death indulged himself with a flippant remark in violation of good taste and feeling, but which is not now more worthy of repetition than it was originally of punishment, is still remembered by the readers of "Pacchiarotto." The voice of the militant husband is silent now, but we may express the verdict of a later generation without irreverence or cowardice on the one hand, or the risk of undeserved affront on the other. A love of paradox in the reading public contributed to the undue esteem in which, at one time, the productions of the poetess were held. It pleased people to say that the gray mare was the better horse. We remember these very words in the pages of an eminent Review. But though it was ludicrous to look upon Mrs. Browning as the rival or superior of her greater husband, her claims to consideration are beyond cavil. She had feeling, romance, wit, picturesqueness, thoughtfulness occasionally rising into wisdom, and landscape; but none of these qualities was hers in a superlative degree. "Aurora Leigh" exhibits her range and her limitations. It is a novel in verse, yet its story is undigested and improbable, and its incidents are so overlaid with that intellectual gossip to which both she and her husband were regrettably prone, that it is next to impossible to pick them out as one goes along. They are jerked in as though she were on the point of forgetting them, and as if they were things only worth mentioning, as it were, by the way. The narrative portion of the poem does not occupy ten per cent. of its dimensions. The rest is made up of reflections, sometimes excellent, but in the main tedious and trite. The plot is rather like a story by George Eliot, but a story whose every merit the novelist would have transcended, and from the absurdities and crudities of which she would have steered clear. The worst

poetic defect of "Aurora Leigh" is its abominable versification. From its long stretch of some eleven thousand lines one might bring forward a hundred examples. In fact, her artistic taste was Mrs. Browning's weakest point. Her lyric metres are often as faulty as her blank verse. They jingle themselves at times into something very like vulgarity. Their music is that of the guitar or the harp at their best; at their worst it is that of the banjo. Yet she must have read the best models. Shelley and, later on, Tennyson were at her command; but she must have turned from them without true study. Perhaps she loved to imitate her husband's perversities. Perhaps he encouraged her—he would certainly not correct her—and she still remained under the expiring lyric tastelessness of the generation that preceded her. Still, with all her shortcomings in art she was a grand manifestation of the woman who revered womanhood, and who conceived that her mission was to hold up the best in it at once as a standard for her own sex, and as a plea and protest to ours. So let us forgive much that is weak, much that is rough, much that is even tawdry if looked at from the artistic side alone. She was voluminous beyond measure, and, like some of her betters at the craft, would probably have written much better if she had written far less. One would have been glad to rub out some twenty thousand of her lines, and then to set her to work to polish and chasten the rest.

With Browning and Mrs. Browning we take leave of the two last great sinners against style. Tennyson, Patmore, Arnold, and Swinburne have all been thoroughly conscientious in form, phrase, and general workmanship. Arnold may have been dry and without a large stock of melodies; Patmore over-frugal and over-chastened; the trill of Swinburne exuberant, repeti-

tive, over-prolonged. But with all of them their strings are ever in tune, and they never touch their instrument with a slack or slovenly hand. As to Arnold, we have heard it said by many folk that to them his work was altogether satisfying; but the remark has generally been made by those who have had an undoubted cross of the prig in them. There is a staid manliness of thought, a carefully pruned nicety of expression everywhere. In "Thyrsis" and "The Scholar Gipsy" there is a note struck of honest love and genuine regret. But the magical power of grief-begetting grief, the poignancy which stabs while the verse enchants, the haunting lights and shadows of a suggested passion which hold the memory enslaved, are not there. One can set down anything of Arnold's with a "This is uncommonly good," and that is fatal. It may be urged that something of this sort is true even of Milton's "Lycidas." If so, it springs of a common artificiality. But then "Lycidas" is ablaze with lines that have an immortality and perfection of their own, apart from the amber in which they are embedded. There is nothing of that sort in "Thyrsis" or "The Scholar Gipsy," and they are Arnold at his best.

Of Clough much has been written because more has been felt. To a large group of friends who mourned his comparatively early death his poems were made sacred by memory. They loved his work as they had loved him. But to us, who come to a view of him when the mists of regret have floated away, a colder and soberer judgment appears the truer. He was a dweller upon the borderland of genius, and intellectually was picturesque, but unkempt, like the landscape of the moor edges. Earnest and humorous, and, if unpolished, altogether manly and genuine, his figure suggests that of a respectable *Salvator Rosa*, or,

to take a modern parallel from prose fiction, of a Warrington who wrote verse. He was inexpert alike in form and diction. He had no more mastered his vehicle than he had tamed his intellect. He held neither of them in hand. His difficulties in art were exactly mated to the perplexities of a soul in flux. But he belongs to the "living minds" of the century, and he exemplifies its variety, even if he has not contributed much to its achievement.

Of such writers as Aubrey de Vere and Sir Henry Taylor it would be impossible for any lover of good literature to speak without respect. Sir Henry Taylor's noble poem "Phillip van Artevelde" in its day almost took the world by storm; but neither that play nor "Edwin the Fair" has retained its hold upon the reading public. As with De Vere's "Alexander the Great" and "St. Thomas of Canterbury" the poet failed in the instinct to make choice of topics which selze. We do not, however, place these works upon the same plane; each of Sir Henry Taylor's rising to a height not attained, and possessing an attractiveness not shared, by either of the other two. The Irish chronicles which Mr. de Vere so laboriously put into verse are but dreary reading, and he further fails to make interesting the Medieval Records or the Legends of Saxon Saints. This, perhaps, may be owing to the Roman Catholicism which can provoke at best only sectarian sympathy. The workmanship, however, is always good, and is always that of a cultivated gentleman. Some of the smaller pieces and sonnets are gems which for years to come will brighten the pages of many an anthology.

The excursions of Charles Kingsley into verse were so infrequent, and the total result of them so small, that, but for his excellent quality, we should

hardly treat him as a claimant for poetic honors. The "Saint's Tragedy" we may put aside; it is half prose, and even when in verse it seems to lay no stress on its own assumption of the clothes of Poetry. "Andromeda" is constrained and stunted, as every subject must be which, classic in origin, suffers doubly from being treated in a classic metre. Modern readers fight shy of Greek subjects, and there they are wrong; still less will they attack Greek metres, but there they are right. Kingsley strikes a tenderer and more alluring note in his ballads. "The Sands of Dee," "The Three Fishers," "The Starlings," "Airly Beacon," the two poignant stanzas of "A Lament," and "Earl Haldane's Daughter," which in the volume of the collected poems is only called "A Song," are each and all delightful. He is careless in rhyme and metre, but his is not a vulgar carelessness. Wise people, who value true pathos, and welcome the reappearance, even *en déshabillé*, of the good old ballad forms, will take the best of Charles Kingsley's little poems to their hearts, and keep them there.

Macaulay is another commanding figure to whom poetry was merely "parergon"—to Anglicise a convenient Greek word—but whose sparse produce, like the widow's famous cruse, will last a long time. His "Lays of Ancient Rome" are undeniable. We have been told that we may call them what we please, so long as we do not call them poetry. But what are they, then? They are written in admirable verse, and verse which is in itself a perfectly fresh mood of ballad metre; and they are hardly the worse for a smoothness which does not destroy their swing or their virility. Roman spirit and the religion of old Rome, set in true Italian scenery, pervade them; and pathos, though kept in hand almost throughout, is occasionally let loose in them; while the whole group

is made to subserve modern feeling and purpose. These qualities have made them popular, and if they do not also together make up poetry, it is not easy to say what does. Still, Macaulay cannot be called a poet in the broader sense, for he was but a brief sojourner, a tourist in the realms of song; his native soil and natural habitat was prose.

Very much apart from his fellows, and that owing to a mental loneliness which was to him half a creed, worked Coventry Patmore. A speculator almost fantastic upon spiritual things; a mystic theorist upon life and conduct; proud and soaring, with a touch of the saint in him, and a snap of the eagle, too; manly in talk, and at times almost tyrannous in attitude; such he was, and such he would have claimed to be. His poetry was gentle and refined to a fault, and it spent itself so largely upon the delineation of over-delicate shades of feeling, and within so circumscribed a range of scenery and incident, that it was voted tasteless by the multitude. But he was a poet of a high order. If constricted, he was from the first conscious of his limitations, and when he had exhausted the vein which he set himself to work, he ceased to produce altogether. Then the mental solitude in which he had long elected to live brought about in him something of that sterility which comes of isolation. "The Angel in the House" is full of beauty; so are "Amella" and "Tamer-ton Church Tower." In the last two the influence of Coleridge is traceable, whom, when at his best and highest, and that unhappily was but seldom, Patmore was wont to extol. "The Unknown Eros" lacks charm, because it is without that explicability which, after all, is essential to charm. But the character of Jane, Frederick Graham's humble little wife, in the "Angel in the House," forms one of the clearest

and most pathetic studies in modern fiction, prose or verse.

An episode in the literary firmament of the "fifties" was the rising and setting of Alexander Smith. That a young man should have written such a first book, and afterwards nothing half so good, was a bewilderment. Perhaps, however, we do not allow a sufficient analogy between man's mind and material phenomena. A morning dawns blazing with sunlight and the beauties that are born of it; long ere noon there comes an eclipse of mist and gloom, and the day never recovers itself. So it is sometimes with genius; it dawns, flushes, and dies out in dulness. But was Alexander Smith's vein genius after all? A late re-reading of "A Life Drama" begets doubt. Was there more than a great receptiveness? Is not the whole thing a series of echoes crossing and recrossing one another, now of Keats, now of Byron, and now of Tennyson? Was there more than an extreme facility of picking up and imitating methods of fancy, moods of feeling, turns of expression—in fact, the tricks of the poet's trade? Whatever it was, it was well done enough to deceive the very elect, not excepting the last Master left alive from whom the inspiration of imitation came.

As we float down the stream let us not forget to turn our boat into the pleasant backwater whereby dwells the simple, genuine, unambitious, and unobtrusive Barnes. Local he was, even to the dialect which makes him difficult to many and impossible to more; but to the few who overcome he is undeniably precious. After all, Theocritus was provincial in speech and subject, and Wordsworth eminently local; and Barnes had some of the qualities of both those masters. Like them, he saw the poetry in rural poverty, and was not above being the evangelist of rural life, manners, hu-

mor, and feeling. He saw with, felt with, jested with, wept with the rustics of Dorsetshire, just as did Theocritus with the peasants of Sicily and Peloponnesus, and Wordsworth—except the jesting—with the “statesmen” and farm-laborers of Cumberland and Westmoreland. He had not, indeed, the genius of the other two; but, all the same, we take leave to doubt whether either of them ever wrote a better little poem than “*Woak Hill*.”

We now come to two poets, William Morris and Rossetti, whom we class together because they both represent that yearning “*reculer pour mieux sauter*” which started the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in painting, and such poems as their own in literature. As painters and poets both, they illustrate each phase of the movement. We should be unaffectedly sorry for the person who could tell us after trial that he did not enjoy “*The Life and Death of Jason*” and “*The Earthly Paradise*,” or the songs and ballads in Morris’s first volume. How “*The Tune of Seven Towers*,” “*The Eve of Crecy*,” “*The Sailing of the Sword*,” and a dozen other sweet things hold one’s memory! And what a promise—perhaps not quite fulfilled—was there in the fragment called “*Sir Peter Harpdon’s End*.” It may be said that all his poems, great and small, are but reproductions, even if they can be trusted to be that, of gone forms of life and feeling, and even of affectations that were superseded by a healthier renaissance. It may be that there is too much of what we may dub *Boticellism* in the composition of Morris, as there was in that of many of those who felt and worked with him. We may blame him for never having extricated himself from his *medievalism*, for having “*reculé*” but never having “*sauté*.” But what he has given us is very beautiful, and, for ourselves, we accept it with gratitude. We acknowl-

edge the presence of the pearls, and we decline, because they may not be altogether fit for dally food, to wish that they had been barleycorns. To our thinking the worst charge against Morris is his pessimism, his hate and dread of the inevitable end, and the hopelessness with which he persists in looking on life as the vestibule of death.

If genius might be said to consist in doing what a man sets himself to do surpassingly well, as well perhaps as it could have been done, then Rossetti had genius of the first order. But if it be truer to say that genius consists in doing with supreme excellence things that are of enduring benefit to mankind, then Rossetti must be relegated to a lower level. We all remember how we were dazzled by “*The Blessed Damozel*,” “*Sister Helen*,” “*Troy Town*,” and the *Sonnets*. Nor have we forgotten “*The White Ship*,” “*Rose Mary*,” or “*The King’s Tragedy*.” For “*The House of Life*,” in spite of its fine handiwork, and its delicate shades of thought and feeling, we have a slighter sense of gratitude. Throughout almost all of Rossetti’s work, however, there runs one and the same unpleasant influence, the sense of moral and nervous decadence. We think that this must be confessed, though we are far from admitting the charge to the extent to which it is urged by an eminent foreign critic. Still the canker is there. It is a vice akin to the pernicious theory of Art for Art’s sake, which seems to us to be the begetter of things abominable in literature, sculpture, and painting alike. We may all enjoy Rossetti’s work from “*The Blessed Damozel*” down to “*Jenny*”—alas, we are but mortal and are prone to feast where we should not—but how many really wholesome dishes has he offered us besides “*The King’s Tragedy*”?

Each of the gifted women who wrote

their novels under the names of George Elliot, and Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, yielded to the charm which compels so large a troop of sensitive natures. In "Jubal" and "The Spanish Gypsy" George Elliot made two serious attempts to justify a claim to the coveted name of poet. Of "Jubal" nothing need be written. As to "The Spanish Gypsy" one may permit oneself an expression of regret that instead of a story manacled in verse which is seldom more than tolerable, which never soars, and is too often pedestrian, the writer did not use her materials to give us, as she might have done, in her native fashion, a glorious novel in admirable prose. George Elliot, posing as a poet, provides a literary analogue to the Aptérix among birds: she has everything but the wings, and cannot fly. As to the verse of the sisters Brontë, it was on its first appearance not unnaturally overvalued. None of us could forget the novels, and but few of us were not aware in some measure of the sadness and dreary romance of the three lives. Sympathy often passes into admiration, and in many a loving heart the two are confused from the first. But after a careful re-perusal, it is impossible to see much more in the collection than might have been achieved by dozens of cleverish daughters of rural clergymen; and, strangely enough, Currer Bell's pieces seem to be the least meritorious.

Both Jean Ingelow and Miss Rossetti have done more interesting and distinctive work. The first named, especially, treats from time to time her delicately chosen and daintily handled subjects with a gentleness and womanly grace that go far to subdue the reader. For instance, overprolonged as it is, "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire" is a monument of pathos, and instinct with the dreary life of the people of the fens.

If George Meredith were as victorious over us with his verse as he is with his prose, he would be the most triumphant "of our Conquerors." But as a poet he falls into one of two pits: he either loses his idiosyncrasy, and becoming clear he is tame, or else, beginning to speak in his own tongue, he is untamable. We bear with him in his prose because what his style partly veils is so splendid. His wit, his wisdom, his plastic power and his own joy in it, all gleam out on us through the interjected photosphere of his perversities. These we forgive to him, and only greet an unusually tough paragraph or chapter with an affectionate oath. But though we can bear that our prose should be somewhat over purée, we must have the turtle of our poetry clear; so we say to him, we hope not ungratefully, "Introduce us to more Egoists, let Richard Fевe-rel undergo fresh ordeals, make Shagpat shave himself afresh, negotiate for us another Marriage however Amazing, but let 'Modern Love' and 'The Joys of Earth' alone."

Probably few poets of any age, certainly none among our moderns, have started upon the path of fame with so fair a promise as that which was given by "Atalanta in Calydon." Mr. Swinburne took us by storm. The youth who could present a famous but very difficult old myth with the fearlessness and good faith which illumined his poem, and who was capable of writing the best passages in its choruses, to say nothing of a great deal of the blank verse, fully justified the acclamations which greeted him. If Mr. Swinburne has not developed quite commensurately, it is not because he was chilled, like Keats, by want of welcome. There was no frost in his May. Even the wayward drift and over-frankness in treatment of many pieces among his "Poems and Ballads" were condoned far more handsomely than he should

have hoped. If some of us felt a first fine shade of disappointment creep over us with "Chastelard," which deepened with "Bothwell" and "Mary Stuart," it was not that what was done was not well done—for it was all wondrously well done—but it was that a writer so splendidly endowed should not have cared to treat something nobler, to do something still better worth his doing. Had not the world had already a little too much of the frivolity, intrigue, levity, moral squalor, cruelty, and crime of Mary Stuart and her Court? We grieved that one who might have been among the most picturesque of teachers, as the "Songs before Sunrise" testified, should tend towards subsidence into a raker of dead rose-leaves from the bowers of light ladies, a chronicler of their frailties, and of their sufferings at the hands of paramours whose deeds and natures were even more unsavory than their own. Such feelings were not relieved by the appearance of "Tristram and Iseult." It was now too clear that Mr. Swinburne had become by habitual preference a treater of such themes, and that the world must make up its mind to suffer by his choice. One exception we are bound to admit: "Marino Fallero" is a great subject grandly handled. Since those days he has done little more than disport himself with his powers. He has tossed metre about as a Japanese juggler spins plates or keeps sham butterflies upon the wing. He has loved to elaborate an idea through a score of complicated stanzas very much as an over-ingenious musical composer tortures a theme through endless variations. And all these things he does with an exuberance and a faultless dexterity which bewilder and charm us for the moment, but upon which he must pardon us if we reflect with a genuine regret. He has suffered, like most great people, much from epithets. He has been called

cometlike, erratic, meteoric; but these hardly supply a befitting image. He does not strike us as lawless, or out of the way, except in having been very brilliant. He is rather represented, to our thinking, by a star that floats suddenly into the astronomer's ken, shows for a while as of the first magnitude, arousing a wild surmise, a hope, a prophecy, but slowly dies back to a moderate though still considerable splendor, and leaves the disappointed observer saddened as well as silent, like Keats' sailors upon their peak in Darien.

With Mr. Swinburne the roll of the masters is closed. But there are many names, early and late, which deserve record. There is Bishop Heber, whose "Bluebeard" is, with the exception of "The Ingoldsby Legends," the best comic poem ever written by a clergyman. There is Bailey, of whose death at a ripe age we have lately heard, and in whose "Festus" and "The Age" the display of his own literary ambition is perhaps, after all, in spite of their momentary acceptance, the chief effect. Fitzgerald, the translator of Omar Khayyám's "Rubáiyát," must not be forgotten, though his original work may have passed out of remembrance. There is, too, the late T. E. Brown, the Mauxman, a great scholar and tutor, whom a long generation of Clifton schoolboys remember with affection and reverence, and whom a grateful group of readers still thank for his "Fo'c'sle Yarns," "Manx Witch," and "The Doctor"; genuine pictures, all, of the homely island life and scenery amid which he was born and nurtured. There is Sir Alfred Lyall, whose masculine "Verses written in India," make us wish that there were more of them. There is Professor Courthope, whose "Paradise of Birds" might well have been followed by something *simile aut secundum*. Sir Lewis Morris has been a voluminous writer, and a careful and

conscientious worker. He is, perhaps, the most fruitful and successful of the Tennysonians. His "Epic of Hades," which introduced him, and his "Gwen," a very charming poem, have won him a title to respectful mention among Victorian poets. Prominent among all such in gentle grace of idyllic work is Mr. Robert Bridges. His shorter poems seem to us far his best. In spite of the superiority of his "Return of Ulysses" to another much-praised poem on the same subject, the verdict upon him must be that he falls back beaten from effort upon a large scale. But if anybody who does not yet know him should wish to try the flavor of his smaller fruits, let him take the first taste of them in the delightful, but unnamed, poem which begins—

There is a hill beside the silver
Thames.

We shall be surprised if he does not devour the basketful.

Lord De Tabley's half-dozen volumes are, unfortunately for the many, known only to the few. He had not those qualities which provoke general acceptance. One is tempted to associate him with Arnold, though it is not difficult to differentiate the two. De Tabley could not have written "Thyrsis," perhaps, nor "Empedocles on Etna," though neither subject would have been alien to his genius; but Arnold, on the other hand, would have been incapable of "Orestes," and still more certainly so of "Jaël," that strangest and most original of monologues. Seldom has a sequel to a long-accepted myth been so completely justified. We feel that the lonely woman who in a momentary flush of resistless patriotism dared to slay the sleeping Sisera, whom she had for pity entertained, must have repented of her deed; and seldom has there been a nobler study of passion than De Tabley's of the remorse with which he has dowered her.

His volumes are full of fine things, and we could only wish, not so much for his fame's sake, as for that of the general spread of enjoyment, that the number of those qualified to judge of them were larger than it is.

Three men have been conspicuous during the nineteenth century as writers of "sacred" poetry—Cardinal Newman, Father Faber, and Mr. Keble. There would be an obvious risk in an attempt to judge them by what is after all bound to be a secular standard. They are all eminently sectarian. Let those who prefer either of them to George Herbert do so. For ourselves, we are content with the elder poet. Their piety is their enticement, and Herbert's has an element of universality which theirs lacks. Once we recollect catching in Mr. Keble the true lyric ring. It is in the opening stanzas of the lines written for one of the later Sundays after Trinity, and which begin—

Red o'er the forest peers the setting
sun.

But even these are but a sweet echo, which would hardly have taken shape but for Gray's "Elegy."

A word or two must be said for those whose mission has been to relax the strung bow for us, who have had no lesson to teach beyond the pleasant one that life need not be all labor, and who in teaching this have laughed with us out of working hours. James and Horace Smith were poets. "A Tale of Drury Lane," that epic of the Fire Hose, is as much a poem outside "Marmion" as Pope's "Iliad" is one apart from that of Homer. Aytoun and Theodore Martin created a new Campeador in Don Fernando Gomersalez, and added a startling sequel to the deeds of St. George in the exploit of Mr. Philip Slingsby. Those who have simmered over the neatness and classic smartness of Calverley have owed a like

and not inferior pleasure to Seaman, Graves, and Godley. And as we and our fathers enjoyed in company the extravaganzas of Planché, so have we sat and laughed with our sons over the libretti of Gilbert wedded to the music of Sullivan. In this, as in other matters, we of the nineteenth century have had much to be thankful for.

Two or three stand out among the younger group of living poets whom we have deliberately forborne to estimate. Let us now name them—Mr. Watson, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Kipling. Their genius is undoubted, and each will take the rank found due to him, as time develops his powers and accumulates his productions. That we do not attempt to appraise them comes not of failure to appreciate or reluctance to acknowledge. But we think that they more properly belong to the twentieth century, and we hope and believe that when the chronicler of the new epoch makes up his treasures their names will each have an honored place upon the roll.

And now, what is the sum of the matter? Is it not that at the dawn of the last century, after a brief period of slightness and estrangement from high purpose, Poetry did rouse herself,

The Edinburgh Review.

shake her plumes, remember her mission, and set herself anew to the serious problems of life; to this end, touching the lips, and not in vain, of Crabbe, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Tennyson, and Browning? Have not all these great men caught fire from their epoch, illuminating it in turn with the coruscations of their own uncommunicated genius? And has there not been beside them a long and still brilliant company of lesser lights, grouped in easy gradation of achievement, from the high level of Swinburne, Arnold, and Patmore, down to that of some of those who are at work to-day? Mankind may hereafter shake their heads when they read some of the more unmeasured of contemporary eulogies, but it will always be conceded to the nineteenth century that, while it was an age in which eternal questions and issues had become more complex and more difficult than they had been or seemed to be during its predecessors, it produced poets able and zealous to attack them, and who, while they laid bare their own doubts and self-conflicts, were still fit to register every pulse and stereotype every phase of the moral, social, and intellectual movement that surged around them.

NIGHTS AT PLAY.

There are various streets in London each of which is known to its frequenters as "The Lane." Mincing Lane is an example. What the portly merchant may call it a humble scribe dares not speculate; but his light-hearted clerk would stare at you in amazement if you referred to that place of tea otherwise than as "The Lane." So, too, Petticoat Lane is known to its votaries as "The Lane." There is little fear

of misunderstanding. Petticoat Lane would be as grossly insulted by being confused with Mincing Lane as would Mincing Lane by being confused with Petticoat Lane. "The Lane" in each case keeps itself to itself, and regards a rival claimant to the title with haughty disfavor. In the heart of London is another "The Lane," not to be identified with either of the other lanes—a lane with a long and varied history

behind it; famous as the starting-point of the Great Plague; famous because Mr. Charles Booth has singled out some of its tributary streets for detailed description, house by house and room by room, that posterity may know to what depths London descended in the closing years of the nineteenth century; famous in the pages of Dickens, thrice famous in the annals of the stage. In "The Lane" is a large club where we pass our nights at play.

The club is not bow-windowed. You do not ride past it on the roof of an omnibus and look enviously upon red-leathered arm-chairs or small tables suggestively covered with snowy linen. No stalwart porter in uniform whistles for hansoms to bear its *habitués* homeward. The latest gossip and the latest story do not fleet round its whispering-galleries. Two narrow houses tucked closely side by side shut out the sky as you walk past; a dusty inscription informs you that this is an institute and working-men's club; and the noise from within makes you aware that it is in working order. Over the door flares a lamp like those which hang outside public-houses, and its light shines upon a notice-board setting forth the manifold attractions of the place. Doubtless they are many and compelling; but the inscription is somewhat faded, and it seemed better, when first we saw it, to step inside and inquire than to puzzle out the writing in the chill evening wind outside. At the worst the casual visitor could but be requested to retire—

Clearly we had entered a coffee-bar. A long counter, loaded with steaming urns, thick mugs, plates, glasses, shut off the body of the room from shelves covered with good things. A brisk trade was being carried on—this coffee-bar seemed to do well. On the wall were numbers of notice-boards. "Dramatic Society," "Harriers," "Lecture and Debate," "Football Club," "Feder-

ation Competitions"—such were the headings that caught our eyes and showed that the inscription outside was not calculated to deceive. From an adjoining room came the click of billiard-balls and a babel of talk. In front was a doorway leading—whither? The door had a ground-glass plate, across which mysterious shadows were flitting. Curiosity dragged us to and through that door. It led into a hall where boxing was in progress. A ring was roped off, two lads were pounding each other scientifically and effectually, the instructor watching them critically, other lads sitting round in perfect silence, while the timekeeper kept one eye on his watch and the other on the boxers. "Time!" he called sharply. Instantly the two ran to their corners, fell into chairs, stretched out their legs, and flung their arms restfully over the ropes of the ring. Then the seconds took them in hand. The well-punched faces were dabbed with wet sponges, and cooled and dried by towels used as punkahs. "Time!" was called again, the seconds scrambled out of the ring, the boxers shook hands (this being their last round) and commenced sparring once more. We seized the opportunity to look round. The ring was surrounded by working men and lads, some of whom, to judge by their appearance, had been boxing earlier. The instructor was a tall and slender man with long, wiry arms, and dark eyes that gleamed and blazed as he watched the sport. A dangerous man to offend, we decided. A stoutly built man in his shirt-sleeves was talking in low tones to the timekeeper, addressing him as "Mr. President." The door opened, and a young clergyman came in and whispered something to one of the bystanders, who nodded and went out. Then the clerical eye fell interrogatively upon us. An explanation on our part was clearly desirable, and we thought it best to throw ourselves on the mercy

of the court and to confess that pure curiosity was our introduction. The plea was accepted. "Wait a minute; I just want to see the instructor take on a new member, and then I shall be delighted to show you round the place. Let me introduce you to our secretary."

Accordingly, the round being now ended and the combatants having disappeared to dress, we were introduced to the sturdy man who had been talking to the president. The secretary appeared to be an enthusiast, and launched out into the merits of the various champions of the district, past and present. Then a hush fell on all. The instructor had taken his place in a corner of the ring, close to where we were sitting, and was putting on the gloves. In the opposite corner was a powerful-looking young fellow, who purported to be a complete novice. The secretary looked glum. "I've seen that chap before somewhere," he muttered; "*he ain't* a novice. Tom," he added, leaning over the ropes, "keep your eyes open. That chap's warm, I reckon." The instructor only winked, and "Time!" was called. For three long minutes the instructor was in a succession of warm corners. The novice followed him all over the ring, lunging heavily, now at his head, now at his body, but in vain. Tom might have been a snake, so rapid and sinuous were his movements. His head and his body were everywhere but in the particular place where his opponent's fist happened to be. It was a splendid exhibition of self-defence, and also of self-control, for not once did he attempt to hit back. Nevertheless, he must have been glad when "Time!" was called. From his corner he beckoned to the secretary, and we overheard the conversation. "Look here, Charlie; I can't go on like this. He'll have me out by accident directly, and that won't do, you know." "Well, you know what

to do, don't you? Put it on him. Give him the one-two, and I'll tell him to keep himself a bit quieter next time he has a lesson." "Time!" We expected that something was going to happen, and watched closely. The novice, as before, made a rush. The instructor leaned lightly to one side, and hit his man under the guard on the body. Instinctively the latter bowed forward, and received a smart blow right on the point of the chin. It was all over. The instructor, after one lightning glance, walked quietly back to his place. The novice stopped as if he had been shot, and then collapsed in a heap upon the floor. "By Jove!" said a voice at our elbow, "that's the neatest knockout I ever saw." Apparently no one was badly hurt, for the novice was already recovering consciousness under the expert care of the secretary.

With our clerical friend we left the hall. As we reached the door the first headings of the secretary's sermon to the repentant novice fell upon our ears. "Come and see the rest of the institute," said the clergyman; and we accompanied him to see a tournament in various indoor games against a neighboring club which was in progress. He took us first into the downstairs billiard-room, which opened out of the coffee-bar. Some forty or fifty men were crowded round the table, leaving barely enough room for the players, who were the objects of all eyes, to take their strokes. Both the players were surprisingly good, and the game was keenly contested. All good strokes and breaks were warmly applauded, and we were glad to notice that the applause was independent of the side represented. "A hundred and seventy-seven plays a hundred and ninety-seven," said the marker, as "Plain" broke down at a difficult cannon. "Spot" chalked his cue carefully, for two hundred up was the game. He made a shot, failed to secure the pock-

et, but scored a surprisingly fluky cannon.

When the jeers from his supporters had subsided the marker's voice sung out, "Two to Spot." Another stroke, and the red dropped quietly into a pocket. "Five to Spot," said the marker; and a rustle went round the room, for the balls were now beautifully situated for a long break. "Ten to Spot," as the red was again pocketed and a pretty cannon scored at the same time. "Plain" put away his cue ostentatiously, as who should say, "I know how to lose like a sportsman." "Twenty-one to Spot," said the marker, and "Spot" prepared to make the winning stroke. Alas! in the excitement of the moment he hit his ball a shade too high; it took a course quite different from that intended, hung trembling for a moment on the edge of a pocket, and then dropped in. "Plain wins," said the marker, and there was a burst of applause from the victorious club. "One for the loser!" cried somebody, and everybody cheered and clapped, while the opponents shook hands cordially. Talk buzzed cheerfully, and the game was played all over again in conversation by the bystanders, till the next pair of players tossed a coin to see which should break the balls.

We watched the game for a time, but, on being reminded that there were other games in progress upstairs, accompanied our host to other quarters of the house to see what was going on there. Over the coffee-bar we found a second billiard-room, where some of the club members were playing a friendly game; and from this we passed into a large room furnished with chairs, in various stages of repair and disrepair, and small square tables. In this room the club competition was in progress.

Chess, ye gods! Do working men play chess? They did here, and played it according to knowledge, it would

seem, for the Muzio Gambit unfolded itself before our astonished eyes. We tore ourselves away, and paused to look on at a game of cribbage. Judging by the scoring-board it was a keenly contested game. One of the players, a delicate-looking lad, was counting. His face quivered with excitement as he glanced from his cards to his score, hastily calculating if he could snatch victory. "Fifteen, two; fifteen, four; pair, six; and run of three—seven," he said. An electric silence ran round the watching group. The player who had not yet pegged his score felt that something was wrong. Had he omitted to count anything? He scrutinized his cards again: "Two, four, six, and three are seven," he said with clouded brow, and marked his points. No one said a word, but we fancied that he would hear more of his arithmetic later on. For ourselves, we passed from table to table, keenly interested in the faces which we saw, and impressed both by the excitement which the match caused and by the courtesy extended by each club to each.

But time was slipping by, and with regret we prepared to depart. The regret was softened by a cordial invitation to come again. "There is a concert here the day after to-morrow; perhaps you would like to come. It might interest you, as it will be given entirely by our own men." We promised to come if possible.

It proved to be possible, though not altogether pleasant, for the rain came down in torrents. We did not anticipate a large assembly of men at that concert. They would probably prefer their own firesides, and had we not been idiots we should have done so too—that was our reflection as a passing hansom cab spattered us with mud from top to toe. But the expectation proved to be wide of the reality. The coffee-bar was crammed with members of the club, attended by their sweet-

hearts and wives. "A nice wet night, so we are sure of a good audience," said our host, and explained, on being questioned, that the average working man does not possess a comfortable library or drawing-room to which to retire when work is done, that his courtship is usually carried on in the street, and that he is not always wanted at home when home consists of two rooms and a small family. It began to dawn on us that wet weather might be a good thing for working-class concerts.

A tide of humanity flowed, we with it, into the small hall at the back of the house. There was a platform and there was a piano. At the piano presided a tired-looking girl of about eighteen, who was playing vigorously all the popular tunes and marches of the day, while the audience crowded noisily into the seats. The hall was small and ill ventilated, and the rain found means of entry through the roof, making a fine puddle on the middle of the stage. Later on unwary singers were surprised into forgetting their songs by the descent of cold drops upon the nape of the neck. All the men were smoking, and the air was thick. Our host took his place in the chair by a small table on the platform, armed with a small hammer. He rapped the table, called for order, and announced, "Our old friend Mr. — will give us the first song of the evening." There was applause as the singer in question made his way to the platform. A glass of something effervescing stood on the chairman's table; the singer wet his whistle and called to the pianist, "Sweet Rosy O'Grady, miss." Then he adjusted his hat on the back of his head and surveyed the audience, while the pianist played over a waltz refrain which we seemed to ourselves to have heard on barrel organs. The singer sung his verse and the chorus (in waltz time) concerning Miss Rosy O'Grady.

When he had informed the audience how dearly he and the said Rosy loved one another, the chairman rapped the table with his hammer: "This time, please!" he cried, and the whole audience took up the lilting chorus. It was evidently a favorite, and we trembled for the roof.

The song ended, the chairman called on somebody else, and the scene was repeated. Again the singer named his song; the pianist, whose memory must be extraordinary, played the refrain; the singer drank from the glass on the table, the chorus lifted the roof, and somebody else was called upon. So the evening proceeded. Occasionally the pianist was not familiar with the song selected. At such times the singer leaned over the piano and hummed into her ear. She listened, always with that tired, uninterested look, struck one or two chords, nodded, and accompanied the song with apparent ease.

Most of the songs were either sentimental or of the full-blooded patriotic variety. Now and then there was a comic man, and the type was unpleasant. His first two verses were usually vulgar but harmless; his third verse was disgustingly suggestive. During these fatal third verses we watched the faces of the audience. Some of the listeners were convulsed with laughter, some tittered shamefacedly; nobody seemed indignant, though there were women and girls present. The pianist looked merely bored. The chairman's countenance was a study. Once he leaned forward at the end of the second verse, and said something to the singer, who looked surprised and brought his song to an abrupt conclusion, declining the *encore* which was vigorously demanded by a section of the audience. The chairman hastily called for the next song. Happily the comic element was small.

After a long hour of concert an interval was announced, and a rush was

made to the coffee-bar. The chairman exchanged a few words with us, again extending an invitation, which we again accepted; then he excused himself, as being responsible for the whole club, much of which had had to look after itself that evening. We screwed up our courage and entered into conversation with the pianist. Oh, yes, she did a good deal of this kind of thing in the winter, mostly at public-houses. No, it was not pleasant for girls, but her mother usually accompanied her, and, besides, it brought in money. She worked all day long at dressmaking, to which she was apprenticed. She had learned to play the piano when father was alive, and now it came in handy. Yes, she got very tired of it sometimes; most people did not seem to think that piano-playing was exhausting work. No, thank you, she would not have any coffee. Good-night, sir.

We stole away before the second part of the concert, the chorus of some well-known song tinkling faintly behind us. That afternoon we had listened to a violinist of European fame; somehow the audience at St. James's Hall did not take their pleasure quite so heartily as the audience of The Lane that night!

Our next visit was timed to fall on a debating night. There was to be a discussion upon "The State and the Liquor Traffic," which promised sport. Under a misapprehension of the hour at which the meeting was to commence we arrived fully half an hour too early, and we were wondering how to occupy the unexpected interval when two boys, apparently some fifteen or sixteen years of age, entered the coffee bar. We stared, for we had been under the impression that the club was reserved for men; yet here were two youngsters looking as if the whole place belonged to them. Inquiries addressed to a bystander elicited the in-

formation that there was a boys' club under the same roof, certain rooms at the top of the house being reserved for the "Junior side." Curiosity was piqued, and curiosity had to be satisfied. The bystander was impressed into service, and led us up certain winding and ill-lighted staircases till the evidence of our ears assured us that we were approaching the boys' domain. Our escort opened a door gingerly, and said, "In here, sir"; then he suddenly fled. His flight was not a moment too early. A youth had perceived him, raised a yell, "No seniors allowed up here!" and flung a well-aimed india-rubber-soled shoe at the departing figure. There was a buzz as of wasps in a disturbed nest, and half a dozen mischievous urchins swarmed out to protect the sanctity of their club. For a moment we wished that we were out of bowshot; but the tumult subsided as quickly as it had arisen when the discovery was made that no senior, but only a harmless stranger, was entering the forbidden city. We found ourselves, we hardly knew how, in the possession or under the protection of a lad who appeared to hold a position of authority. "It's like this, sir," he explained; "we aren't allowed in the seniors' rooms, and we take jolly good care that they don't come into ours." Verily, we could believe it!

At first sight the Junior Club seemed to be a reproduction on a small scale of the men's club. There was a billiard-table, very undersized; there was a bagatelle-table, also undersized; there were tables with dominoes, draughts, and other games scattered all over them; there were chairs in various stages of disruption. Adroit questioning elicited the fact that there were differences as well as resemblances. We learned that no smoking or card playing was allowed on the junior side (our eyes and nose assuring us that the rule was kept); while, on the other

hand, the juniors carried on carpentry in a way and with an energy unknown to the seniors. In proof of this we were proudly shown a bookcase, a nest of cupboards, and other handiwork of the junior carpenters, made under the direction of the only senior whose presence was tolerated in the sacred junior precincts.

"What are those small cupboards for?" we asked. "To keep our running things in," we were told. "Where do you run?" "In the streets." Curiosity was again aroused, and again satisfied. We learned that as soon as darkness fell about twenty boys would, on most evenings, crowd into a dressing-room (dressing-cupboard rather—it was only some eight feet long by three feet wide), change into running costume, and go for a two or three mile run through the streets. The police did not interfere with the runners so long as the runners did not interfere with the traffic. The thing seemed incredible, and we were privately resolving to verify our information at more trustworthy sources when the door was flung open and ten or a dozen mud-bespattered figures in the last stages of panting and perspiration flocked into the dressing-room and sat down to rest awhile before dressing.

It began to dawn upon us that there seemed to be no one in charge of the place. There was no disorder, but there was no visible reason why disorder should not spring up, and we pursued our inquiries in this direction. "Who looks after the juniors?" "Oh! we look after ourselves when Mr. — is away. The chairman of the institute is too busy looking after the seniors and making them behave to give much time to us" (this with a smirking Pharisaism), "and Mr. — can't get here every night, so we elect a committee, and the committee look after the rest." "But what happens if there's a row?" "Well, the chairman comes up and

gives us the choice of being turned out for the rest of the evening or of having one of the senior committee to look after us; and we go out. But there is very seldom any real noise, excepting if one of the footballs gets loose, and then it sometimes breaks a window. Then there is trouble."

A hasty glance at our watch told us that it was time to descend to the debate; but we resolved to see more of this boys' club, for, candidly, we did not believe that the boys had yet been invented who could keep quiet for long by themselves—especially if there were footballs within reach.

In the room used for debating purposes five-and-twenty men were assembled, all smoking hard. A stranger presided, and just as we entered called upon the opener to deliver his address on "The State and the Liquor Traffic." The speaker was a working man, and we anticipated the usual teetotal clap-trap, with the old finale of "champagne at night, real . . .," but we were agreeably surprised. "The difficulties caused by the liquor traffic, Mr. Chairman," he began, "have a long history behind them. The first brewer that we know of was Noah, who very soon discovered the evil character of the drink which he had invented." By this we were all attention, and we listened in amazement to a long speech, always fluent, sometimes even eloquent, constantly humorous, ranging through many centuries, wandering all over the world, with apt Shakespearean quotations and police-court statistics. Suddenly the speaker grappled with his main point. He dismissed the Russian Government spirit monopoly and the Scandinavian system with a few words of condemnation, and then he turned to prohibition. The State of Maine was evidently his earthly paradise, and prohibition his ideal law. Arguments and facts that might be thrust against him by subsequent speakers he anticipated

and ridiculed, always ingeniously, if not always ingenuously. A fine peroration on the blessedness of a sober land brought a most remarkable speech to an end. The burst of cheering which greeted its close was a well-earned tribute to a splendid effort. We wondered if the debate would be maintained at this high level, but were hardly surprised to find that it was not. Nevertheless a high standard of intelligence was displayed. The pet fallacies in fact and reasoning which the opener had glided over, like the skater on ice that hardly bears him, were dragged to the light of day and well punished, but no one reached his level of oratory. We were chiefly impressed by the self-control of the speakers (not one of them said a thing about another which had better have been left unsaid—an unusual trait in a debating society), and by the intelligent grasp of the subject which most of the speakers possessed. We found that we had a good deal to think over when the evening was at an end, and we were on our homeward way, and we wondered whether the eminent King's Counsel who was the advertised lecturer for the next week would rival that Covent Garden porter in eloquence.

One night it chanced that we found ourselves almost alone in the club library with the man who opened the debate to which reference has been made. A friendly remark about the weather led naturally to a mild disquisition on politics and various other objects of interest. We gently diverted the conversation to the subject of the club, for we were anxious to discover a working man's point of view, and how the whole thing struck this particular contemporary. During the chat one or two of the younger members dropped in, and the talk became general. The impressions of their impres-

sions which we gathered from this talk round the fire are a little difficult to put into connected form, partly because their mental attitude differed somewhat from our own, and partly because we had an uneasy feeling that some of them were either guarding their tongues in the presence of a comparative stranger, or else were unaccustomed to self-analysis. However, we present here the general drift of the discussion, and the working man's point of view so far as we could grasp it.

There are, it would appear, two great forces working for evil in the social system. One is the public-house; the other, class division, with resulting antipathy, suspicion, and enmity. The public-house is essentially evil and incapable of reform, because all who are, directly or indirectly, interested in the liquor trade are necessarily interested in increasing the consumption of an injurious article. Moreover, man is a gregarious animal; also, the working man works hard and lives under depressing conditions. Therefore public-houses will continue to be patronized till some better place of meeting and recreation is provided. It would be best to close all public-houses by Act of Parliament, or at the least to grant local option. Failing this, there is a little hope in the new scheme of "the reformed public-house," and more in the multiplication of good working-men's clubs on temperance lines. To the so-called social clubs for working men where intoxicating liquor is sold no mercy should be shown. "They are perfect hells. More men are ruined by them than by even the worst of the pubs. You go round to — Street next Sunday morning at about ten o'clock, and you'll see 'em reeling home." At present it must be sadly confessed there is little hope of Parliament doing anything. "What can you expect," chimed in a young enthusiast, "when

of the court and to confess that pure curiosity was our introduction. The plea was accepted. "Wait a minute; I just want to see the instructor take on a new member, and then I shall be delighted to show you round the place. Let me introduce you to our secretary."

Accordingly, the round being now ended and the combatants having disappeared to dress, we were introduced to the sturdy man who had been talking to the president. The secretary appeared to be an enthusiast, and launched out into the merits of the various champions of the district, past and present. Then a hush fell on all. The instructor had taken his place in a corner of the ring, close to where we were sitting, and was putting on the gloves. In the opposite corner was a powerful-looking young fellow, who purported to be a complete novice. The secretary looked glum. "I've seen that chap before somewhere," he muttered; "he ain't a novice. Tom," he added, leaning over the ropes, "keep your eyes open. That chap's warm, I reckon." The instructor only winked, and "Time!" was called. For three long minutes the instructor was in a succession of warm corners. The novice followed him all over the ring, lunging heavily, now at his head, now at his body, but in vain. Tom might have been a snake, so rapid and sinuous were his movements. His head and his body were everywhere but in the particular place where his opponent's fist happened to be. It was a splendid exhibition of self-defence, and also of self-control, for not once did he attempt to hit back. Nevertheless, he must have been glad when "Time!" was called. From his corner he beckoned to the secretary, and we overheard the conversation. "Look here, Charlie; I can't go on like this. He'll have me out by accident directly, and that won't do, you know." "Well, you know what

to do, don't you? Put it on him. Give him the one-two, and I'll tell him to keep himself a bit quieter next time he has a lesson." "Time!" We expected that something was going to happen, and watched closely. The novice, as before, made a rush. The instructor leaned lightly to one side, and hit his man under the guard on the body. Instinctively the latter bowed forward, and received a smart blow right on the point of the chin. It was all over. The instructor, after one lightning glance, walked quietly back to his place. The novice stopped as if he had been shot, and then collapsed in a heap upon the floor. "By Jove!" said a voice at our elbow, "that's the neatest knockout I ever saw." Apparently no one was badly hurt, for the novice was already recovering consciousness under the expert care of the secretary.

With our clerical friend we left the hall. As we reached the door the first headings of the secretary's sermon to the repentant novice fell upon our ears. "Come and see the rest of the institute," said the clergyman; and we accompanied him to see a tournament in various indoor games against a neighboring club which was in progress. He took us first into the downstairs billiard-room, which opened out of the coffee-bar. Some forty or fifty men were crowded round the table, leaving barely enough room for the players, who were the objects of all eyes, to take their strokes. Both the players were surprisingly good, and the game was keenly contested. All good strokes and breaks were warmly applauded, and we were glad to notice that the applause was independent of the side represented. "A hundred and seventy-seven plays a hundred and ninety-seven," said the marker, as "Plain" broke down at a difficult cannon. "Spot" chalked his cue carefully, for two hundred up was the game. He made a shot, failed to secure the pock-

et, but scored a surprisingly fluky cannon.

When the jeers from his supporters had subsided the marker's voice sung out, "Two to Spot." Another stroke, and the red dropped quietly into a pocket. "Five to Spot," said the marker; and a rustle went round the room, for the balls were now beautifully situated for a long break. "Ten to Spot," as the red was again pocketed and a pretty cannon scored at the same time. "Plain" put away his cue ostentatiously, as who should say, "I know how to lose like a sportsman." "Twenty-one to Spot," said the marker, and "Spot" prepared to make the winning stroke. Alas! in the excitement of the moment he hit his ball a shade too high; it took a course quite different from that intended, hung trembling for a moment on the edge of a pocket, and then dropped in. "Plain wins," said the marker, and there was a burst of applause from the victorious club. "One for the loser!" cried somebody, and everybody cheered and clapped, while the opponents shook hands cordially. Talk buzzed cheerfully, and the game was played all over again in conversation by the bystanders, till the next pair of players tossed a coin to see which should break the balls.

We watched the game for a time, but, on being reminded that there were other games in progress upstairs, accompanied our host to other quarters of the house to see what was going on there. Over the coffee-bar we found a second billiard-room, where some of the club members were playing a friendly game; and from this we passed into a large room furnished with chairs, in various stages of repair and disrepair, and small square tables. In this room the club competition was in progress.

Chess, ye gods! Do working men play chess? They did here, and played it according to knowledge, it would

seem, for the Muzio Gambit unfolded itself before our astonished eyes. We tore ourselves away, and paused to look on at a game of cribbage. Judging by the scoring-board it was a keenly contested game. One of the players, a delicate-looking lad, was counting. His face quivered with excitement as he glanced from his cards to his score, hastily calculating if he could snatch victory. "Fifteen, two; fifteen, four; pair, six; and run of three—seven," he said. An electric silence ran round the watching group. The player who had not yet pegged his score felt that something was wrong. Had he omitted to count anything? He scrutinized his cards again. "Two, four, six, and three are seven," he said with clouded brow, and marked his points. No one said a word, but we fancied that he would hear more of his arithmetic later on. For ourselves, we passed from table to table, keenly interested in the faces which we saw, and impressed both by the excitement which the match caused and by the courtesy extended by each club to each.

But time was slipping by, and with regret we prepared to depart. The regret was softened by a cordial invitation to come again. "There is a concert here the day after to-morrow; perhaps you would like to come. It might interest you, as it will be given entirely by our own men." We promised to come if possible.

It proved to be possible, though not altogether pleasant, for the rain came down in torrents. We did not anticipate a large assembly of men at that concert. They would probably prefer their own firesides, and had we not been idiots we should have done so too—that was our reflection as a passing hansom cab spattered us with mud from top to toe. But the expectation proved to be wide of the reality. The coffee-bar was crammed with members of the club, attended by their sweet-

hearts and wives. "A nice wet night, so we are sure of a good audience," said our host, and explained, on being questioned, that the average working man does not possess a comfortable library or drawing-room to which to retire when work is done, that his courtship is usually carried on in the street, and that he is not always wanted at home when home consists of two rooms and a small family. It began to dawn on us that wet weather might be a good thing for working-class concerts.

A tide of humanity flowed, we with it, into the small hall at the back of the house. There was a platform and there was a piano. At the piano presided a tired-looking girl of about eighteen, who was playing vigorously all the popular tunes and marches of the day, while the audience crowded noisily into the seats. The hall was small and ill ventilated, and the rain found means of entry through the roof, making a fine puddle on the middle of the stage. Later on unwary singers were surprised into forgetting their songs by the descent of cold drops upon the nape of the neck. All the men were smoking, and the air was thick. Our host took his place in the chair by a small table on the platform, armed with a small hammer. He rapped the table, called for order, and announced, "Our old friend Mr. — will give us the first song of the evening." There was applause as the singer in question made his way to the platform. A glass of something effervescing stood on the chairman's table; the singer wet his whistle and called to the pianist, "Sweet Rosy O'Grady, miss." Then he adjusted his hat on the back of his head and surveyed the audience, while the pianist played over a waltz refrain which we seemed to ourselves to have heard on barrel organs. The singer sung his verse and the chorus (in waltz time) concerning Miss Rosy O'Grady.

When he had informed the audience how dearly he and the said Rosy loved one another, the chairman rapped the table with his hammer: "This time, please!" he cried, and the whole audience took up the lilting chorus. It was evidently a favorite, and we trembled for the roof.

The song ended, the chairman called on somebody else, and the scene was repeated. Again the singer named his song; the pianist, whose memory must be extraordinary, played the refrain; the singer drank from the glass on the table, the chorus lifted the roof, and somebody else was called upon. So the evening proceeded. Occasionally the pianist was not familiar with the song selected. At such times the singer leaned over the piano and hummed into her ear. She listened, always with that tired, uninterested look, struck one or two chords, nodded, and accompanied the song with apparent ease.

Most of the songs were either sentimental or of the full-blooded patriotic variety. Now and then there was a comic man, and the type was unpleasant. His first two verses were usually vulgar but harmless; his third verse was disgustingly suggestive. During these fatal third verses we watched the faces of the audience. Some of the listeners were convulsed with laughter, some tittered shamefacedly; nobody seemed indignant, though there were women and girls present. The pianist looked merely bored. The chairman's countenance was a study. Once he leaned forward at the end of the second verse, and said something to the singer, who looked surprised and brought his song to an abrupt conclusion, declining the *encore* which was vigorously demanded by a section of the audience. The chairman hastily called for the next song. Happily the comic element was small.

After a long hour of concert an interval was announced, and a rush was

made to the coffee-bar. The chairman exchanged a few words with us, again extending an invitation, which we again accepted; then he excused himself, as being responsible for the whole club, much of which had had to look after itself that evening. We screwed up our courage and entered into conversation with the pianist. Oh, yes, she did a good deal of this kind of thing in the winter, mostly at public-houses. No, it was not pleasant for girls, but her mother usually accompanied her, and, besides, it brought in money. She worked all day long at dressmaking, to which she was apprenticed. She had learned to play the piano when father was alive, and now it came in handy. Yes, she got very tired of it sometimes; most people did not seem to think that piano-playing was exhausting work. No, thank you, she would not have any coffee. Good-night, sir.

We stole away before the second part of the concert, the chorus of some well-known song tinkling faintly behind us. That afternoon we had listened to a violinist of European fame; somehow the audience at St. James's Hall did not take their pleasure quite so heartily as the audience of The Lane that night!

Our next visit was timed to fall on a debating night. There was to be a discussion upon "The State and the Liquor Traffic," which promised sport. Under a misapprehension of the hour at which the meeting was to commence we arrived fully half an hour too early, and we were wondering how to occupy the unexpected interval when two boys, apparently some fifteen or sixteen years of age, entered the coffee bar. We stared, for we had been under the impression that the club was reserved for men; yet here were two youngsters looking as if the whole place belonged to them. Inquiries addressed to a bystander elicited the in-

formation that there was a boys' club under the same roof, certain rooms at the top of the house being reserved for the "Junior side." Curiosity was piqued, and curiosity had to be satisfied. The bystander was impressed into service, and led us up certain winding and ill-lighted staircases till the evidence of our ears assured us that we were approaching the boys' domain. Our escort opened a door gingerly, and said, "In here, sir"; then he suddenly fled. His flight was not a moment too early. A youth had perceived him, raised a yell, "No seniors allowed up here!" and flung a well-aimed india-rubber-soled shoe at the departing figure. There was a buzz as of wasps in a disturbed nest, and half a dozen mischievous urchins swarmed out to protect the sanctity of their club. For a moment we wished that we were out of bowshot; but the tumult subsided as quickly as it had arisen when the discovery was made that no senior, but only a harmless stranger, was entering the forbidden city. We found ourselves, we hardly knew how, in the possession or under the protection of a lad who appeared to hold a position of authority. "It's like this, sir," he explained; "we aren't allowed in the seniors' rooms, and we take jolly good care that they don't come into ours." Verily, we could believe it!

At first sight the Junior Club seemed to be a reproduction on a small scale of the men's club. There was a billiard-table, very undersized; there was a bagatelle-table, also undersized; there were tables with dominoes, draughts, and other games scattered all over them; there were chairs in various stages of disruption. Adroit questioning elicited the fact that there were differences as well as resemblances. We learned that no smoking or card playing was allowed on the junior side (our eyes and nose assuring us that the rule was kept); while, on the other

hand, the juniors carried on carpentry in a way and with an energy unknown to the seniors. In proof of this we were proudly shown a bookcase, a nest of cupboards, and other handiwork of the junior carpenters, made under the direction of the only senior whose presence was tolerated in the sacred junior precincts.

"What are those small cupboards for?" we asked. "To keep our running things in," we were told. "Where do you run?" "In the streets." Curiosity was again aroused, and again satisfied. We learned that as soon as darkness fell about twenty boys would, on most evenings, crowd into a dressing-room (dressing-cupboard rather—it was only some eight feet long by three feet wide), change into running costume, and go for a two or three mile run through the streets. The police did not interfere with the runners so long as the runners did not interfere with the traffic. The thing seemed incredible, and we were privately resolving to verify our information at more trustworthy sources when the door was flung open and ten or a dozen mud-bespattered figures in the last stages of panting and perspiration flocked into the dressing-room and sat down to rest awhile before dressing.

It began to dawn upon us that there seemed to be no one in charge of the place. There was no disorder, but there was no visible reason why disorder should not spring up, and we pursued our inquiries in this direction. "Who looks after the juniors?" "Oh! we look after ourselves when Mr. — is away. The chairman of the institute is too busy looking after the seniors and making them behave to give much time to us" (this with a smirking Pharisaism), "and Mr. — can't get here every night, so we elect a committee, and the committee look after the rest." "But what happens if there's a row?" "Well, the chairman comes up and

gives us the choice of being turned out for the rest of the evening or of having one of the senior committee to look after us; and we go out. But there is very seldom any real noise, excepting if one of the footballs gets loose, and then it sometimes breaks a window. Then there is trouble."

A hasty glance at our watch told us that it was time to descend to the debate; but we resolved to see more of this boys' club, for, candidly, we did not believe that the boys had yet been invented who could keep quiet for long by themselves—especially if there were footballs within reach.

In the room used for debating purposes five-and-twenty men were assembled, all smoking hard. A stranger presided, and just as we entered called upon the opener to deliver his address on "The State and the Liquor Traffic." The speaker was a working man, and we anticipated the usual teetotal clap-trap, with the old finale of "champagne at night, real . . .," but we were agreeably surprised. "The difficulties caused by the liquor traffic, Mr. Chairman," he began, "have a long history behind them. The first brewer that we know of was Noah, who very soon discovered the evil character of the drink which he had invented." By this we were all attention, and we listened in amazement to a long speech, always fluent, sometimes even eloquent, constantly humorous, ranging through many centuries, wandering all over the world, with apt Shakespearean quotations and police-court statistics. Suddenly the speaker grappled with his main point. He dismissed the Russian Government spirit monopoly and the Scandinavian system with a few words of condemnation, and then he turned to prohibition. The State of Maine was evidently his earthly paradise, and prohibition his ideal law. Arguments and facts that might be thrust against him by subsequent speakers he anticipated

and ridiculed, always ingeniously, if not always ingenuously. A fine peroration on the blessedness of a sober land brought a most remarkable speech to an end. The burst of cheering which greeted its close was a well-earned tribute to a splendid effort. We wondered if the debate would be maintained at this high level, but were hardly surprised to find that it was not. Nevertheless a high standard of intelligence was displayed. The pet fallacies in fact and reasoning which the opener had glided over, like the skater on ice that hardly bears him, were dragged to the light of day and well punished, but no one reached his level of oratory. We were chiefly impressed by the self-control of the speakers (not one of them said a thing about another which had better have been left unsaid—an unusual trait in a debating society), and by the intelligent grasp of the subject which most of the speakers possessed. We found that we had a good deal to think over when the evening was at an end, and we were on our homeward way, and we wondered whether the eminent King's Counsel who was the advertised lecturer for the next week would rival that Covent Garden porifer in eloquence.

.

One night it chanced that we found ourselves almost alone in the club library with the man who opened the debate to which reference has been made. A friendly remark about the weather led naturally to a mild disquisition on politics and various other objects of interest. We gently diverted the conversation to the subject of the club, for we were anxious to discover a working man's point of view, and how the whole thing struck this particular contemporary. During the chat one or two of the younger members dropped in, and the talk became general. The impressions of their impres-

sions which we gathered from this talk round the fire are a little difficult to put into connected form, partly because their mental attitude differed somewhat from our own, and partly because we had an uneasy feeling that some of them were either guarding their tongues in the presence of a comparative stranger, or else were unaccustomed to self-analysis. However, we present here the general drift of the discussion, and the working man's point of view so far as we could grasp it.

There are, it would appear, two great forces working for evil in the social system. One is the public-house; the other, class division, with resulting antipathy, suspicion, and enmity. The public-house is essentially evil and incapable of reform, because all who are, directly or indirectly, interested in the liquor trade are necessarily interested in increasing the consumption of an injurious article. Moreover, man is a gregarious animal; also, the working man works hard and lives under depressing conditions. Therefore public-houses will continue to be patronized till some better place of meeting and recreation is provided. It would be best to close all public-houses by Act of Parliament, or at the least to grant local option. Failing this, there is a little hope in the new scheme of "the reformed public-house," and more in the multiplication of good workingmen's clubs on temperance lines. To the so-called social clubs for working men where intoxicating liquor is sold no mercy should be shown. "They are perfect hells. More men are ruined by them than by even the worst of the pubs. You go round to — Street next Sunday morning at about ten o'clock, and you'll see 'em reeling home." At present it must be sadly confessed there is little hope of Parliament doing anything. "What can you expect," chimed in a young enthusiast, "when

the House of Lords is composed almost entirely of brewers?"

As to the other social evil—class divisions—that would hardly be stamped out in our time. Nevertheless, the signs of the future were hopeful. Such a club as this, where gentlemen and working men met on terms of equality, was capable of working miracles. At this point we set ourselves to find out the basis on which the club in question rested. Hitherto we had been content with a vague idea that it was a sort of parochial club, but we now learned that it expressed the philanthropic efforts of an influential section of one of the learned professions. Most of the leading men of the profession co-operated for this purpose and financed the institute, set the clergyman whom I had seen to organize it, induced younger men with more leisure to come and identify themselves with its working and welfare—in short, expressed the best side of themselves and of their profession in this concrete form. We did not investigate the matter to its depths, partly because there were other problems to be solved, and partly because the men themselves did not seem absolutely clear as to all the details. So we turned the conversation back to the more general aspects of the social question, and here we discovered an interesting difference of opinion. The older men, before whose eyes the movement which, for want of a better term, may be called "Social Christianity" had grown up, who had known either from experience or from their fathers the social conditions of the middle of last century, were deeply impressed by the new order of things. The younger men, who had grown up in the midst of things as they are, were inclined to take everything as a matter of course. They could not remember, for example, a time when there were no clubs and other meeting-grounds of rich and poor, and they regarded the

social movement as being quite in the natural order of things. One or two fervent spirits had their eyes fixed on the future, and their ideas were a strange mixture of sensible desire for real progress and definite reforms with ill-digested rubbish gorged from foolish periodicals and swallowed uncritically. One or two were inclined to regard their wealthier friends as existing chiefly for the purpose of providing prizes for sports. This at once roused an older man's indignation. "It's quite right and fair," he said, "that out of their riches they should give us a decent house for a club. But I don't hold with bleeding them. If we can't do something for ourselves, and if we can't follow sport for its own sake, it's a disgusting shame to us. No, what we want them to give us is a share of their education, and opportunities of widening our minds."

Then the talk shifted to the recent history of "The Lane." "It isn't what it used to be," said someone. "No," interjected a man in the corner, who had been listening silently. "It's changed above a bit. You remember the old round-house? Perhaps you don't, but it stood where the Buildings are now. There used to be a court off the street there, and none of the coppers would dare go down that court alone—no, nor yet in twos. I've seen it when a toff came strolling up 'The Lane'; two of the chaps would begin fighting outside the court, and as likely as not the toff would stop and look on. Then a bit of a crowd would begin to collect round without his noticing it, and they'd edge him nearer and nearer to the court, and all of a sudden they'd hustle him in and drag him into one of the houses—and half an hour after he'd come out half-naked and robbed of every penny-piece! You don't see that now." "No, the County Council's changed all that," strikes in the young enthusiast with the views about

the House of Lords. "The County Council? Bah!" retorts somebody else, and in a moment the fat is in the fire. One side maintains with zeal that the Council is the working man's best friend, a model employer, the best representative of progress in London. Trams, model dwellings, the Works Department, and several quite inaccurate statistics are flung at other speakers' heads. John Burns is prominently to the front. . . . Then the other side gets a word in edgeways. "The County Council? Look what they've done down Clare Market way! Pulled down half the houses, turned the people out

of the other half as insanitary, and then let tenants go into 'em, and sent all the respectable people to go and crowd into Holborn as best they can. When they get up their new buildings, will they let 'em to you or me? Not much. Look what they charge down in Shoreditch! They'll let us go to Tottenham, that's what they'll do. . . ."

There is the making of a very pretty quarrel but somebody remarks, "Hullo! Plymouth Rocks beat the Rovers by eight goals to nil." There is a rush to the football paper, and the regeneration of society is again postponed.

H. G. D. Latham.

The Cornhill Magazine.

THE CLOSED GENTIAN.

"Awake, awake," the west-wind blew,
"The morning sun has smiled on you."

The autumn flowers heard the call
And laughed to see the dead leaves fall.

The aster's purple crown expands,
The daisies clap their little hands;

And all look up to greet the sun,
And all are fair and glad save one.

To her the west-wind comes in vain
With whisperings of sky and plain.

He sings, "Oh open, lids of blue,—
Open and bathe in light and dew.

"Thy regal sister's azure cup
Untwines to drink the sunshine up;

"Her wealth of calyx, fringe, and stem
She wears like queen her diadem.

"Like her unfold, and feel the breeze;
Oh wake, and hear the hum of bees,

"And with thy robe of blue unfurled,
Behold the sky and beauteous world."

She faintly hears, she longs and thrills
To see the wondrous sky and hills;

But fate is stern: the breeze is gone. .
She opened not and still dreamed on,

And all day long the butterfly
Beheld her closed and flitted by.

Christian Binkley.

OWLS.

There is no bird which, in view of its strange and solitary character, its weird and hollow cries, the grotesque solemnity of its appearance, the time-honored beliefs and superstitions which cluster round it, the large part it plays in poetry ancient and modern, as well as in its sister arts, sculpture and painting, the marvellous adaptations of its structure to its mode of life, or its mode of life to its structure—above all, perhaps I ought to add, in these days of agricultural depression and of armies of destroying rats, its usefulness to the struggling cultivator of the soil—possesses so peculiar a fascination, and ought to enjoy so jealous and zealous a protection, as the various species of the owl.

I purpose in this paper to touch lightly on some of these points of interest, in the hope that I may be able to impart to those who read it some fragments of the pleasure which a loving and life-long observation of its subject has given to me, and may induce all who are connected directly or indirectly with the land, to befriend a bird which, in spite of many prejudices and some appearances to the contrary, is, in the truest sense, the friend of man.

I will premise only that my field of observation has been chiefly confined to the county of Dorset, to the neighborhood of the little village in which I was born and bred, West Stafford—to the grammar school at Blandford

where I received the first part of my education, and whose headmaster, the Rev. J. Penny, encouraged all his pupils, both by precept and example, to become, in their measure, observers of Nature—and to the old-world manor house of Bingham's Melcombe, in which, now that the main work of my life as a master at Harrow is over, I hope to end my days, a veritable sanctuary of wild life and of "my feathered friends." I shall confine what I have to say chiefly to the three more familiar varieties of the bird which are to be found in England—the white, the brown, and the long-eared owl. Nature varies indeed, but within strict limits; and what is true of the owl in the county of Dorset is true, with very slight modifications, of the owl in all parts of England—and, indeed, in all parts of the world.

All owls have much in common. The difference in their appearance—caused by the fact that some of their number (as, for instance, the eagle, the long-eared, and the short-eared owl) have little tufts of feathers on the top of their heads which they can raise or depress at pleasure, and which look like ears or horns or egrets—is a merely superficial difference. They are, each and all of them, unlike all other birds. A child who has never seen one except in a picture, and who knows perhaps hardly any birds beyond the sparrow, the robin, and the barndoor fowl, never fails instantly to recognize an

owl. An English child, perhaps I ought rather to say; for "the child is father of the man," and a German child could hardly be expected to recognize an owl at sight, if it be true, as the story goes, that a German professor on a visit to England, who had somehow succeeded in shooting an owl, holding up his trophy in triumph, exclaimed, "Zee, I have shot a schnipe mit einem face Push-cats."

The nocturnal movements of the owl tribe; the upright position in which they habitually hold themselves; the big, rounded head; the full, round, prominent eyes, which, except when they are glazed with sleep, look you full in the face, for the simple reason that, unlike those of all other birds, they are planted in front, rather than at the side of the head; the successive bands of short soft feathers which surround the eye, all pointing inwards, and so making it the centre, as it were, not of one, but of many circles; the fluffy feathers of the body, which make the whole appear twice as large as it really is (for an owl, though he will gorge, or try to gorge, a full-sized rat, is always thin—nothing, in fact, but skin and bones and feathers); the sleepy air of contemplation or of wisdom, which probably made the Athenians regard it as the sacred bird of Pallas; the eyelid behind eyelid which passes swiftly, now one, now another, over the eye, shielding it from the garish light of day, and tempering the apparent gravity of its thought by a suspicious though superficial resemblance to a wink; all mark off the subject of this paper in all its species from all other birds.

The white owl is so called because, though the whole of his upper plumage is of a delicate buff or yellow speckled with gray (as his Latin name, *Strix flammea* implies), it is the pure white of the lower plumage which most strikes the eye as he sails noise-

lessly over a stubble field or along a hedge. He is known also as the barn and the screech owl—the barn owl from one of his favorite haunts; the screech owl because of his rasping, piercing shriek, so unlike to the deep, mellow, musical hoot of his nearest relations. As he is the best known, so he is the best worth knowing, and the most useful of all his tribe. When left unmolested, as he ought to be, he becomes almost domestic in his habits, cruising around the rickyard or the homestead in search of his prey, and often taking temporary refuge, should the morning light surprise him, in any tumble-down shed which is near at hand. The resort which he most frequents is a dark cobwebbed barn in which corn or newly or badly threshed straw is stored, for thither troop rats by scores and mice by hundreds, and there, ready for the farmer's greatest foe, is the farmer's truest friend, prepared to destroy the destroyers. There he stands, bolt upright, perched on one leg, perfectly motionless, in some dark niche or on some lofty rafter, to all appearance fast asleep. But he sleeps with one eye or one ear open. There is a slight movement, invisible to the human eye—a slight rustle, inaudible to the human ear, in the straw below. In a moment he is all eye, all ear. The tucked-up leg joins the other; the head is bent forward and downward; the dark, bright eyes gaze with an almost painful intensity on the spot from which the rustle comes. The mouse or rat shows itself, and in a moment again, without one movement of his wings and without one tremor of the air, he "drops" upon his prey. There is hardly a struggle or a cry; his long, strong, sharp talons—and no bird of his size has such long, such strong, and such sharp talons—have met in the vitals of his victim, and he flies back with it grasped tightly in them to his coign of vantage, after a fitting

interval of meditation bolts or tries to bolt it whole, and then patiently waits for another rustle. From such a retreat, well stored with grain and well garrisoned with rats and mice, he rarely, except for purposes of getting water, needs to stir. But he is almost equally at home in the hollow of some immemorial oak or ash or elm, where he or his forefathers have dozed for decades or for centuries, or in the "ivy-mantled tower," where he may "mope" to his heart's content,

and to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near his sacred
 bower,
Molest his ancient, solitary reign.

Or as Tennyson, always true to Nature in his mention of birds, puts it—

Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

I have found the white owl "at home" in many such belfries, where he has often allowed me to handle him rather than shake off his drowsiness and trust himself to the light of day. I have often wondered what a bird with so exquisitely elaborated and sensitive an organ of hearing as he has, can do when the Sunday-morning bells ring out, with all their reverberations, within a few feet of him. Can he, by closing the *operculum* or valve with which Nature has supplied him, sufficiently deaden the ding-dong bell? Or has he learned, as the result of long-transmitted experiences, that the agony, though sharp, is short? Or, like the more intelligent dog—who often knows that he must put on his best manners when Sunday comes—does he realize that, on each returning seventh day, the belfry is no resting-place for him and his? I throw out these suggestions merely for what they may be worth.

When found at home, he moves his head slowly from side to side with an

air of ineffable gravity. Burleigh's nod was nothing to it. Should he be of a more combative disposition, he utters a prolonged hiss, or snaps loudly with his beak, and flings himself on his back, with claws drawn up, ready to fasten them in the hand of his "interviewer," or in the thick leather glove with which, if prudent, he will have enveloped it. When he has planted them there, he has done his little best, and submits with an almost Christian resignation to his fate, and straightway falls fast asleep in your hand. Now is the time to examine the marvellous mechanism of the ear, which is entirely hidden from view by the feathers which encompass it. It will take you long to find; but blow the feathers apart, just beyond the outermost circle of those which gird in the eye, and you will find that your fingers have been close to it all the time. You will find an enormous semi-circular orifice, many times as large in proportion as the human ear, with a ring of little downy feathers gently curving inwards, closely set, and so serving, doubtless, to carry the most delicate pulsations of sound to the large and highly developed brain. The blowing may have slightly disturbed his equanimity, and he may, perhaps, have half opened one eye; but the moment it stops, you will find that, like the famous fat boy in *Pickwick*, he is "fast asleep again."

When his home is in a tree with a large hollow in it, you will often find that at the bottom of the hole is a soft conglomerate mass, perhaps a bushel or two in quantity, of what were once neat oblong balls or pellets containing the indigestible portions of his food—the fur and bones and feathers, that is, of the animals which he has swallowed. These a wonderful provision of Nature—as in the case of a few other birds, like the kestrel and the kingfisher, which bolt their food whole

—enables him to disgorge with violent and repeated efforts from his throat; and, when examined, they give incontestable proof, which even a gamepreserver or gamekeeper cannot fail to understand, of his great services to man and of his complete innocence of the sins, the destruction of young partridges and pheasants, which have been laid to his charge. These pellets are found in their more perfect shape on the branches of the tree in which the female is nesting, or on the ground round it, as well as on the branches of the adjoining tree in which her faithful mate keeps watch and ward. In this small, soft, damp concrete of fur and bones I have sometimes found imbedded large numbers of the hard wing-cases of beetles or of cockchafers, a species of prey which few would have suspected the white owl of much affecting. The Germans are great statisticians, and a German naturalist, Dr. Altum,¹ has carefully analyzed a large number of owl pellets. In 706 pellets of the barn owl he found the remains of 2,525 rats, mice, shrews, bats, and voles, and of only twenty-two small birds, chiefly sparrows; and the results were similar in the case of the two other owls of which I am writing. A dog, it is said, cannot remain in good health without bones; and the bones and fur of rats and mice, however indigestible themselves, seem a necessary aid to the digestive process in an owl. Feed a tame white owl on flesh from which these have been removed, and he will soon pine away and die.

The method in which a tame white owl—and if a tame, then probably also a wild one—disposes of a mouse which he has caught is curious. He holds it for a minute or two by its middle, then, by a quick jerk of the head, throws it into the air, and catches it

by its head. A second jerk sends it head foremost down his throat, with the exception of the tail, which remains hanging out for another minute or two of appropriate contemplation, when, on a third jerk, it disappears.

Another peculiarity of the barn owl may be mentioned here. Alone, I believe, among birds, she sometimes lays her eggs not continuously, day by day, but at considerable intervals of time. At first, it may be, she lays two eggs, on which she will sit for a week or two; then, two more; and then, when she has hatched the first two, perhaps, another three. So that you may find fresh eggs, hard set eggs, and young birds fairly grown in the same nest. What is the reason of this peculiarity—a peculiarity almost as strange as that of the cuckoo, which by laying its eggs in another bird's nest, and leaving them to be hatched and reared by the foster-parent, has attracted universal attention, and seems to make a real breach in the continuity of Nature? Is it that by leaving the later eggs to be hatched, in part at least, by the warmth of the young birds, she has more leisure, by an all-night's absence, to satisfy the cravings of her voracious brood? The owlets, thickly covered with the softest white down, and looking like so many puff-balls with brilliant dark eyes inserted in them, remain in the nest for many weeks, and are the unceasing care of the parent birds. A mother often loves best those of her children who give her most trouble and anxiety. Most young birds begin to shift for themselves within a week or two of their birth, and family life ceases altogether a week or two later again, except in the case of a few birds, like the titmouse or the magpie, which enjoy or endure the pleasurable pains of a family till the next spring comes round. Some few birds, like the young partridge, the young peewit, and the young wild-

¹ Quoted by Yarrell, "British Birds," vol. 1.

cluck, begin to "kick over the traces" as soon as they are born. They run off, as the saying is, with the egg-shell on their backs. They rush about over the grass or the water, pick up grubs or gnats, and squat down into their smallest or scuttle away into the nearest place of refuge at the first note of alarm given by the anxious mother. Young owls, on the contrary, which I have left in the nest newly born at Bingham's Melcombe at Easter, I have found still in the nest and unable or unwilling to fly, when I have returned there nine or ten weeks later. If indeed the love of a mother is generally proportioned to the trouble she has taken in rearing her children, how great must be the affection of the barn owl for her brood, and how vast the quantity of rats or mice which she must have carried during those long weeks to them!

Waterton, a close observer of bird life, says in his charming *Essays* that a pair of barn owls which he watched would bring a mouse to their nest every ten or fifteen minutes, and that in sixteen months they deposited over a bushel of pellets in the old gateway which they inhabited; while Gilbert White, the prince of all observers, whose letters will be a joy for ever to the naturalist—ever old and ever new—writes thus of the habits of the barn owl, which he carefully watched:

We have had, ever since I can remember, a pair of white owls that constantly breed under the eaves of this church. As I have paid good attention to the manner of life of these birds during their season of breeding, which lasts the summer through, the following remarks may not, perhaps, be unacceptable. About an hour before sunset (for then the mice begin to run) they sally forth in quest of prey, and hunt all round the hedges of meadows and small enclosures for them, which

seem to be their only food. In this irregular country we can stand on an eminence and see them beat the fields over like a setting-dog, often dropping down in the grass or corn. I have minuted these birds with my watch for an hour together, and have found that they return to their nest, the one or other of them, about once in five minutes, reflecting at the same time on the adroitness that every animal is possessed of as far as regards the well-being of itself and offspring. But a piece of address which they show when they return loaded should not, I think, be passed over in silence. As they take their prey with their claws, so they carry it with their claws to their nest: but as the feet are necessary in their ascent under the tiles, they constantly perch first on the roof of the chancel, and shift the mouse from their claws to their bill, that the feet may be at liberty to take hold of the plate on the wall as they are rising under the eaves.²

How simple is this record, how fresh, how redolent of the countryside, how instinct with that nameless charm which defies analysis, but which has made the name of Gilbert White to be a name of honor and of love with all the English-speaking peoples, and has made, and will, doubtless, continue to make, his little Hampshire village of Selborne, with its Wakes, its Plestor, its beech-crowned Hanger, its Wolmer Pond and its Wolmer Forest—above all, the simple tombstone with the letters "G. W." inscribed upon it—to be a place of pilgrimage, ay, of almost religious pilgrimage, to all lovers of Nature for ever!

The eggs of the owl tribe, like those of the pigeon, are always white; but while no pigeon ever lays more than two, the owl lays from four to six eggs; and while the eggs of the pigeon are bright and glossy, those of the owl are a dull, chalky white, so rough in

² White's "Selborne" letter liii.

texture that an experienced bird's-nester can tell by feeling alone, before he sees them, the nature of the prize he has reached at the bottom of a hole.

The names of animals which have a distinctive cry are almost always onomatopœic; that is to say, they imitate more or less successfully the cry. And the cries of the owl in its various species are so strange, and, heard as they generally are at dead of night, they take such strong hold of the imagination, that one might be sure beforehand that they would receive among various peoples many apt or sonorous names. Such names, to take only a few from the vocabularies of widely scattered nations, without distinguishing the species, are the *σκῶψ*, the *γλαύξ*, the *νυκτικόραξ* (night-raven) of the Greeks; the *strix*, the *bubo*, the *ulula* of the Romans; the *kôś*, the *kippôz*, the *yamshooph* of the Hebrews; the *hibou* of the French; the *hornugle* or *strougle* of the Danes, the Swedes, and the Norwegians; the *bufo* or *mofo* of the Portuguese; the *allocco* of the Italians; and, best perhaps of all, the *bu-ru-ru* of the Arabs.

The white owl screeches, snaps, snorts, snores, squawks, hisses; but it is now, I think, established that he never hoots. He utters his piercing shrieks chiefly when he is on the wing in the gloaming. The other sounds proceed generally, I believe, from the young brood of different ages while they are still in the nest or perching on the branches hard by, and when, in the owl-light, they are about to make some of their earliest essays at flight. Little wonder is it that country folk, hearing in the dusk this uncanny medley of strange noises proceeding from an ivied tower or a primeval oak or beech, should hear them with something akin to awe, and should regard the appearance and the cry of the bird from which it comes—as it has

more or less at all times and places, and in every species of literature, been regarded—as the harbinger of calamity, of disease, and of death.

The interest attaching to the actual habits of the owl as we know him now, is not lessened, it is enhanced, by knowing a little of what man has thought about him in former times and how he has treated him.

"Out on ye owls," says the usurping murderer, King Richard the Third, to the messengers who, one after another, like the messengers to Job, bring him in ever fresh tidings of deserved danger, desertion, and disaster—

Out on ye owls, nothing but songs of death.

The Hebrew prophet pictures with patriotic agony his native city Jerusalem, with patriotic pride her oppressor Babylon, given over to be habited—as, indeed, it still is, and as places like Jericho, Petra, Baalbek, Palmyra are—by owls and by what he regards as their proper associates:

Their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there . . . the owl also and the raven shall dwell in it . . . and it shall be an habitation of dragons, and a court for owls . . . and the satyr shall join to his fellow; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest. There shall the great owl make her nest, and lay, and hatch, and gather under her shadow: there shall the vultures also be gathered, every one with her mate.*

When Herod Agrippa entered the Theatre at Cæsarsæa clad, as the Jewish historian Josephus puts it, in a robe of silver tissue, on which the sun shone down with all his radiance, it was an owl which suddenly perched upon a rope above his head and

* Isaiah xlii. 21 and xxxiv. 11-15.

warned him of his coming end—the end which had befallen the Syrian conqueror Antiochus Epiphanes, the Roman Sulla, and his own ancestor Herod the Great—the most terrible of all deaths, that of being devoured alive by worms, “the tyrant’s death.”

The owl fares ill, too, in Classical countries and throughout Classical literature. Athens, indeed, was an exception, for the “little passerine owl,” which is much more lively and active in his motions than others of his species, and was so common there that “owls to Athens” became as proverbial an expression as our “coals to Newcastle,” was regarded as the sacred bird of Athena—

Athena’s solemn snapping fowls

—and its figure was stamped on the silver coins of the country, which were called for that reason “owls of Laurium.” More than this, the goddess herself is believed to have been sometimes represented with an owl’s head, the true meaning, it is now surmised, of the famous Homeric epithet for her.

But if Athens was an exception to the general prejudices about the owl, it was only an exception which proved the rule. “Loathsome,” “moping,” “unclean,” “ill-omened”—such are the stock epithets which are applied to it. It was an owl, as Virgil sings, that, perching upon the housetop at Carthage, predicted the desertion, the desolation, the death of Dido. It was an owl that, amongst other portents, predicted the death of Cæsar.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noonday, upon the marketplace,
Hooting and shrieking.

It was into the form of an owl, when the day of destiny had come, that the Fury sent by Juno transformed her-

self, and by flitting with shrieks before the face, and by flapping with her wings upon the shield, of the ill-fated Turnus, paralyzed him with terror, just as he was about to enter on his final conflict with Æneas, for the plighted hand of Lavinia.

No incantation in mediæval times was deemed likely to be successful unless the “boding owl” shrieked assent. The “owlet wing” was as potent an ingredient as the blind worm’s sting or the nose of Turk or Tartar’s lips in the hell-broth of the witches’ caldron on Forres Heath. And when the deed of darkness was all but perpetrated in Macbeth’s castle upon the sleeping Duncan,

It was the owl that shrieked; a fatal
bellman
Which gives the stern’st good-night.

Perhaps the peculiar shape of the white owl’s face—heart-shaped when he is awake, elongated and thinner when he is asleep, and only becoming round, like other owls, after he is dead—marked him out for special suspicion and dislike. He perished almost as much for his supposed virtues as for his supposed vices. Different parts of his body were believed to possess different magical powers; and, strangely enough, the very same organ was believed to possess different powers at different times. His heart if carried into battle acted as a charm, inspiring valor and averting danger; while if laid on the heart of a sleeping man, it caused him to divulge his secrets. The magnificent snowy owl, sometimes a visitant to England, but whose proper habitat is the eternal snows of the north, was supposed to possess peculiar powers of prophecy. In the most solemn assemblies of the North American Indians it is said that the priest or medicine-man conceals his own head and shoulders within the

head and skin of the snowy owl.⁴ It is perhaps a fitting garb for the seer to whose prophetic insight the stirring present is not more visible than the remote past and the dim and distant future.

In Morocco the Jews and Arabs, who hate and differ from each other in almost every other respect, agree in their belief about the owl. They believe that the owl is the bird of Satan, and that his shriek causes the death of infants—a catastrophe they strive to avert by reiterated curses or by copious libations of water in the courts of their houses.⁵ And Ovid, who in his *Fasti* describes the leading characteristics of the owl in two lines as well as they ever have been described—

Grande caput; stantes oculi; rostra
apta rapinæ;
Canities pennis, unguibus hamus
adest

—goes on to tell us, in curious agreement with the superstitions of Morocco, how, in ancient times at Rome, it was believed that witches were able by their magic arts to transform themselves into screech owls, or screech owls to transform themselves into witches, and that, entering the window of the nursery in which young infants were asleep, they sucked their life-blood, as they lay in their cradles. Little wonder that, with such sins laid to its charge, an unlucky owl which blundered into a Roman house was nailed, alive and struggling, to the house door, to avert the evil that it would have wrought.

We may dismiss with a sigh or smile the record of such acts of stupid cruelty, hoping, perhaps, that, like other things which are said to have happened so long ago, they may not, after all, be true. But is the conduct

of a game-preserver of the present day one whit less stupid or less cruel when, in spite of our better knowledge, he allows his gamekeeper to set a trap upon a pole for anything and everything that he is pleased to call "winged vermin," leaving often the unfortunate owl—whose characteristic it is while in pursuit of his prey to perch upon any solitary post of vantage that presents itself—to perish there by inches, with head downwards, in unutterable agonies, and then pays him so much per head for the ghastly trophies of his murderous skill, nailed, if not, as the Romans did, to the door of his house, at least to an adjoining gibbet? The curious use made, on one occasion, of one of these barbarous trophies—but little thanks to the murderer for it—may be mentioned here. A swallow fashioned her clay and straw-built nest, laid her eggs, and hatched her young, on the skeleton, and between the wings, of a luckless barn owl, which had been nailed to a rafter, as if in cruel mockery, in its own barn.

Curiously enough, the owl is as unpopular amongst birds as he is the victim of prejudice, ignorance, superstition, cruelty amongst men. He seems to be under a ban. "There is some sad secret," well says Mr. Evans in his volume on *The Songs of Birds*, "which we do not know, which no bird has yet divulged to us, and which seems to have made him an outcast from the society of birds of the day. He is branded with perpetual infamy."

Not a bird of the forest e'er mates
with him,
All mock him outright by day,
But at night, when the woods grow
still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away.*

⁴ Stanley's "Familiar History of Birds," p. 145.

⁵ Dresser's "Birds of Europe," vol. v.

* Quoted by H. G. Bull in "Notes on the Birds of Herefordshire," p. 110.

Should he be disturbed by any accident from his resting-place by day, he is straightway mobbed by a motley crowd of clamorous birds—rooks, starlings, missel-thrushes, song-thrushes, blackbirds. He sits stock-still amongst them; his eyes dazed by the light; his ears deafened by their cries; his feelings outraged, we may well believe, by their insults. "Hit him hard; he has no friends," seems to be their maxim. He flies blundering from tree to tree, unable to shake off his persecutors, who do not cease to molest him till he can find a hollow tree to hide himself from their view, or till the shades of evening make him once more at home.

One more proof, if such be needed, may be given here that the barn owl, if other birds are enemies to him, is no enemy to them. What was once thought to be the most damning evidence against him turns out, on further investigation, to be the clearest testimony in his behalf. It has long been known that he sometimes selects for his habitation one of those picturesque dovecotes which are among the chief charms of the old-world manor houses of England, and no meaner an observer than Gilbert White was inclined to put down the wholesale destruction of the young pigeons within it to this self-invited guest. He occupied, it was thought, one niche in the *columbarium* that he might feed freely on the young occupants of the adjoining niches! But another observer of Nature, Waterton (who will always be remembered with gratitude by lovers of birds for the protection which, on the principle—the only true principle—of "live and let live," and of so preserving the balance of Nature, he gave on his own estate to those interesting and beautiful birds of prey, such as hawks and magpies, which were persecuted elsewhere), showed by careful observation of his own dove-

cote, which a pair of barn owls had adopted as their own, that "the saddle had been laid on the wrong horse." From the moment that he was able to exclude rats from his dovecote there was no further massacre of the innocents; and, henceforward, both barn owls and pigeons lived, and laid their eggs, and hatched and reared their young, as members of one happy family. Pigeons do *not* mob the barn owl who lives amongst them, because they know him well. Other birds *do* mob him, because, being a bird of night and quite unlike themselves, they hardly know him at all. A boy at school who is quite unlike other boys, who takes a line of his own, and has higher interests than those of athletics, is too often likely to be dubbed as "mad," and to have a bad time of it among his companions; and birds, in this particular, are not much ahead of boys.

It is a little hard upon a bird so aloof and inoffensive as the owl, so often molested by other birds, and so seldom molesting them in return, that it should have been selected by Tennyson as a type of the critics whom he affected to despise, and yet whom he too often allowed to make his life a burden to him:

While I live, the owls;
When I die, the GHOULS.

From the arch enemy of the rat I pass once more to the rats themselves, that I may relate a curious experience of my own, of a few years ago, near my present home. One advantage of the cycle of the day to those who care for Nature as well as for the extent of ground which they can cover, is the way in which it enables its rider to steal quietly on the wild creatures which he loves to watch. He may pass, noticing but quite unnoticed, and pause as he passes, within a few feet of the hare, the rabbit, or the weasel,

of a covey of partridges, of a flock of wood-pigeons, of a family of magpies, and watch them at their ease and his own. I was tricycling homeward one evening from the village of Puddletown, near Dorchester, when I saw passing slowly across the lane in front of me, down one steep bank and up another, a creature which at first completely puzzled me. It had long, shaggy, grizzled hair, and everything about it betokened extreme old age. Its long hair, it may well be, made it appear at the time bigger than it really was, and, for the moment, I thought it must be a species of polecat. I now believe it to have been a rat, but a Nestor among rats—a Nestor who had lived, like its prototype, through some three generations of its kind. I stopped my tricycle short, wondering what this strange creature could be. It was closely followed by an ordinary rat, and then as though it were the Pled Piper of Hamelin, by another and another, and yet another, sometimes singly, sometimes in twos or threes. I watched for some time the ragged regiment till there was a pause in it, and then, dismounting, gently stirred the tufts of long grass or clumps of nettles on the bank whence it came. They concealed, nearly every one of them, a rat or a mouse. The bank was alive with them. With a stick I could have killed a dozen or more. They were evidently migrating in a body, as it is known that they sometimes do, and as their congener, the lemming, does, on an enormous scale and in the most mysterious circumstances, in Norway, till they plunge into the sea by thousands, and so, of their own free motion, redress the balance of Nature.

But what was the explanation of their uncanny leader? I will hazard one for what it may be worth. Animals which live in communities have been observed, from Homer and the

Cyclops' cave downwards, to have some sort of government amongst themselves. There is generally a bull that lords it over the herd, a ram that leads the flock, a stag that is the monarch of the glen. Bees have, of course, their queen; and it is not the lusty and the dashing, but the ragged-winged and, as Tennyson describes it,

The many-wintered crow which leads
the clanging rookery home.

Why should not rats who take up their abode in some sort of community in an old country house, in a barn, in a rickyard, and who have, as Frank Buckland has shown, very considerable intelligence of their own, also "have a king and officers of sorts"? Why should they not choose the oldest and most experienced of their number to be their "guide, philosopher and friend"? I looked over the hedge into the field from which the procession had descended, and saw there a lot of cornstacks, with a threshing-engine, which, with all its paraphernalia, ready for use on the next morning, had apparently just arrived. My theory is that the uncanny creature was a "king of the rats," that the "eye of old experience" had taught him that the appearance of a threshing-engine was the prelude to disaster and massacre on the morrow, and that he gave, in right of his office, the signal to be off. If, as is well known, rats instinctively quit in a body an unseaworthy vessel before she puts out on her last voyage, if they quit a crazy tenement which is about to fall from lapse of time, or which, like the house of Eugene Aram, is pre-doomed by the guilt long successfully buried within it, but now on his wedding-morning to be revealed,⁷ why should they not quit a rick under the guidance of per-

⁷ See Bulwer Lytton's "Eugene Aram," Book V. ch. I.

haps the one survivor, or of the oldest of the survivors, of a previous massacre, and make off for the next group of ricks? I say again I put this forth only as an hypothesis, in the hope that some of those who read it, and are interested in it, may be able from their own experience to throw some light upon it, whether by way of confirmation or of refutation.

The other two owls of which I write, the long-eared and the brown, may be dismissed more briefly, for much that I have said of the white owl may, with some modifications, be said of them. The long-eared or horned owl is the rarest of the three, and is seldom to be seen, and still more seldom to be heard, except by those who look or listen carefully for it. It is, in the strictest sense of the word, a "woodlander." It inhabits deep, dark fir woods, where the sound of the woodman's axe is rarely heard, and where, if unmolested, the same pair, or their descendants, will go on living from generation to generation. It is within my own knowledge that they have done so in one such lonely wood on the edge of Knighton Heath for nearly half a century. By day, the long-eared owl remains perched on a branch close to the bole of a tree, with its body tucked up so tightly against it that it looks exactly like a knot or excrescence on its surface. It is rarely seen therefore till it is dislodged from its favorite position by a sharp tap with a stick at the base of the tree. But as it seldom flies, in its tumbling, sleepy fashion, more than some twenty or thirty yards away, and then pitches on the middle of a branch, you can often come on it again, and creep up so close to it that you can make out its distinguishing marks, its beautifully-mottled brown plumage, its ears or horns, which it can raise or depress at pleasure, and its eyes, which flash fire at you from their yellow irides. These

eyes he fixes steadily on you. Fix your eyes on him in turn, and walk slowly round him, first to the right and then to the left, in a full half-circle, and he will follow you with his, without moving his body, throughout. It is this peculiar habit of his, and of some of his allies, that has given birth, I fancy, to the Yankee or Indian legend that if you go round and round an owl of the country very slowly, with your eyes fixed on him, he too will go round and round, with his eyes fixed on you, till his head—which, in any case, is rather loosely affixed to his shoulders—drops off his body!

No owl has much building talent. The horned owl lays her five or seven white eggs, sometimes in an old squirrel's drey far out on the bough, sometimes in an old hawk's or crow's or magpie's nest, not caring to do anything to repair or make them comfortable. A clump of high fir-trees at the edge of a large expanse of down or heath, like Mayor Pond, or Yellowhan Wood or Badbury Rings in Dorset, is a favorite resort. Its single call-note of "hook, hook" is seldom heard except in summer when the evening is far advanced. But I remember well when, many years ago, I was climbing to a likely-looking nest in a big clump in the middle of the open Whitechurch Down, which contained at that very time (and oh! what a paradise of birds it was!) within its limited compass the nests of two other birds of prey—a sparrow hawk and a carrion crow—the weird and varied cries which proceeded from an adjoining tree, and which, accompanied by the strangest and most distressful motions and grimaces, betrayed the anxious solicitude of the mother's heart. The nest contained five young owlets covered with brown or yellow down, with eyes which were already at their brightest, and horns which were just beginning to appear. One of them I managed to rear, and a

very amusing and interesting pet he was. He would remain perched with eyes closed, apparently in sleep, the greater part of the day, but with a tiny slit left open, from which he could see as much as it behoved him to know; and when he opened them he did so with a serio-comic look of surprise and a "Why do you disturb me?" air, which remained upon them till they closed in semi-sleep again.

The sound made by the horned owl, as by the eagle owl—of which he is a miniature—and by which each of them is best known, is not a note at all. It does not proceed from the throat, but is occasioned by a smart clicking of the bill, the movement of the mandibles being so rapid that it can hardly be seen, even when one is watching it narrowly.

I have mentioned the eagle owl; and as he is met with as an occasional straggler in this country, and as I have kept successive pairs of them in an aviary at Harrow for many years, I must add a word or two about him. He is the most magnificent, I think, not only of the owls, but of all birds. The female, as is the case with many birds of prey—notably the peregrine falcon and the sparrow hawk—is a third larger than the male, and far surpasses him in every manly quality. She takes the lead throughout; she is everywhere and everything; he nowhere and nothing. Her talons have a terrible grip and strength. She has been known to kill a dog or a sheep, and to carry off a full-grown hare without much apparent trouble. When angered by the unceremonious approach of a visitor she lowers her head almost to the ground, moves it slowly from side to side in a long sweep, snaps loudly with her bill, quivers from head to foot with half-suppressed rage, and raises her wings in a vast circle above her body, each "particular" feather "standing on end," erect and distinct,

her eyes flashing fiercely the while, and turning from a yellow to a fiery red. But even when thus excited she will allow you, if you go cautiously to work, to get your hand above and behind her head, and, almost burying it in the soft fluffy feathers of her neck, gently to scratch her poll. *Considunt ira.*

A considerable number of these splendid birds were, for many years, kept in a fit abode for them, the ancient keep of Arundel Castle, the whole of which was netted in for the purpose, and allowed them to be observed in almost a state of nature. As you entered, and saw one and another of these truly regal birds sitting in each niche or window of the keep, in stately repose, you felt somewhat as the rude Gaul or as the envoy of Pyrrhus felt when he entered the Roman Senate, that it was an assemblage, if not of gods, at least of kings. A clump of trees and of thick bushes in the centre of the keep gave them such shade as they required—the eagle owl is not so exclusively nocturnal in its habits as the other owls, and will often take his prey by day—and the open space between it and the wall gave you ample room to observe the wide spread of their wings as they swept in their eerie flight noiselessly round and round. The finest of the whole assemblage was known by the strange name of "Lord Eldon." One of the daughters of the famous Lord Chancellor, entering one day the keep in ignorance of what was there, and catching sight of the venerable bird sitting in its post of state and blinking its eyes with all the sleepy majesty of the law, had exclaimed, "Dear me, how like papa!" The name thenceforward stuck to it; and, years afterwards, the butler whose business it was to see after the eagle owls, and who was not a little proud of his charge, rushed up, in a state of pleased excitement and of domestic importance, into the Duke of Norfolk's study.

"What is the matter?" said the Duke. "Please, your Grace," was the significant reply, "Lord Eldon has laid an egg."

The brown or tawny owl is as widely dispersed over England as the white, but being somewhat more of a woodlander, and its plumage being more sombre and inconspicuous, is less seen than her congener—less seen, but much more heard; for while the white owl's shriek is pretty well confined to the early hours after dusk, the "most musical, most melancholy" "tu-who-o-o" of the brown owl is to be heard, when he is properly protected, throughout the live-long night. His eyes are dark, round, and expressive; his feathers finely barred and extraordinarily soft and fluffy; yet they stand out nearly at right angles to his body, and so make it appear not merely larger, but much larger—perhaps twice as large as it really is. It is difficult to believe that Keats's famous line

The owl for all his feathers was a'
cold

can ever have been true of him. In his soft, silky, noiseless flight he stretches out his legs behind him, to serve, as Gilbert White remarked, as a balance to his heavy head. The female lays her five, almost perfectly round, eggs early in March in the deep hollow of a tree to which she sticks year after year. Her young are the queerest little balls of gray woolly down, and have been well compared to a "pair of Shetland worsted stockings rolled up," such as might have belonged to Tam O'Shanter.* They remain long in the nest or perched just outside it, and when at last they have found their wings, they flit from tree to tree, constantly uttering their baby cry "tu-wheet, tu-wheet," while their ever anxious mother, by way of keep-

ing them together and assuring them, if they do not know it already, that she is always there, utters ever and anon her loud refrain "tu-who-o-o."

I would mock thy chaunt anew;
But I cannot mimic it;
Not a whit of thy tu-who,
Thee to woo to thy tu-whit,
Thee to woo to thy tu-whit,
With a lengthen'd, loud halloo,
Tu-who, tu-whit, tu-whit, tu-who-o-o.

When the brown owl hoots, her neck swells out, as old Gilbert White remarked, to the size of a hen's egg, and it is worth noting that, while most of the poets and almost all ordinary listeners regard her hoot as melancholy, and nothing but melancholy—just as the ancients regarded the song of the nightingale which, to our ears, is generally exuberant and ravishing in its joy—yet there is a minority among the poets which, on occasion, takes the other view; and it is a minority which deserves to be heard; Shakespeare, Sir Walter Scott, and T. Nash among the number. What says Shakespeare?—

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the Shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,

Tu-who!
Tuwhit! tu-who! a merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot!

What says Sir Walter Scott?—

Of all the birds in bush or tree
Commend me to the owl;
For he may best ensample be
To those, the cup that troubl.
For when the sun hath left the west
He chooses the tree that he loves the
best
And he whoops out his song, and he
laughs out his jest.
Then, though hours be late and weath-
er foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny,
bonny owl.

* Meyer's colored illustrations of "British Birds," vol. 1.

Once more, in his delightful poem on Spring, a poem which happens to have secured the first place in that best of all anthologies, the *Golden Treasury*, Nash couples the hoot of the owl with two at least of the most joyous sounds in nature, the "jug-jug-jug of the nightingale," and that of the wanderer "who tells his name to all the hills," the cuckoo—

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's
pleasant King:
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance
in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds
do sing,

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pee-wee, to-witta-
woo!
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies
kiss our feet.

Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning
sit,

In every street these tunes our ears do
greet

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pee-wee, to-witta-
woo!

Spring; the sweet spring!

It is not quite clear to me what bird is indicated by the mysterious sound pee-wee. Can it be the peewit? which is most vocal in spring-time; for, as Tennyson tells us—

In the Spring, the wanton lapwing
takes itself another crest.

Or can it be the baby owl? whose unformed plaint it resembles more closely. In the latter case, the owl will take not first class, but Double First class honors in the opinion of the poet as the author of two of the most inspiring and bewitching of sounds.

In any case, the brown owl makes one of the tamest, the most companionable, and the most solemnly amusing of pets. He has little of the inborn fierceness and suspicion of the other owls, and will very soon learn to perch quietly on your hand, or will even fol-

low you about over a lawn or through a shrubbery. One young brown owl, which I brought up from the nest, and which belonged, I believe, to the same storied pair of parent owls, of whom I will speak presently, was very partial to music, would make its way, through an open window on the ground floor, into the room in which a piano was being played, and would press closely against the instrument itself.

While the female brown owl is sitting, the male bird usually keeps watch and ward on an adjoining tree, ready to do battle, as the following anecdote will show, for her and hers against all comers. Many years ago, in the parish of Stafford, I was swarming up an elm-tree towards a large hole half-way up which seemed likely to contain some treasure-trove. When I was a few feet up, I felt a heavy blow in the middle of my back, as though my companion had thrown a clod of hard earth at me. Turning round, I saw a brown owl fly back to his post in an adjoining tree from whence he had made his descent upon me. I continued my climb, and the same attack was delivered with even greater force, a second and a third time. In the hollow, which at last I reached, I found the wife sitting in as undisturbed repose above her young as the pigeon which preserved Mohammed in the cave of Mount Hira from his pursuers, and so made the Hegira or "Flight" to be, for all time, the era of chronology in the vast Mohammedan world; and the husband, having, I suppose, sufficiently delivered his soul by his three charges, and thinking that there was nothing further to be done, and that no harm was meant, now looked on as calmly as his wife.

Owls, I believe, always pair for life, and their affection for one another is at least as marked as that for their young, as another touching anecdote—connected, I believe, with this very

same pair of birds—will prove. Some years later, I was tapping with my climbing-stick another elm-tree in this same field three hundred yards away, expecting to see a jackdaw hastily scuttle out of his hiding-place. Instead of that, a brown owl slowly poked its solemn-looking head out of the hole, and remained there looking down upon me with its big, mournful, dreamy eyes. I climbed the tree; it did not stir an inch. I lifted it gently out. Owls, as I have said, are always thin, not much else than feathers; but this one, from its weight, seemed to be feathers and nothing else at all. Its eyes slowly glazed; it turned over on its side, and died in my hand. I blew its fluffy feathers apart to see if I could unravel the mystery of its death. There was one tiny shot-hole in its skull, and on inquiry I found that some few weeks before, when an adjoining withy bed was being beaten for game, a boy, anxious, like others of his kind, to "kill something," had fired at a big brown owl which had come lumbering out of an ivy-tree, its winter resting-place. The bird had quivered as he struck it, but had not fallen to the ground, and, escaping for the time, had evidently been dying by inches ever since in the hollow in which I had found it; while her mate, faithful unto death, had kept her supplied with mice and rats, several of which, quite recently killed, I found therein and also stored in the hedge below.

There is no rule about nidification without an exception, and I have found a brown owl's eggs in two places so unusual as to be worth mentioning—one in the fork of a Scotch fir in Sayer's Wood, a few feet from the ground, with hardly flat space enough to hold the round eggs themselves; the other in a rabbit-hole in Knighton Wood, a few miles away. The food of the brown owl consists, in the main, of

rats and mice and the larger insects; but gamekeepers wage an unrelenting war upon him, because, as they assert, he, once in a way, takes a rabbit, a leveret, or a young pheasant. It is difficult to prove a negative, especially in the case of a bird which captures its prey by night; but young pheasants, till they can perch and take fair care of themselves, are safe beneath their mothers' or their foster-mothers' wings, and the evidence of the pellets is quite the other way. In any case, the amount of good he does, even from a game-keeper's narrow field of vision, immensely outweighs the harm. He falls only too easy a prey. His loud hoot constantly proclaims his presence, and a good imitation of it by the keeper's practised lips will bring down a brown owl from a remote part of the wood to a tree close at hand, where he can be plucked off in the moonlight; and if that fails, there is still the fatal pole-trap always ready.

Cruelty is often ingenious. Dignity is the natural butt of the vulgar, and the solemn appearance of the brown owl—"most potent, grave, and reverend seigneur" that he is—combined with his queer habits and the beliefs which have been held about him, has, in the course of centuries, given him many strange experiences and brought him into many awkward situations. There was a time when kites were common in England, and performed, when there were no drains, the useful office of scavengers in our great cities. The romantic sport of falconry was then at its best; and when it was desired to bring the lumbering kite, the quarry of the falcon, within his view, it was the unlucky brown owl which was made to act as the lure. A fox's brush was tied to his legs; he was made to fly as best he could, and his uncouth appearance, acting on the curiosity of the kite—a very inquisitive bird—soon brought him within meas-

urable distance of his nobler foe.⁹ Italian bird-catchers, it is said, tether a brown owl to the ground in an open space surrounded by bushes, and the small birds that troop to mob him find themselves caught by the bird-lime with which the bushes have been plentifully smeared.

But a worse and still more unworthy fate even than this used to befall the brown owl among our own forefathers. The belief, still prevalent in country districts, that an owl perching on the windows of a house or hooting near it, presages the death of an inmate, marked him out for special persecution at the time of family gatherings, and the so-called "duck hunt" was a common accompaniment of Christmastide. It was on this wise. An owl was lashed to the back of a duck, and duck and rider were launched upon a pond. The brown owl is not altogether a stranger to water, for, unlikely as it seems, he has been frequently seen, as the Java fishing owl habitually does, to pounce upon a fish and carry it to his young. But he is well frightened now. He digs his talons deep into the duck, as Europa clung the faster to the neck of the bull which carried her over the sea when he plunged on purpose more deeply into it, to strengthen his hold. The terrified duck dives. The more she dives, the more he grips; the more he grips, the more she dives. A tame owl which has dipped itself in water, as he loves to do, is a lamentable sight enough. His fluffy feathers have lost all their fluffiness, and are glued to his side. His body, to all appearance, has shrunk to half its usual size. The water drips from his venerable countenance, his eyes stand out doubly, and his whole head seems little else but a pair of eyes and beak. He shivers from head to foot. But a voluntary ducking in a basin is one thing, an in-

voluntary and reiterated ducking in a duck pond by a duck which is tied fast to him is quite another. Each time the duck rises to the surface, the owl looks more pitiable, and is welcomed only by the pitiless laughter of the onlookers, till death by drowning puts an end to his sufferings.

A story related by H. L. Meyer, the well-known ornithologist, blends so closely the comic and the tragic elements, which are, as I have shown, so intermixed in the history of the owl, that I cannot help giving the drift of it here. The wife of his father's gardener had been for some time ill; and his father, one Sunday morning, passing by the cottage, noticed that the gardener and his two sons were dressed in black and to all appearance plunged in the deepest melancholy. He offered his condolences, but the husband hastened to explain that it was not the death of his wife; it was only the announcement of it, that he was deploring. A brown owl had flown, some nights before, over his cottage, and had hooted repeatedly in the back-yard. The garments of the family had long been shabby, and now that the death of the wife was imminent, he had thought that suits of mourning, if made at once, would serve for the next Sunday services, as well as for the more sombre service that was so soon to follow. Die the mother did very soon afterwards, and what between the "boding owl" and the mourning garments which were already worn for her, she must have died, one would think, many times before her death. Meyer does not say so, but I cannot help thinking that the gardener must have been a Scotchman. The dour, the grim humor of the scene, the making the best of both worlds, the delicious economy, domestic and religious—above all, the "Sabbath blacks"—all mark the story as coming from the north of the Tweed. Is it not some-

⁹ "My Feathered Friends," J. G. Wood, pp. 144, 145.

thing of a piece with the Scotchman who, when he had been condemned to death on the clearest evidence for the murder of his wife, and who when his Counsel, liking his looks, came to visit him in his condemned cell, and telling him that there was no hope of a reprieve, nor did he deserve it, asked him whether he could do anything further for him, replied: "Could you get me my Sabbath blacks to wear on the occasion?" "Yes," replied the Counsel; "but why on earth do you want them?" "It's just"—such was the rejoinder—"as a mark of respect for the departed."

Let me, before I conclude, lodge one more protest and make one more appeal against the pole-trap, which, though less common than it was, is still to be seen, a hideous appendage, in too many green rides in the game preserve and on too many picturesque knolls amidst the heather. Anyone who has seen, as I have done, a bird which is so interesting from every point of view, which lends such a charm by its flight and note to the evening hours, which is so charged with natural affection for its young and its belongings, hanging from a pole-trap with pleading, reproachful eyes, and perishing in prolonged agony when, as so often happens, the keeper has not cared to go his rounds, must feel his indignation and his compassion deeply stirred within him. If he does not take the law into his own hands in obedience to a higher law—as, I confess, I have often done—and, wilfully guilty of a petty larceny, fling the instrument of torture into a place where it will not be found again, he will at least feel that there is room for a new

branch of the "Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Society," and be anxious to join an "Anti-Pole-trap League"—a league against a practice which involves the horrors of the operating-room of the vivisectionist without any of the vivisectionist's excuse.

But, appeals to humanity apart, let me also once more point out to all connected with the land that self-interest, if no higher motive, demands the instant abolition of the pole-trap. Large portions of England, my own neighborhood amongst them, are at this moment being devastated by rats. No grain, no fruit is safe from them. The owl is their natural enemy, the check kindly placed by Nature—may we not say by God?—on their ravages. No owl can harbor within a mile or two of a pole-trap and live. Let it be anathema. The number of owls in the country has been terribly diminished. Let them be encouraged and protected in every way possible. Let the game-keeper be rewarded as I have rewarded him myself, with some success, not for the owls that he destroys, but for the owls that he preserves. From the nature of the case, their number can never be very large. Let the owl be regarded and protected in England as the stork is regarded and protected in Holland and other countries on the Continent. All parishes have once had—many parishes have still, and all may have again, if people will only be wise in time—one or more "owl trees," or owl barns, or owl belfries, which should be regarded, in the truest sense of the word, as "owl sanctuaries," where these fascinating and venerable benefactors of humanity may live inviolate from generation to generation.

R. Bosworth Smith.

HIS CREED TWICE BROKEN.

The Lady Hester Gold Mine was going at its full strength, and with its full complement of hands. Ten head of stamps were vamping an accompaniment to almost any tune that you cared to put to them, and their echoes had the surrounding ranges all to themselves to play about in, for the Lady Hester was miles away from any other workings, save those of a few lonely prospectors, a transient population, who came and went in fitful endeavors to find something good in the neighborhood of the staunch and sterling little mine that had paid its way, and a good deal over, for some years. Three small poppet-heads that looked like strayed children of some of the immense structures you may see in a large mining centre marked the mouths of the shafts, while underground there was a very network of tunnels, drives, winzes, and stopes, all of which technical terms do not matter; they stand for lateral, diagonal, and other burrowings. What does matter, is, that two of these shafts were worked with "whips," the third with a "whim." In both of these the motive power is the usual intermediary between man-handling and steam, namely horse.

The whip-horse harnessed on to the end of a wire rope hauls up his bucket by walking straight out from the shaft, along a track that is the exact length of the depth from which he is hauling, and a trifle over. At the end of the trifle the topman, or landing brakesman, seizes the bucket by the edge, or handle, the horse backs, and the man swings the bucket, as it lowers, towards him, and lands it on the plat, or landing stage. The whim is quite different. A small place is cleared close to the shaft, half the size of a circus-ring. In the centre of this, upon

a pivot, is a round wooden drum standing perpendicularly. Horizontally on the drum is a thing that, when not in motion, looks like a large water-wheel that has laid itself down to rest, under the outside edge of which, and connected with it by a hanging iron bow that fastens on to his saddle, is the horse, who by continually marching in the same circle winds the rope round and round the wooden drum. When the bucket comes above the shaft the horse does not back, as in the case of the whip, but turns completely round, and takes a step or two in the opposite direction. In both cases if the shaft be an open one, that is to say does not have doors that close below it as the bucket rises above the mouth, the lives of the men below depend upon the topman, who must never bungle. His work is simple, it must also be perfect. The shafts at the Lady Hester were all open ones.

The boy that drove the whim horse was in a bad temper, and no wonder; for the thermometer stood at about 100° while the night before there had been a severe frost, and though he had blankets they were so thin and worn as to be almost useless.

"Below there!"

Not a shout, but a terrified scream. A quarter of a ton of stone in not much more than half a dozen lumps was hurtling down the shaft in an ever hurrying rush, bumping from side to side with dull crashes against the timber. The topman of the whim-shaft had thrown himself flat on his stomach. His head was hanging over the mouth of the shaft. Something seemed to be tearing at his throat, but he fought it down, and screamed once more before the concussions between stone and timber had ceased. Then

came silence, save for the jerky rhythm of the stamps down by the dam that seemed to the man to be hammering out his last words in contemptuous mockery. "Below there—below—below—below there," sang the stamps.

"Are you all right?"

He had to say this over many times in his head before the knowledge came to him that now no sound was coming from his lips, for his heart had come up into his throat and blocked everything.

"Are you all right—are you all right—all right—all right—all right!" sang the stamps, and then, not being fed properly, they ran away and whirled a wild iron laugh at him. Speechless, and with the total paralysis of fear, he lay with his head hanging over into the blackness.

Half an hour before he had hailed the two men below, and had been going to tell them that he felt clumsy at landing, that it was the first time he had ever landed from a whim, that the whim-horse was not turning as he should, and that if they liked he would go away and tell the manager to put somebody else in his place. But when they had answered his hail he had only asked them to send up a water-bag as his own was empty, and the sun, so he expressed it, was fairly jumping on him. It had suddenly occurred to him that he would only make the boy who led the horse round and round the monotonous little circle either angry or nervous. He could not bear the thought of being jeered at or laughed at by the boy, and it would be still worse to make him frightened.

From down below too they would probably only laugh at him, in a different way, and tell him to "buck up," with a few good-natured curses thrown in to emphasize the encouragement. And so he had gone on. Twice he had exasperated the boy by calling out the word of command "Turn," and then

adding "No don't, a little higher, please,"—for he was always polite—"now turn," and each of these times the heavy iron bucket had clanked against the edge, and he had barely saved it from spilling down the shaft. After this the thing had simply grown, and grown into a hideous sunlit nightmare. The strenuous toil of rolling and shifting the great weight to the edge of the "plat," and there tipping it over, somewhat relieved him each time it had to be done, but, as the one bucket went down, and he could hear, far below him, the end of the filling of the other, his legs began to feel cold, and he would have given the world and all things in it to turn and run, run far out into the quiet sea of ranges that stood in its ever stationary waves around this clamoring island of work. But he had stuck to it: that was his strong point—he had thought he would be able, but he knew now that he was not fit for the work—never had been—there was only another hour to do, then he would go to the manager, and tell him—ask him to give him something underground—he had been underground before, never more than fifty feet or so, but there could not be much difference in going deeper.

Meanwhile the crash came. Mingled hot and cold sweat had made a tepid rain in his eyes that blinded him at the crucial moment. He missed the handle of the bucket, and utterly confused the boy with a dozen different orders, all incoherent. The bucket dropped upon the edge of the shaft and tipped into it—and there he lay waiting. Below were two men; had he killed both of them, or only one? The blood of these men, their life blood—and he knew them both well, and liked them—had been hovering over him, between him and the blue sky, for hours—it was his doom to take it—why, one of those lumps would smash both their heads, if they happened to be close

together, to just a mere bony pulp. What should he have done? Should he have run away? His upbringing, a public school, some little soldiering, and a constant, fanatical desire to accomplish the task set him had kept him there—it was his creed, all that he had of a creed, and it was apparently all wrong; it was kicked over just as some burly ruffian might stamp upon a piece of old Dresden China, and then challenge the owner to prove that the bauble had been of any use. Tangled up in this rope of Duty he had hung himself—to himself—for all time.

He might have been lying there for seconds, or he might have been lying there for years, when a voice came up the shaft: "What the devil are you playing at? Bill and me was lighting our pipes in the tunnel, or we might 'ave run against one of them pebbles!"

The topman's head drooped and his limbs slackened. He had forgotten the tunnel and its chances. The order against smoking in the mine was so strict that few men cared to transgress it, and he knew that they had never been lighting their pipes at all, but had skipped into the tunnel just in time. It was their way of letting him down lightly. "Go ahead, sonny!" came up the voice again. "We'll stand from under when you land." Then somehow he kept going till the whistle blew. As he emptied the last bucket he turned and hurried down to find the manager.

II.

"Can you use hammer and drill?" said the manager.

"I could soon learn."

"Learn! learn! Man! do you take this for a higher education shop, or what? This mine pays dividends, it don't teach. It's the other sort of mine that teaches hammer and drill to some that thought they'd never have to learn

it." He looked at the late topman for appreciation of his tirade on the other sort of mine, but without result, for the younger man was filled with his own forlornness, and was staring moodily over the manager's head at the now idle whim.

"You're hard up," he went on, "I don't want to turn you adrift. Look here! do you think you could guide a bucket out of the water, and keep a candle from going out?"

"Yes, I think I could do that," tentatively.

"Well, just be hanging about No. 2 whip-shaft at eight o'clock in the morning, and I'll take you down; I've a good miner wasting down there on the morning shift now; but we must get that deep shaft baled by horse as soon as possible, as there's a pump and engine on the road up for her; and, by-the-bye, you'll get full wages for this job though there's nothing to do; but it's rather wet and uncomfortable down there, and a bit lonely. Some of the fools won't take it on because there's nobody to talk to for eight hours at a time—you don't mind that, I suppose?"

"Oh no!"—with an attempt at cheerfulness. "I don't mind that." He really thought he would like to get away from everybody for a while, and as to going underground, why, it meant going to a place where he could not see the whim—which from everywhere above-ground seemed to drag his eyes to it.

It was what is called an underlay shaft; that is to say it was not vertical, but sloped at an angle of about 60°. It was about 160 feet deep, and the bucket ascended and descended on two wooden runners, or rails. Half way down there was a "level," or tunnel running both ways at right angles, in the floor of which there was a trap-door that shut in the bottom part of the shaft when the bucket was not

working. By the side of this trap-door was another tiny one through which the ladder was reached; this had to be closed after him by anyone going down or coming up.

There was about twenty feet of water in the shaft, the still surface looking, by the steady, sullen light of the candle which the manager deftly stuck in a lump of clay he took from his pocket, as if it were a surface of some smooth black unknown softness in which the falling drops knocked little holes that filled up mockingly.

"Here you are; you can sit on this piece of 3 x 2," he said, taking a small piece of wood from the scaffolding of the runners. "Put it across from a rung of the ladder to that niche in the wall." He pulled a piece of wire that ran all down the shaft, and presently a far off rumbling grew and grew; the bucket came noisily down, and, smashing into the water, rolled to one side.

"Catch it by the handle—that's right—steer it on to the runners—they'll only allow you a few seconds—now she's moving"; and ghostlike the bucket arose from the blackness and gilded up and up till it was out of sight.

"Got another candle in case that one goes out or falls into the water?"

"Yes."

Then the manager climbed up and disappeared as the bucket came careering down again.

He was alone in the bowels of the earth. Looking around he saw that the walls were of a yellowish brown color. They did not look hard, yet there was no timber anywhere supporting them. He rapped the wall near him with his knuckles, and felt more satisfied—it was hard enough to the touch. Still, a roof always has more the appearance of a likelihood of falling down than a wall has of falling in, and what is called the hanging wall looked, to the lonely young worker,

like a roof of very doubtful security; it looked flaky, chunky, disconnected, not solid. He became aware, now that he was alone, that drips of water were quickly permeating his thin coat, and making little scarce-heard noises on his cap. Down came the bucket. As he leaned over the water to drag it into its place, he saw what would happen if he did not get it there in time. The edge of the bucket would catch in the stout cross-piece of the scaffolding, and the horse would tug, and jerk, and strain until—the rope would break, wherever it happened to be weakest—the bucket would sink like lightning to the bottom of the shaft, and the thick wire rope would come from the break, twisting and coiling like an angry python. He would be utterly defenceless, and without escape; perhaps he would raise an impotent arm, and give one cry; perhaps he would be able to sit still and take his death or mangling as he believed some men did.

For an hour or more all went well. He gathered confidence from his repeated success in handling the bucket. He was soaked to the skin, but the water was not very cold. He began to sing, and found that his voice took unto itself a glory that it had never possessed before: he even seemed to himself to be singing in tune, a thing which he knew he had never accomplished previously. Presently there came a voice from the 100 feet level.

"Below there!"

"Hullo!" said the singer.

"We're going to fire. I've stopped your bucket with the communicator here—must shut you in for a bit. You seem pretty jolly down there?"

"Oh, I'm all right, thank you."

"Well, there'll be five shots, and then I'll come and open the door again—you're all right, eh?"

"Go ahead!" and clank fell the trap-door. Then came the cry "Fire! Fire!" in long drawn-out, warning shouts, and

two, three pairs of feet rattled, running over the iron door. What was coming? And how would it affect him, shut in his sloping tunnel? He turned to the candle for consolation: it was burning sulkily, and spluttering a little, for a tiny drop of water had fallen on the edge of it. He stretched out his hand to reach it, and look for a fresh place to put it in. As he did so there was a hiss, and a palpable black softness clung to his face and blinded him. It was the darkness. He heard the candle flop maliciously with a single chuckle into the water. A large drip had changed its starting-point, and had not only extinguished the candle but knocked it off its balance into the water.

For a moment, age-long, he did not dare to stir; it was as if he were buried alive in some soft black soil, and movement would let in the whole horror of it. Then his senses returned; he put out his hand, and touched the wall close to him. It was as though he had pressed the electric button for his own execution. The jeer of the diving candle, and the terrible darkness, had banished from his mind the closing of the trap-door, and the warning cry of fire.

As he touched the wall the shaft was filled with a smothered but tremendous roar; the vibration quivered through his body, and the darkness crinkled up and down his face. The invisible walls of his prison must be shaking; if only he could see how much! The almost two hundred feet of rock between him and the glorious sunlight that he had been so eager to get away from must surely fall, and crush him flatter than a sheet of newspaper. Would he feel it? Yes! There must be a moment of feeling as the life was ground out of him. He put his hands up to shelter his head. It was the same impotent movement that he had imagined himself making when he

had pictured the breaking of the wire rope. His half delirious laugh at this recollection was choked to soundlessness by the concussion of the second blast. He cowered lower, and stopped his ears with his fingers, as his head quivered to the third and fourth blasts that came almost together.

Light! Light! He must have light, or something in his brain would burst, and he felt that to prevent this meant clinging to life. He groped frantically in his pockets and found the spare candle; he felt the ends, and put the butt into his mouth, for he wanted both hands—then the matches—as he opened the box a huge drip of water fell upon it. He struck wildly at several; there came no answering light. There was another chuckling plash in the water, and a tiny end of the candle fell back from between his teeth into his mouth. He hurled the useless matches from him, and furiously spat out the fragment of candle. Then came the fifth and loudest report. The blackness in which he was buried seemed to jam together round him in palpable spasms—a tiny flake of rock fell upon his foot. Good God! was it all coming? With a mighty effort he commanded his brain, which had begun a series of biographic views of childhood and youth, to tell upon which side of him was the ladder. He forced his right arm through the blackness, and clutched a rung. The piece of wood he had been sitting on fell into the water, and he dangled by one arm—an invisible fly clinging to an invisible wall, half submerged in invisible water. Then his feet found a rung, and he began with infinite care to feel his way up the ladder; up, and up, until his head bumped against the little trap-door, and he heard the dull tramp of returning feet. The large door opened.

"Below there?"

"I'm up here."

"What's the matter? Oh! I see; candle gone out, matches wet, eh?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"Bit nasty down there in the dark, isn't it? Been there myself." The miner had opened the little trap-door, and by the light of his candle gathered from the face below him that which suggested his words.

"The old man's nowhere about; you go on down, I'll follow you and fix up a regular bloomin' illumination, and give you a fresh start." He lit three pieces of candle; showed the young one how to keep an eye on the drips of water moving, guided a few buckets for him, and talked about the exceeding solidity of the walls of the shaft; then he left him with a cheery word or so. The young man sang steadily till they called to him that it was time to come up. On one of the stages of the ladder he met a man coming down to take his place, who asked him how he liked it down there? Far above him he could see a speck of sunlight, and he answered, "Oh, not so bad!"

The next morning he came early to the mouth of the shaft. He could not go down till the whistle blew, so he walked along the whip-horse track, and looked at the wire rope lying idle along the ground. There were places where it had been mended, and there were two places where it looked to him as if it wanted mending. He wished he had not come to look at it, and as he climbed laboriously down with unnecessary clutching of the rungs, the weak places of the rope were all the time before his eyes; twice he almost dropped his candle. The bucket began to work, and the weak places on the rope stayed always in his mind, and gradually they explained themselves. He had for hours deliberately imperilled the lives of two men; knowing himself unfit for the task, he had continued to land the bucket at the whim shaft. The weak places in

the rope would get weaker and weaker till one of them would break, and his life also would be placed in deadly peril.

Only the chances of his escape were infinitely less than had been those of the men below him when he was on the surface, which was quite right; quite just; the punishment for his abject moral cowardice was to be death; he was sure that the judgment had been fixed. Somebody in some far-away court of justice passed sentence upon him. "To be killed as you might have killed"—that was how it ran, and that was all of it, no time was specified. It might be to-day, to-morrow, perhaps not for a week, but it would surely be.

Meanwhile, his imagination played weird jokes upon him. The runners and cross-pieces assumed the likeness of a scaffold, and the bucket became the inevitable knife of the guillotine, which, though it passed him by as yet, was only waiting for the order to lead him out through some unknown exit to the place where the dead myriads waited. At night, in his sleep, the bucket—with long arms, squat little legs and a black bulgy face that filled in the space between the handle and the mouth—would waddle to his bunk-side, and touch him on the shoulder with an iron forefinger, clanking out, "Come! follow me! follow me!" As he sprang upright in bed it would fall back into space with a frantic beckoning.

It never entered his head to try and escape, for he looked upon his doom as just, and waited for it with what calmness he could; and, indeed, there were times when the hidden terror in him gave place to an astonishing apathy; at other times a derisive mockery beset him, and again he was bolstered up with belief in his own bravery. His creed had been knocked to pieces at the top of the whim-shaft; he

was building it up again at the bottom of the whip-shaft.

As he came up the ladder at five o'clock in the evening he always met the other man going down to take his place till one o'clock in the morning. He seemed a cheerful sort of chap, and generally gave the usual miner's greeting—"Got another shift in, mate?" and the man coming up from his condemned cell for yet another look at the blue sky would answer simply, "Yes," and hurry up the remainder of his climb. There was no third shift from one o'clock on to daylight. The boy who drove the whip-horse at night slept in his hut, but always crawled into bed so quietly that he had never yet heard him come in.

On the fourth night he sat up in bed wildly and rubbed his eyes. The bucket had been pushing him, pushing him relentlessly down into the black water, and the black water was choking him. There was a light in the hut; the whip-boy, contrary to his custom, having lit a small candle-end stuck on the bottom of a jam tin. There was also a noise in the hut. It was the

whip-boy sobbing; sobbing with choking gasps, utterly beyond control. There was fright and horror too in the noise—he was putting up his arm to shut off something, and saying, "Oh, oh, oh! Don't, don't let me see!" Then he would break down again, and all the time he shivered, and tried to take off his clothes with hands that shook with a pitiful palsy.

"What is it, Jimmy?" asked the man, staring wildly from the bunk. At the sound of his voice the boy looked up, and staggering across the hut, still sobbing, threw his arms around the man and clung to him.

In gasps that seemed as if they must tear open his heaving little chest, the boy told what there was to tell.

"The rope broke—the bucket fell—and, oh!—smashed him—they brought him up—I saw him."

In between the boy's words the man could hear a murmuring of voices, and one or two sharp orders. The murmuring came nearer.

The other man's hut was near his.

He clung to the boy.

J. Stanley Hughes.

"LOVE AS A WANDERING MINSTREL CAME."

Love as a wandering minstrel came—
Came on a sweet September day;
Sang to my heart in words of flame,
Carolling care away.

Love as a wandering minstrel went—
Went on a dark December day;
And e'en God's sunshine seemeth spent
In Life's eternal gray.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.

Pall Mall Magazine.

BURNS AS AN ENGLISH POET.

It is easy to foresee one of two things for the enterprise on which I am starting at this moment. I must either establish a fact in literary criticism or I must resign myself to be regarded as an extremely ridiculous person. I accept the risk.

An English critic of influence and distinction some two or three years ago wrote an essay which received a sort of coronation and was rewarded with a prize of fifty pounds. The writer lamented that Burns had occasionally descended into English, and he labored to prove that under those conditions the poet either lost or in some measure degraded his faculty. My purpose in these pages will be to show that Burns was as indisputably a poet in one vehicle as in the other; and I shall even hope to demonstrate that he is at his best and highest in those frequent passages in which he diverges from that Ayrshire Scottish, which was his birth-right, to the English tongue. It is not commonly recognized that (apart from his humorous and satirical poems) something like half of Burns's work is done in English pure and simple, nor is it apparently observed that even in some of those poems which are cited as being in the vernacular, the greater bulk of the verse is not even salted with a hint of dialect. One could readily imagine the laughter which might greet the statement that "Scots Wha Hae" is an English poem. Yet the fact remains that there are only five words in a work of twenty-four lines which are not indisputably English. They are "wha," "hae," "wham," "aften" and "fa'," and it is not necessary to point out that these also are English with a localized spelling. In the "Lines to a Mountain Daisy" there are eight Ayrshire words, and the poem contains

nine verses of six lines each. In the "Vision" there are thirty-five consecutive verses of six lines each in which there is not a solitary word of dialect or even of localized spelling. In "Mary in Heaven" we have four eight-line verses of pure English; and no intrusion of a hint of Scots. In "Man was Made to Mourn" there is no dialect. It contains eighty-eight lines. In the "Cottar's Saturday Night" there are one hundred and eighty lines, of which one hundred and thirty contain no Scottish word. It will be admitted by most whose opinion is of value that these are rather curiously chosen examples of the art of sinking. By the general consent of critical mankind "Scots Wha Hae" is the fieriest and intensest call to freedom to which the world has listened. You have but to write "o" for "a," to insert a "v" and a double "l," and, behold! a poem without a trace of local color. And it would appear to be pretended that this volcanic splendor of patriotic rage owes its virtue to a few odd forms of spelling. It is fairly clear that it owes its qualities to the fact that its author was a poet of very unusual faculty, and was, when he chose to be so, a poet in the English tongue. In the case of the cited verses of the "Vision," which are amongst the noblest lines patriot ever wrote, there is no such question offered to us, because they are English without spot or stain. The same fact is true of "Mary in Heaven," of which it may be justly said that it reaches the high-water mark of human emotion. The same fact is true of very much more than half the "Cottar's Saturday Night," which has moved its millions to tears and smiles the world over.

Merely to establish the fact that Rob-

ert Burns could write lovely or inspiring English is a task which presents no difficulty. But the theory I have at heart to prove is not one which will be at once or willingly accepted. It seems to me as if Mr. Henley had stood upon his head to think when he expressed the idea that Burns *descended* into English. To me it appears that he never in any case, in his really serious work, does anything but soar into it, and that his very value as a poet of dialect is incalculably increased by the fact that he was so great an English master. I shall try to prove that an essential part of his craftsmanship lies in his familiarity with English and his readiness to make use of it, and I shall hope to show a feature of his genius which has hitherto, so far as I know, been disregarded by all his critics. (I may say that I do not propose to deal with the Songs, some forty of which are possibly written in English for no better reason than that they were meant by a musical composer for an English, or partly English, market. I do not think them on the whole nearly so good as the Scots verses of their kind, though in both a perfunctory sort of inspiration seems frequently to have been at work. But to know where we are it is needful to say that we are dealing with a poet who for one reason or another chose to confine himself in some seventy poems to the English language, and who invariably employed that language more or less in his wholly serious dealings with pen and ink.

My argument will apply to Burns in his inspired and splendid hours alone, but it is obvious that it cannot deal with all of them. If the gentleman in the "Critic" cannot see the Spanish Fleet he has a reason for it. It is not yet in sight. In trying to show how much Burns was a master of English and to what effect he used his mastery I must not deal with "Halloween" nor

with "Holy Willie's Prayer," nor "Death and Dr. Hornbook," nor "The Holy Fair," nor the lines on Grose the Antiquary, nor the immortal address to the De'il, because not a line of English is to be found in any one of them. That each and every one of these is a masterpiece in its way I am not merely willing to admit but eager to proclaim, and there is one thing I feel impelled to say of them in passing, even if it should point to the extrusion of the English critic altogether. These outbreaks of wrath, of satire, of pathos, of humor and affectionate familiarity with old uses not yet bygone, are not rightly to be enjoyed by any foreigner whomsoever. The true lover of the truly vernacular verse of Burns is that he or she who was bred within their influence in childhood and in whose mind they awaken emotions which they cannot arouse in the minds of others. There are many passages which I cannot read or recall without a clear vision of my father's face, and a clear hearing of his Scottish voice. These things are of course extrinsic to the value of the verse, but they—and a hundred of their similars—lend a sacred pleasure—dare I say?—to the reading of Burns, which is only known to those who have been born within his borders. It is very certain that if Burns had rigorously confined himself to the vernacular he would have had a comparatively poor audience in point of numbers, and even as things stand there are more downright pretenders amongst his professed worshippers than ever followed another poet. All the world over one meets cockney admirers of "Duncan Gray" for example, for whom "spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn" might be Chinese or Choctaw for anything they know to the contrary. It would be absurd to say that an intense pleasure may not be experienced in the reading of great work in any foreign tongue which one has had the industry to

study, but Ayrshire Scotch is not merely a foreign tongue to the average Englishman. It is a language of such intimacies as are not to be described in a glossary, and it cannot be appreciated to the full by one who has merely learned it as he might learn French or German. This is true, of course, of all little languages, and is known to lend a peculiar value to many small local literatures. That the poems of Robert Burns enjoy a more than local reputation is due not merely to the abounding genius which inspires the greater bulk of them. It is at least partially due to that other fact that so large a portion of his work (and of the very best and most poetical of it) is written in pure English, and that all but the humorous and satirical work is moderately understandable to the least industrious of English readers.

I shall be careful to bear in mind the truth that when Burns first began to write he had no idea of the dignity to which he was destined to elevate his native speech. In his day Ayrshire Scotch was the natural linguistic weapon for a herder of cattle or a tiller of the soil. No unsetting sun of genius had yet gilded its humble beauties into splendor, and in his wildest fancies the poet could not have dreamed of the work it would be his to do. He would see even more clearly than men of the present day, how much more copious, varied, sonorous, dignified and polished is the language written by Shakespeare, Milton and Addison than the obscure dialect in which he first learned the art of speech. This knowledge would naturally tempt him to deviate into English when he found himself inspired by a thought of unusual elevation. A little language, such as the Ayrshire Scotch was at the time when Burns was born to make it glorious, is excellent for humor, and super-excellent for the tenderer intimacies of the heart, but it is naturally

without terms in which to express certain lofty and subtle forms of thought. My contention in the first place is that Burns realized this keenly, in the second that he was artistically right, and in the third that it was this instinct which enabled him to lay soundly the foundations of a world-wide fame instead of building a merely local reputation.

The peasant of the Parmesan district eats his native cheese, when he can get it, in the lump. The epicure uses it as a condiment only. "Halloween" and "Holy Willie" are Parmesan in the lump. In the "Saturday Night" the dialect is used just freely enough to give piquancy, and in "Scots Wha Hae" and "The Daisy" there is, as we have seen already, but the merest careful sprinkling, enough to bestow a flavor and no more. Dropping the simile, let us notice the overwhelming advantage which Burns enjoys over other great British poets. He is the owner of an additional language, which he can use in its purity if he so pleases, and which he alone amongst other writers of acknowledged greatness is permitted to intermix in any degree which may seem befitting to him with a more dignified and copious vocabulary. To illustrate the astonishing and perfect art with which he does this I must needs have recourse to quotation. But before I proceed to the actual citation of words, I will offer a broad illustration of the principle of the criticism I apply to Burns. Often as he has proved his mastery of pathos, his two greatest achievements in that way are—I presume I may say by common consent—the lines to Mary and "Ye Banks and Braes." Each lays before us the sorrow of departed joys, and the emotions produced by the reading of the one are very closely akin to the emotions produced by the reading of the other. What instinct led the poet to write the one wholly in Eng-

lish and the other in a delicately blended form of the English and Ayrshire tongues? The answer appears to be simple. In the lines to Mary no touch of local color is needed to add to the poignant effect produced. We are here in the presence of a bereaved human creature whose soul is one anguished cry after the departed. It does not matter in the least whether the heart be that of a Scot or a Breton or a Mongol. Humanity is greater than nationality. Manhood—simple manhood—writhing in that agony we have all known or are doomed to know, sends forth this lamentable and exceeding bitter cry. That it is an Ayrshire peasant who thus suffers makes no difference in the world. But in "Bonnie Doon" rusticity is an essential of the whole matter. A country girl is lamenting the perfidy of her lover, and if we had not the touching dialect in which she pours forth her grief we should not have present to our minds the simplicity which contributed to her downfall, and which at once elicits our pitying pardon. Let us try the last four lines in English:—

With lightsome heart I pulled a rose
Full sweet upon its thorny tree,
And my false lover stole my rose
But ah! he left the thorn to me.

Nothing can spoil the beauty of the conceit, and yet a something has evaporated—a suggestion of artlessness and innocence. Beautiful it is and beautiful it remains, and if Burns had chosen so to write it, it would have gone home; but he did better with it. It is pure English with an Ayrshire accent—nothing more. But the accent is an essential here. And so we get it. For Burns never writes English where Scotch will serve his turn better, and never writes a word of Scotch where English is needed for his purpose. I suppose that if there is one of his poems more intensely identified than

another with what I may call the general Scottish legend it is that tremendous blend of farce and horror, of devilment and beauty, called "Tam o' Shanter." There are many moods expressed in this amazing poem, and they are all differentiated by the linguistic method employed in dealing with them. Where the mirth—or the grotesquerie—is at its wildest the speech is at its broadest. At the level of narrative its rudenesses are partially subdued. Where gravity, or, for the matter of that, mock gravity, comes in, pure English comes in with it. The study of the following eight lines will repay the discerning lover of artistic method. It will be noticed that the first two lines are as vulgar—I use the word in its legitimate sense—in matter as in expression. Then follows the dawning of a reflection in which the verbal fashion is considerably modified, and the last two lines of the passage—in as clean a bit of strenuous English as you may meet in a day's reading—introduce to the imagination a domestic figure at the sight of which many brave men have shaken in their shoes. I invite the attention of the critic to the extreme delicacy with which this transition is accomplished.

While we sit bousing at the nappy
And getting fou and unco happy,
We think na' o' the lang Scots miles,
The waters, mosses, slaps and styles,
Which lie between us and our hame,
Whaur sits our sullen sulky dame;
Gathering her brows like gathering
storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

In returning to the wholly humorous consideration of

The mony serious sage advises
The husband frae the wife despises,

the poet permits himself the broadest employment of dialect: as for example:—

She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum.

A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;

That frae November till October
Ae market day thou wasna sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as long as thou had siller;
That every naig was ca'd a shoe on
The smith and thee got roaring fou on:

And so on, in almost but not quite the broadest of dialect, until the poet's thought rises beyond the noise of Soutar Johnnie's mirth, and the atmosphere of the reaming swats that drank divinely: and with the rising of the thought, he chooses once again the nobler medium of expression, and in eight lines of universally acknowledged beauty he challenges a place beside the best of those who have written in English verse alone.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snow-flake in the river,
One moment white—then melts for ever;

Or like the borealis race
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.

Thenceforward for a time the poet holds a middle course. The dialect is full, but not quite of the richest, and there are lines in which it is absent altogether, because the storm and the horror are coming on and we must needs have a touch of dignity in keeping with the theme. And now the tempest is here in earnest, and no mere dialect is big enough to speak of it.

Before him Doon pours all her floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;

The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When glimmering through the groaning trees

Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze.

It is a fact which the most cursory study will establish that whenever Burns is splendid he is English. There is of course a sense in which he is splendid almost everywhere, but I do not mean to use the word that way. When he is tender he is English with a Scottish accent, as I have shown already in one example and could show in fifty if I had the space to move in. Whenever he is dignified in theme he is English pure and simple. There are five verses in "A Bard's Epitaph," and here are three of them:—

Is there a man whose judgment clear
Can others teach the course to steer
Yet runs himself life's mad career

Wild as the wave?

Here pause—and thro' the starting
tear

Survey this grave.

The poor Inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow
And softer flame.

But thoughtless follies laid him low
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend! Whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit,

Know, prudent, cautious self-control
Is Wisdom's root.

The verse is didactic, and there are some strange people who would limit the definition of poetry to the exclusion of its special mood, but the verse beginning "The poor Inhabitant below" has a place in too many hearts and memories to be readily relinquished.

But let us look for a further confirmation of my theory at one of those poems which the careless or casual reader of Burns would class among his vernacular works. Let us take the address to a Field Mouse. I am not concerned to defend the first three lines of the second verse, which are flatly prosaic in expression, but I call atten-

tion to the fact that one of the most humane and elevated thoughts ever expressed by a poet in any language is expressed by Burns in English:—

... That ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, *thy poor earth-born companion,*
And fellow-mortal!

The thought is in itself so tenderly generous that it needs no device of dialect. Mrs. Browning writes of "jewels five words long." "Thy poor earth-born companion" fits the phrase literally. The poet, with that seemingly artless art which is at the very soul of his method, turns to the affectionate intimacies of his native speech at the instant at which they can be most effectively employed—

That wee-bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy
trouble

But house or hald
To thole the winter's sleety dribble
And cranecreuch cauld!

The dialect is exquisitely suited to the theme, but mark what happens when the poet sees his own possible fate imaged in the disaster which has overtaken the little field-creature. The thought grows to a tragic grandeur, and the language must suit it.

Still are thou blest compar'd with me
The present only toucheth thee,
But oh! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
And forward, though I canna see,
I guess and fear!

Here three letters only will obliterate every trace of accent. I am not quite barbaric enough to suggest the obliteration, but it is at least worth notice that so very broad an approach to pure English is made at the moment at which the thought rises into dignity.

The "Lines to a Mountain Daisy" still more strikingly illustrate this characteristic of Burns's method. The

poet is here playing, with an extraordinary apprehension of use and fitness, upon that double instrument he uses. Note this:—

Alas! it's no' thy neebor sweet
The bonnie lark—companion meet
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weat
Wi's speckled breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to
greet
The purpling east.

There is no great insistence on the Ayrshire form of speech in any one line of this, but in the third line and the fourth there is just a touch of the tender domesticity of the little language, and then, for the vision of the soaring bird and the wide fresh glories of the morning, the simplest, most melodious and best-chosen English. There is only one word of Scotch in the third verse (and there is not one in the last four) but that word is used with much art to maintain the rustic atmosphere until such time as the poet is prepared to soar away from it altogether, as he does in the verses beginning "Such is the lot of artless maid."

Could blew the bitter-biting North
Upon thy early, humble birth,
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above thy parent earth
Thy tender form!

I should be sorry to fatigue the reader, but I cannot resist the temptation to point to the absence of dialect in many of the poet's best-known single lines, such as "the rank is but the guinea stamp," or that noble phrase of mourning, "and left us darkling in a world of tears." The question I have been discussing is not one of comparison between Burns's purely Scottish and purely English work. Should such a comparison be attempted it is very evident that not one of the English poems save "Mary in Heaven" would survive it. My purpose has been only

to show that he did not *sink* into English, but that he rose into it with complete spontaneity and unfailing judgment in all his more delicate, dignified and charming work, and that it is to his mastery of a most delicate, dignified and charming English that he mainly owes the unique place he occupies among poets.

And here, in strict reasonableness, I should bring this article to an end, but I wish to take advantage of my present opportunities to offer a word or two with regard to a characteristic of Burns's genius which has never seemed to me to have received its proper award from any of his critics. There are few people who are so deeply cleft as the Scotch. They are miserly in the extreme, and they are in the extreme open-handed and generous. They are *douce* and sober in the extreme and wildly hilarious in the extreme. They include the most tolerant and the most intolerant of men and women. Bigots of piety and economy of the most repelling type, *harum-scarum* jollificators of the most inviting, the *unco'* guid and the *unco'* careless, flourish amongst them side by side. Burns is the man who most piercingly and inclusively knows them all, and though there are not many who would dispute his knowledge, there are still fewer who have noticed how complete it is. "Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut" is not commonly regarded as an analysis of national character, yet I make bold to regard it as one of the keenest and subtlest pieces of work ever done in that direction. The drunken chorus which goes with that most rollicking of all songs of the over-convivial school is a playful but no less trenchant in-

dictment of the Caledonian Conscience.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
Just a wee drapple in our e'e.

We are not drunk. Flattest of falsehoods. We are most particularly drunk—Willie the brewer, and Rab and Allan the tasters; and the Caledonian Cameronian conscience is going to have a word with us. Very good. We will admit the impeachment, but with caution, as befits our nationality. "We're nae *that* fou." But even this qualified denial of a too-patent fact will not serve a conscience of the Caledonian Cameronian kind, and we are forced to that further admission of just the wee drapple in our e'e. An Englishman would never have thought of it, nor an Irishman, nor a Frenchman, nor any man of any other nationality on earth. Do I suppose, I imagine myself being asked, that Burns deliberately thought this out? Not for a moment. But it was with him as it has been with all natural singers: his genius carried him further than he actually knew or paused to fancy. That he knew what he had done when he had done it, and that this was his own reading of the lines I have no faintest doubt whatever.

Admire also the pragmatic person who is so drunkenly persuaded of his own perceptive powers in the line "It is the moon." D'ye doot me? "It *is* the moon." And I have a reason for the faith that is in me. "I ken her horn." Never did malt help a man to a clearer stroke of ratiocination. And did ever anybody but a Scot dream of a dogmatic assertion and a clinching justification of it in the middle of a drinking song?¹

David Christie Murray.

To count her horns wi' a' my pow'r
I set myself.
Bnt whether she had three or four
I couldna tell.

¹ The Contemporary Review.

¹ The observant inebriate is concerned with the moon in the fourth stanza of "Dr. Hornbook."

The rising moon began to glow'r,
The distant Cumnock Hills out owre:

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

The gentle art of spreading scandal, though by no means lost among us, was practised more gracefully under the early Georges than it is perhaps at the present date. The town became acquainted with my lord's indiscretion or the latest catastrophe at her grace's house through the medium, not of bald prose only, but of most polished verse. Among a host of industrious ballad-mongers, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, most charming and dangerous of ex-ambassadors, turned the neatest lines reflecting upon the follies of her friends; and the couplets in which Mr. Pope related this or that damaging story have been the wonder of each succeeding generation of readers to our own day.

In an ironical mood Fate decreed that these two brilliant wits, who had wounded many a contemporary by tongue or pen, should at length turn upon each other the weapons they had employed elsewhere with such deadly effect. Each avenged upon an adversary the sufferings of many victims. How the "dunces" of Grub Street rejoiced when the lady of quality sneered at the humble birth of the merchant's son! And the *grandes dames* of Lady Mary's acquaintance, though of course they condemned as scandalous Mr. Pope's insinuations, did they not feel a little malicious joy at the confusion the poet had brought upon their sharp-tongued friend? Mere men and women, alas! do not display on an occasion of this kind the magnanimity of the angelic world. Moreover, he seldom commands the sympathy of bystanders who is holst with his own petard.

The cause of this unseemly quarrel remains still a mystery. A difference of opinion in politics—a little raillery

on the lady's part at a high-falutin' poem—a pair of sheets lent and returned unwashed—all these have been variously put forth as *fons et origo mali*. On better authority is the story that Lady Mary laughed immoderately at an inopportune declaration, and that the poet was thereafter her implacable foe. But whatever it was that aroused Pope's enmity, his was a connoisseur's revenge. In this case there was no need to draw an elaborately finished portrait of the Atticus or Sporus type. A single touch, a mere line or two, will suffice to traduce a woman's honor. He wrote the thing; repeated it in succeeding works; when questioned denied its application, but was careful that the denial should obtain no credit; and thus left a stain, not on *her* memory only, but on his own by his shameless prevarications.

The affair continued for some years to interest London, much, we take it, to the chagrin of that irreproachable ex-ambassador, Mr. Wortley Montagu. Suddenly, however, the lady most concerned in the quarrel withdrew from Society and began a life of restless travel on the Continent. A few years later and her foe went his way to the quiet grave in Twickenham Church.

With Pope dead and Lady Mary in exile, town talk passed to fresher themes. And it is surely not merely as the victim of this little waspish poet's malice that we should remember one of the most original women of the eighteenth century. Her "Letters" have no longer their old vogue, but they will always be read with sympathetic interest by the student of character—and more especially by the student of feminine character. *Plus ça change, plus c'est toujours la même chose*; the life-like present-

ment of a personality can never become out of date. Lady Mary's "Letters" belong to a bygone world, but she herself will never cease to be a real woman to us; in fact, a modern of the moderns.

Critics, while they do abundant justice to the "masculinity" of Lady Mary's good sense, fail sometimes to appreciate the femininity of her temperament. She was that not altogether unheard-of character, an inconsistent woman; and when Nature wishes to form a finished specimen of that type, it must be admitted that she does her work well. Lady Mary was also eccentric to a marked degree, and the fact should not be overlooked that in the case of her sister, Lady Mar, this family trait took the form of downright madness. Spence, who met Mr. Wortley Montagu's wife in Rome during her exile, gives us the impression that this gifted, restless being made on an observant contemporary: "She is," he says, "one of the most shining characters in the world, but shines like a comet; she is all irregularity, and always wandering; the most wise, the most imprudent; loveliest, most disagreeable; best natured, cruellest woman in the world; all things by turns, and nothing long."

In this case the old cry of *variable semper* is not without justification. She was changeable with the changeableness of all those who have no central pivot upon which to turn their life's affections and life's work. Like many members of the adaptable sex, Lady Mary took her cue from her surroundings with marvellous quickness. In Turkey she was all for Greek antiquities and the customs of the Turks. In London her head ran on nothing but scandal and amours. In her Italian exile she vaunted seclusion and retirement, and adopted the mild hobbies common among many who lead a solitary life. We recognize at least half

a dozen Lady Marys under one skin. There was the fighting Lady Mary, who protected her stricken sister from a treacherous and perhaps cruel husband and his infamous brother. There was the zealous reformer, who introduced the practice of inoculation in spite of the obstructions of an unintelligent medical profession. There was the Lady Mary who studied Latin in solitude, who at fifteen desired to enter a convent, who at twenty translated the austere Epictetus, who was valued by Mary Astell and Mr. Wortley; and there was the frivolous Society woman of the "Town Eclogues" and the letters to Lady Mar; the Lady Mary, of whom "gallant" stories were related, who in her letter to her sister declared frankly that "there are but three pretty men in England, and they are all in love with me at this present writing."

In short, there was in this great lady something of the intellectual recluse, something of the philanthropist and something—not to put too fine an edge upon the matter—of the common flirt. Miss Hannah More, according to that admirable and moral work entitled "*Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*," held that consistency was the true touchstone of excellence in the female character. But then Miss More appears to have understood the artistic temperament as little as Mr. Wortley Montagu.

Born in the year following the "glorious Revolution" of 1688, Mary, eldest daughter of Evelyn Pierrepont, received but little systematic educational training. Lord Kingston was proud enough of her lovely face, proud enough to propose her name as a toast to the Kit-Cat Club before she was eight years old, but for all we know he never valued his daughter's unusual mental powers a jot, even if he suspected their existence. He held, of course, with the average parent of

those days, that the whole duty of woman was to marry without question the husband of her father's choice, and he was long in forgiving his daughter because on this particular her views differed from his. Save on those occasions when it suited him to play the family tyrant he was far too fine a gentleman to concern himself particularly with the welfare of his motherless girls. He probably imagined, in common with the rest of the world—if, indeed, he deigned to consider the subject at all—that his daughter was poring over romances in the library, when in truth for five or six hours daily the diligent young scholar was grappling with dictionary and grammar in her anxiety to master the Latin tongue. For in the long days of girlhood, when sorrow and joy chase one another across our mood as quickly as rain follows sunshine in spring weather, Mary Pierrepont had for companions her books and her dreams. Among the former, in addition to the Latin classics, were French romances, ponderous tomes of Scudéri and Calprenède, "Englished by persons of honor." And among the latter, which naturally all centred round her own small person, was that of founding and entering a convent. "It was," she wrote to her daughter in old age. "a favorite scheme of mine, when I was fifteen; and had I then been mistress of an independent fortune, I would certainly have executed it, and elected myself lady-abbess. There would you and your ten children have been lost forever."

There can be little doubt that this girlish plan was inspired by the writings of Mary Astell, that first and well-nigh forgotten champion of what are popularly known as "Woman's Rights," whose "Serious Proposal to Ladies by a Lover of her Sex" created such a stir in 1694. This proposal advocated the advantage of retirement

to a nunnery, conducted on strict Church of England principles; where daily service was to be performed "after the Cathedral manner, in the most affecting and elevating way," but where the mental training—and on this point the would-be foundress was exceedingly strong—was to be as important as the moral and religious. The scheme attracted the notice of a certain great lady, probably the Princess Anne, who promised £10,000 towards the fund necessary for its realization. But Bishop Burnet, gaining the ear of the great lady, whispered "Popery," at which black word her benevolent intentions, like the walls of Jericho at the sound of the trumpet, fell to the ground, and the project was perforce abandoned.

The writings of Mary Astell are full of criticism on the ordinary education—if the thing may be dignified by so high-sounding a name—and the frivolous employments of her sex. Personal observation, no doubt, suggested similar ideas to her younger contemporary. It was the age of the apotheosis of feminine silliness. Addison and Pope, the two most representative literary men of the time, although they veil their contempt under a playful irony, clearly show us that they considered a female head, whether pretty or otherwise, the emptiest thing in the world. But like the great majority of their contemporaries they were content to have it so. In her letter to Bishop Burnet, which accompanied her translation of the *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, Lady Mary speaks bitterly of the prejudices which in her day shut out women from participation in intellectual training, and refers to the contempt and hostility which greeted every attempt of theirs to break these barriers down. "My sex," she says, "is usually forbid studies of this nature, and folly reckoned so much our proper sphere, that we are sooner par-

doned any excesses of that, than the least pretensions to reading or good sense. We are permitted no books but such as tend to the weakening and effeminating of the mind. Our natural defects are every way indulged, and it is looked upon as in a degree criminal to improve our reason, or fancy we have any. We are taught to place all our art in adorning our outward forms, and permitted without reproach to carry that custom even to extravagancy, while our minds are entirely neglected, and by disuse of reflections filled with nothing but the trifling objects our eyes are daily entertained with. This custom, so long established and industriously upheld, makes it even ridiculous to go out of the common road, and forces one to find as many excuses, as if it were a thing altogether criminal not to play the fool in concert with other women of quality, whose birth and leisure only serve to render them the most useless and most worthless part of the creation. There is hardly a character in the world more despicable, or more liable to universal ridicule, than that of a learned woman; those words imply, according to the received sense, a tattling, impertinent, vain and conceited creature."

But although Lady Mary owed to this friend, to whom she denounces in such strong language the frivolity of contemporary womanhood, some suggestions for her Epictetus, the honor of training so apt a pupil lies with a younger scholar. No doubt her devotion to the classics grew in ardor from the date of her first acquaintance with Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu. This gentleman, the grandson of Lord Sandwich, was certainly as accomplished and blameless and—to judge by his portraits—as handsome a young Whig as ever guided the footsteps of a young and enthusiastic girl along the thorny path of learning. At their earli-

est meeting, Lady Mary, then only fourteen years old, let fall a shrewd piece of criticism on a play to the delight and surprise of at least *one* member of her audience. He was led, either on that or some other occasion, to make inquiry into her Latin studies, and his first present, characteristically enough, took the form of a beautifully-bound volume of Quintus Curtius, accompanied by some exceedingly complimentary verses in the style of the period.

There is no young girl but would be flattered at the notion of having for guide, philosopher, and friend a man several years her senior, well known in the world, and on terms of intimacy with all the foremost men of letters of the day. For Mr. Wortley, it appears, could boast of the friendship of Steele and Addison, and the acquaintance of Swift, Garth, and Congreve. What wonder was it if the delighted Lady Mary assiduously cultivated the friendship of her director's sister, Anne Wortley, to whom she wrote careful letters, clearly not intended for Mistress Anne's sole gratification, and from whom she received admirable replies, which, though copied in the handwriting of that admirable lady, were in truth the composition of her brother? By these means Mr. Wortley was enabled not only to check his pupil's errors in Latin, but also to warn her against moral defects, such as inconstancy; and to call attention to specific actions arising from the defect aforesaid, or in precise language to protest against the encouragement given to another admirer. Knowing what we do of Lady Mary's disposition, it would be rash to assert that Mr. Wortley's suspicions were groundless, though the young lady rebutted the charge with vigor. "To be capable," she says indignantly, "of preferring the despicable wretch you mention to Mr. Wortley, is as ridicu-

leus, if not as criminal, as forsaking the Deity to worship a calf." Let us hope Mr. Wortley was flattered by the comparison. It would have been less relished by the nameless admirer, who, had he heard it, would surely have ceased to importune the lady with his attentions.

In 1709 Anne Wortley died, and the lovers entered upon a direct correspondence. Mr. Wortley was a slow and doubting wooer, yet withal a very jealous one, and required a Miranda-like display of frankness from Lady Mary to call forth the definite expression of his intentions. It was a thousand pities she could not find a better Ferdinand to play to. No one can fail to be touched by the pathos of these girlish letters. We seem to see the flushed face, the wet eyes, and the sad, proud smile of the young writer as she makes her confession to this insensible lover: "While I foolishly fancied you loved me (which I confess I had never any great reason for, more than that I wished it) there is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you—I may say loved, since it is the last thing I'll ever say to you. This is telling you sincerely my greatest weakness; and now I will oblige you with a new proof of generosity—I'll never see you more."

Poor Lady Mary was always urging upon Mr. Wortley—perhaps not very sincerely—that a parting between them was the "consummation devoutly to be wished." With a nice sense of honor she also offered to release him from every obligation since she must come portionless to his arms. For a perverse fate dogged the negotiations for the marriage. Proposals had been made to Lady Mary's father, then Lord Dorchester, and as Mr. Wortley was rich and something of a *parti*, it might have been expected that the affair would have gone merrily forward.

Unfortunately, however, Lord Dorchester had a fad on the subject of entails, and required that the property of which the prospective bridegroom was possessed should be settled on the eldest son of the marriage. As Mr. Wortley, on his side, had conscientious scruples on the same subject, but *against* the practice of entailing, and an obstinacy—Lady Mary called it resolution—at least equal, if not superior, to that of his future father-in-law, matters soon came to a deadlock. The Marquis then declared "his grandchildren should never be beggars," and the match being broken off insisted that his daughter should prepare to marry another suitor.

In the eighteenth century parents made short work of the matrimonial preferences of disobedient daughters, and Lady Mary was sorely pressed. Between an inflexible father and an equally inflexible lover, with the wedding clothes bought and the day fixed for her union with the (naturally detestable) object of her father's choice, what wonder if she felt herself "in so great a hurry of thought" that she scarcely slept one night for a whole month? Then, like the naval commanders of old, she landed and burnt her ships, in other words, sacrificed her fortune and incurred her father's wrath by secretly eloping with Mr. Wortley in August, 1712.

If we can shut our eyes to the sordid business of the entail, there is a fine air of romance about the whole proceeding, and in accordance with the high unwritten laws that govern the destinies of eloping pairs Mr. Wortley and his wife should have passed the remainder of their lives in perfect bliss. But Fate, now and then, seems to our eyes like a poor artist, who spoils by clumsy workmanship the most promising material, and so it happened that this husband and wife, instead of "living happily ever after,"

merely furnished a classical instance of matrimonial unsuitability. They started on their voyage together with fair hopes, and probably Lady Mary, though she might grumble a little at Mr. Wortley's absolutism—we have seen how in the affair of the entail he clung to his own way at all costs—would have made a very charming wife and have loved her husband as much as in after years she loved her children. But Mr. Wortley was as great a failure in matrimonial life as he was in the political world. He was at once exacting and neglectful. Like the famous Sir Willoughby Patterne—with whom we have a notion that he exhibits many traits in common—the mere thought of a rival was torture. In the days of their courtship he had never wearied of insisting that he must be first with the object of his choice, whether that object were Lady Mary herself or another. And in their early married life his great desire seems to have been to despatch his young wife to the depths of the country and keep her there out of the way of harm—or possible admirers—while he transacted his business in London. Lady Mary laughingly said, when he sent her to York at the time of Queen Anne's death, that "he had that sort of passion for her which would have made her invisible to all but himself." She might have submitted to his long absences uncomplainingly if he could have comforted her a little more, and perhaps criticised her a little less. "I would not have you do them (*i.e.* his London affairs) any prejudice," she writes at this time, "but a little kindness costs nothing." And the early letters are full of protest against his indifference and carelessness as a correspondent.

Like most dull people, Mr. Wortley seems to have been absolutely correct, and to have admired correctness in others. It is little wonder if in him

the critic was early found side by side with the lover. He sent his wife "quarrelling letters" a very few months after marriage, when as usual she was in the country, alone or in uncongenial society, feeling ill and depressed in spirits. As her impetuous temperament was continually landing her in embarrassments, it will be understood that Mr. Wortley had plenty of scope for the exercise of his peculiar talents as fault-finder. One incident, which seems rather a characteristic one, is recorded by Lady Mary during her sojourn in Turkey. She had used a Turkish cosmetic with the unhappy result that her face became red and swollen. "It remained," she says, "in this lamentable state three days, during which you may be sure I passed my time very ill. I believed it would never be otherwise; and, to add to my mortification, Mr. Wortley reproached my indiscretion without ceasing." The husband, it may be remarked in passing, who takes the occasion to rub salt in a slight wound, may not be prepared to pour in oil and wine when there is a deeper hurt.

Though in 1714 Mr. Wortley was appointed one of the Commissioners of the Treasury, his political career was cut short the following year by the return of Walpole, whom he had opposed, to power. Nor was he more successful in diplomacy. After serving for a year in Constantinople as ambassador to the Porte, he received in 1717 letters of recall. No doubt his failure was a cause of mortification to his wife, who on her return to London Society was able to compare her hesitating, scrupulous husband with men who had dash and initiative and were able to cut a figure in the political and fashionable world. It is rare that marital criticism is one-sided only, and the blind admiration of the pupil may give place to the clearer-sighted judgment of the wife. While, on the other

hand, there is no man made sensitive by ill-success, but will mark and resent the change, and to judge by the bitter tone of Lady Mary's London letters, her prospects of married happiness were farther off than ever. Indeed, from this time forth she never ceased railing against the holy estate in words which, for all their surface cynicism, betray a suspicion of underlying heart-break and bitterness.

"Where," she says in a letter to her sister, "are people matched? I suppose we shall all come right in heaven as in a country dance; the hands are strangely given and taken whilst they are in motion, at last all meet their partners when the jig is done." "As for news," runs a letter in a yet more cynical vein, "the last wedding is that of Peg Pelham, and I think I have never seen so comfortable a prospect of happiness; according to all appearance she cannot fail of being a widow in six weeks at farthest, and accordingly she has been so good a housewife as to line her wedding clothes with black!"

At this stage of her career Lady Mary mocked at all things; it is clear that she was by no means happy. Her brilliant powers as a talker, her unconventional views of the world and its ways, were not likely to win the trust or approval of London matrons, and her quarrel with Pope may have rid her of many a fair-weather friend. There were also money troubles with an obscure Frenchman, which caused her endless annoyance, and stimulated by Pope's slanders the town-talk ran on her affairs.

"This is a vile world, dear sister," she writes to Lady Mar. "and I can easily comprehend that whether one is in Paris or London, one is stifled with a certain mixture of fool and knave, that most people are composed of. I would have patience with a parcel of polite rogues, or your downright honest

fools; but Father Adam shines through his whole progeny. So much for our inside; then our outward is so liable to ugliness and distempers that we are perpetually plagued with feeling our own decays and seeing those of other people. Yet sixpennyworth of common-sense divided among a whole nation would make our lives roll away glibly enough; but then we make laws and we follow customs. By the first we cut off our own pleasures, and by the second we are answerable for the faults and extravagances of others. All these things, and five hundred more, convince me (as I have the most profound veneration for the Author of Nature) that we are here in an actual state of punishment; I am satisfied I have been one of the *condemned* ever since I was born; and in submission to the divine justice I don't at all doubt but I deserved it in some pre-existent state. I will still hope that I am only in Purgatory, and that after whining and grunting a certain number of years, I shall be translated to some more happy sphere, where virtue will be natural and custom reasonable—that is, in short, where common sense will reign. I grow very devout, as you see, and place all my hopes in the next life, being totally persuaded of the nothingness of this. Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlor at Thoresby? We then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. Though, after all, I am still of opinion that it is extremely silly to submit to ill-fortune. One should pluck up a spirit and live upon cordials when one can have no other nourishment. These are my present endeavors, and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles running into my heart. I try to console myself with a small damsel, who is at present everything I like; but, alas! she is yet in a white frock. At fourteen she may run

away with the butler—there's one of the blessed effects of great disappointments; you are not only hurt by the thing present, but it cuts off all future hopes, and makes your very expectations melancholy. *Quelle vie!*"

Vanitas vanitatum! Each century echoes the world-old cry of the Preacher. There was no real outlet for this woman's superabundant energy; nothing to occupy her life but the common round of Society pleasures. She was compassionate, but the day for philanthropy was not yet. She wrote brilliantly, but authorship was a profession denied to women of her class, and though later she beguiled her time with the composition of memoirs, she destroyed them with her own hand. Her husband made no career in which she could render assistance. Even motherhood had brought her keen disappointment, for her only son was an impossible ne'er-do-well. "A mother," she wrote, "only knows a mother's fondness. Indeed, the pain so overbalances the pleasure, that I believe, if it could be thoroughly understood, there would be no mothers at all."

It was in 1739 that Lady Mary separated from her husband, whom she never met again, and began the twenty-two years' residence abroad in which she wrote so many of the letters on which her fame depends. Biographers have speculated endlessly as to her reasons for this course, for there seems to have been no open rupture

between them, and she continued to write to and of him with surface friendliness, if without much cordiality. It is possible that for many years the necessity of providing a joint home for their daughter had been the sole tie between them, and that when, in spite of her mother's warnings of the pitfalls which encompass the married state, the young lady ventured on the perilous step of accepting Lord Bute, this last tie between the parents was severed. Three years later Lady Mary made use of her freedom to leave a society of which she was weary, and a husband for whom her affection was dead. She wandered about Italy and France, and like many lonely people on whom family life exercises no salutary control, contracted many eccentric habits. The letters of this period, however, show her at her best—wise, witty, observant, full of love for her daughter, solicitude for her grandchildren, while at the last there seems to have come to her something of the quiescence of old age. She survived her husband only a few months, dying in England shortly after her return in 1762. It is easy to speak harm of her, but it is pleasanter far to speak good, for she is one of the most real and delightful women of the eighteenth century. And after all, who are we that we should declare that those who tarry longest in the Valley of Humiliation never reach the Land of Beulah?

Mary Dormer Harris.

KWANNON.

(The Goddess of Mercy and Motherhood in Japan.)

Mine are all delicate and tender things,—
 Soft twilight-colored moths that cannot bear
 The day's abashless stare,—
 The glow-worm shining softly for her mate
 Who has no lamp, even as she has no wings,—
 The drones that toward autumn meet their fate,
 Fallen from their high estate
 Because the workers and their queen have stings
 And not one memory of the good days done
 When the old queen was young, and 'neath the sun
 Frollicked and loved and wedded those to-day
 The honey-makers leave their toil to slay.

Mine are the rosy-footed doves that mourn
 For ever in the tree-tops, night and noon
 Like lovers left forlorn,
 Or rose-bough cheated of its rose in June.
 Mine are the temple-pigeons, light of mood
 That in the craziest nests
 Rear up an iris-breasted clamorous brood.
 Mine are the maple-trees whose scarlet crests
 Outbloom the red cranes and the redder sun
 When frosts have just begun.
 Mine is the field-mouse that a shadow scares
 Whose nest is slung between two ears of corn,—
 The flower that folds up if a finger dares
 Approach her golden petals,—dew at morn,
 The poppy reapers mow,—
 All frail and lovely things the stars below.

Shadows and clouds are mine, dewdrops and rain,
 Dumb creatures that we load with work and pain
 And pay with swinging lash and angry tongue:
 Mine are the jests unsaid, the songs unsung:
 Mine are the groaning gates of death and birth
 That to and fro reluctantly are swung;
 And mine are all the weakest things on earth:
 Pale buds on the wistaria-branches hung,—
 The dancing monkey, chained to make you mirth,—
 The geisha-girl whose painted lips must smile
 Although her eyes would gladly weep awhile,—
 The boat, that drowned her crew, drawn high and dry

Ashore to rot away and slowly die,—
The scorched land cracking 'neath a brazen sky
That once held many rice-fields in its girth
And never dreamed of dearth.

Last, dearest, fairest of all feeble things,
Mine are all children, borne with pain, to live
And love and labor, and return again
Unto the earth whence they arose to flower
The blossoms of a life-time, as the plum
And the imperial chrysanthemum
In their own season come,
The blossoms of a day and of an hour.

I make the light soft to the children's eyes
With veils of rain drawn tenderly across
The flaming sun that hunts adown the skies
The stars no man at height of day can see,
So keen a hunter he.
After the rain, lest baby eyes should weep
Because the clouds so close a cover keep
Before the bright face of the imperious sun,
I build a rainbow east and west to show
How laughter follows on the track of tears
All down the years,
How beauty shall be bullded out of fears,
Hope out of doubt be spun.
The rainbow of five colors arched in one
My symbol is. Its irises I wear
For garland in my hair;
And when the children, grown and growing old,
My face no more behold,
A rainbow of five colors in the sky
Tells them that, though all passes, here am I,
Kwannon the Merciful, with arms that strain
To clasp my children to my arms again.

Macmillan's Magazine.

THE ATTIC HOMESTEAD.

Xenophon's work on agriculture lacks the divine afflatus of the Georgics and the patient, comprehensive research of Varro's *De Re Rustica*; its more modest scope is shown by the name he gave it: "Œconomics," or as Etienne de La Boétie rendered it, "La Mesnagerie"—a capital word that has gone down in life! Xenophon traced the rule of the farm on rather general lines; he started from the principle that, in the main, agriculture is made up of common sense and diligence. To critics who blame him as unscientific, I would submit that in Southern farming, at least, these two qualities will carry the cultivator farther than the most beautiful steam-plough. The standpoint from which he viewed the agriculturist was not without elevation, though it did not strike him, as it struck Virgil, that the husbandman was a sort of high priest. But neither did he regard him as the mere servant of private and selfish ends. The landed proprietor was the pillar of Society and agriculture the life-blood of the State; the fields grew more than corn—they grew men. This was his point of view. Cultivating the land becomes a source of pleasure to its possessor, of prosperity to his house, of health to his body which it fits for all the duties of the free man. The Earth gives both the necessities and the charms of life. The lovely and fragrant garlands with which we deck the altars are bestowed by her. She yields a thousand varieties of nourishment; she feeds the war-horse, she toughens the sinews of the soldier. The soil inspires its tillers with the will to die in its defence. How hospitable is the country to its guests! How joyous the blazing fire on the hearth in winter, the cool, shady groves in summer! What more inspiring than a rural religious fête? What life is pleasanter for

the workers, more delightful for the wife, more salubrious for the children, more generous for friends? The land, which brings forth its increase in proportion to our zeal in cultivating it, teaches the primal law of justice. We learn from husbandry to do to others as we would that they should do unto us. The wise husbandman encourages his laborers not less than a general his soldiers, "for hope is as necessary to slaves as it is to free men." (In the army Xenophon was called "the soldier's friend"; he knew what could be done with men by moral influence.)

No writer was ever more sincere; he adorns nothing and speaks from his own experience, which is that of a man of the world who has made no excursions into the clouds. He does not put his own hand to the plough like Tolstoi, but he is a firm believer in the axiom that it is the master's eye which soonest fattens the horse. It is absurd to own an estate and know nothing about its management. Nevertheless, he does not counsel perpetual attention to business; he would have agreed that "no play" makes very dull boys. He looked upon the pleasures of a country life as not less actually profitable than its duties. What was the chase? A nursery for strategists. What was riding across country? A school for cavalry. Four hundred years later the Latin writer on agriculture, Columella, criticised sport as folly and waste of time; Xenophon could not have imagined life in the country without it, but he ennobled the pastime by the skill he brought to it. He aimed at excellence in all he attempted. He was the finest rider of his day, and his little treatise on horsemanship has won the praise of every writer on the subject from then till now. The Attic phrase of "handsome and good" suited

him both in its metaphorical and its literal sense, for he was distinctly an "*homme du bien*," and his good looks were famous. Besides his love of open-air athletics, he had other Anglo-Saxon characteristics such as the colonizing instinct joined to affection for home and the taste for adventure without the tastes of the adventurer. But he possessed the defects of his qualities: he had no idealism or "inwardness," the problems of mind did not interest him; he left the Incomprehensible to take care of itself. What interested him in Socrates was the man and it is the man that he makes known to us. But for Xenophon we might have missed in Socrates that moral perfection which Goethe rated the highest of all—the reverence for those below us. Xenophon's Socrates not only talks affably to all sorts of people; he can actually draw instruction out of them. A country curate complained to Dr. Johnson that his surroundings were unintellectual; his neighbors could only talk of "Veals"—the local name for calves. "Sir," replied the doctor, "learn to talk of 'Veals'!" Socrates would have thanked him for that word. How gracious he is in the scene of the performing children! How courteously he addresses the showman, how readily he appreciates the cleverness of the little dancing girl! So far from despising the exhibition of a poor little troop of wandering jugglers, he says seriously ("after reflection"), that the child's skill in throwing up and catching her hoops and dancing in time to the music has confirmed a conclusion to which he has been coming for a long time—namely that women are nowise inferior to men save in physical strength and perhaps, a little, in mental balance. They can learn all things, if properly taught, as quickly and as well as men. When, afterwards, the child performs a blood-curdling feat of jumping head downwards into a circle of swords, he gently

remarks that this is, no doubt, very dangerous, but what possible good is there in it? Is there beauty in contortion? Would it not be less hurtful to the pretty children and more pleasing to the spectators if they danced to the flute dressed as nymphs or graces? The Sicilian showman, humanized for the moment, as were all who came within Socrates' influence, acts on the hint and improvises the little pantomime with which the banquet ends.

When the question of training women comes up in the "Economics" Socrates makes no plea for educating their higher faculties, and this has been supposed to prove that he was indifferent on the matter. But he was not in the habit of proposing alterations in the existing conditions of life; he took men just as they were, believing that their souls, or moral part, could be improved through their minds or intellectual part, rather than by any change in outward circumstance. Still, it cannot be doubted that since he admired Aspasia's mental attainments, he would have been glad if her sisters, who thought themselves so much better than she, had not been so far behind her in humane culture. He granted that women could learn, and Plato's thoroughly revolutionary views on women's education are only the logical development of this principle. Plato wished girls and boys to be taught everything alike, even to fencing and riding. He admitted that the very best men were superior to the very best women, but since many women are more gifted than many men why should not they have an equal chance? No one would dispute this now, but it must have sounded midsummer madness at Athens whose women had no place in society at all. Theoretically they might go to the theatre when tragedies were performed, but it seems unlikely that the ladies of the upper

classes often went there. They had no opportunity of joining in conversation with the other sex except in the case of their nearest relations: this continued to be the case down to a late period.

Cornelius Nepos remarks that what is thought respectable in one place appears quite the reverse in another; so while every Roman brought his wife to the feast, such an act would have excited horror in Greece. There seems to have been no equivalent to the tea-gardens (without tea) of Turkish cities, where you may see the veiled ladies laughing and chattering among themselves as though they had never a care. A mild form of amusement, but better than none.

The Greek little girl was happy. She was the pet still more of her father than of her mother. She had dolls with jointed limbs which possessed their proper names, their outfits, their baby-houses and furniture. She played at numberless games, but the favorites were ball and knuckle-bones. A lovely Tanagra figure shows the Greek girl playing at this last universal game, which is also represented as the sport of Niobe's daughters in a well-known fresco found at Pompeii. I am still looking for a part of the world where it is not played; I, myself, once played a match with a gypsy child at Granada and lost it. When the Greek girl reached the mature age of seven she was expected to offer her toys to Artemis, a sacrifice recalled in some pretty lines in the *Anthology*. But I think that the goddess gave back, at least, the ball: a game of ball was recommended by Greek physicians as the best exercise after the bath. Artemis, herself, lives forever as the eternal girl: following the stag on the mountains and the wild beast along the wind-swept summits, but coming back to lead the dance, beautifully dressed, and not disdainful of feminine tasks;

for is she not known as Artemis of the golden distaff?

Sophocles described the young girl rejoicing in the flowery meads of her youth, till the maiden became wife and mother and learned to know the painful watches of the night, spent in anxiety for husband and children. It would have been well for her if such anxiety, the common lot of all, had been the sole cause of trouble to the Athenian wife. It seems that ill-assorted unions were rather frequent at Athens, and if her home was unhappy, what had she to fall back on? A man, as Medea says, whose home is unpleasant to him, can go abroad and enjoy the company of his friends, "but we must look for happiness to one alone."

It often happened that marriages were made up by third persons who described inaccurately the affianced couple to one another; a fraud for condemning which Socrates praises Aspasia. Mischief was the result. The bridegroom was not extremely young; thirty was thought to be a suitable age for man to marry at; but the bride was sometimes a mere child, as we see from the charming little romance of "The Wife of Ischomachus" for the better understanding of which I have strayed into these few remarks on Athenian womanhood. It forms by far the most original feature in the "Economics," and though it must be taken with several grains of salt, it is still the best description we have of a Greek interior.

Socrates observed that while the wife's power in the household was only second to the husband's, she was the last person to whom he spoke openly about his affairs, of which she commonly knew less than his most casual acquaintances. This may be said to be the text of the story which follows. Of Ischomachus nothing is known except a shadowy mention in Plutarch; but from what we do know of Xenophon,

It is impossible to doubt that in this instance, he is, if not telling his own story, at least ventilating his own ideas. Socrates is supposed to meet Ischomachus in the portico of the Temple of Zeus the Liberator. He asks him how it is that he has a healthy color and time to spare, though all Athens declares that his estate is the best managed in Attica? To this Ischomachus replies, that he can go where he likes, because his wife is perfectly qualified to manage everything at home. Socrates enquires if this inestimable helpmeet learnt her duties from her father and mother? Ischomachus answers that this was impossible; when he married her she was scarcely fifteen—what could she have learnt but how to spin and card the wool and give it out to the maids? She had been brought up to have simple tastes; that was a good foundation, but all the rest she had learnt from him. Then Socrates begs him to tell him all about it—he would sooner listen than see the finest horse-race. And so would we.

In Greek marriages, love was post-nuptial; the wooing began with the wedding instead of ending with it. The little bride was very timid, very shy: the first thing to be done was to gain her confidence. Ischomachus prudently did not begin his lectures till the honeymoon was waning. He simply prayed the gods to grant him the wisdom to teach, and his bride the heart to learn all those things that were needed to make their union holy and happy. She joined willingly in the prayer, which he thought a good sign for the future. Then he waited till they had got to know each other and to speak familiarly on different subjects. Even when the schooling begins in earnest, behind the teacher there is still the lover. Nothing flatters a very young girl so much as to speak to her seriously of serious things; for the rest,

the wife of Ischomachus would have shown but little wit had she failed to seize what there was of elevated, pure and true in the picture presented to her of a woman's rôle. The prosaic details and the narrowness of the canvas should not blind us to the fact that the Greek conception of marriage as here set forth, *lies at the very root of all Western civilization.*

After the interval allowed for "becoming acquainted" Ischomachus asks his wife whether she begins to understand why he married her? She most certainly knew that there would have been no trouble in finding another wife for him, another husband for her. Why did he choose her? why did her parents choose him? Was it not because it appeared to both sides that they were truly fitted for each other, and also fitted to serve the higher objects of matrimony as heads of a household and founders of a new family. If the Divine Powers gave them children they would join together to bring them up aright, and the reward would not fall them of having good children to bless their old age. But even now, without waiting for that sacred bond, *all they possessed was in common.* All that was the wife's she had already given and now he does the same, he gives her all that is his. It is no more a question of which of the two furnished the most, but it is well to realize that the one who manages best the common store is the one who brings the most valuable contribution to it. "But how can I help? What can I do?" asks the young wife; "you manage everything; my mother only told me that I was to do what was right." Ischomachus says that he received the same advice from his father; but that husband and wife did not do right if they neglected to watch over the property and to improve it. "But how," the wife asks again, "can I help?" Ischomachus says that this is the task marked out for

her alike by the gods and by the laws. Each has an allotted share; to the man fall heat and cold, long journeys and wars; to the woman household duties. The first of all these is the care of children—to which end the gods have implanted in woman's heart an infinite need of loving little creatures. Next comes the care of the household; to point which moral Ischomachus extols the Queen Bee, though a somewhat closer knowledge of natural history would have made him select that far more intelligent housekeeper the mother-wasp. He develops the idea that marriage is a divine institution in view of the children, a social institution in view of the property. Your duty to God is to bring up your children well; your duty to the State is to foster and not waste your substance. Of course the conception of thrift as a national virtue is absolutely correct, but its practical application is foreign to English ways of thought. Frugal living and a strict look-out over expenditure suggest a tinge of meanness to the English soul. Ischomachus saw nothing mean in saving, since it enabled him to give nobly to religion, to help his friends in their need, and to contribute munificently to the embellishment of the city. It would be useless to rehearse all the items of domestic economy which Ischomachus impresses on his docile pupil. She is charged with the care not only of the provisions for the table, but also of the farm produce which is brought to be stored at home or to be employed for spinning and weaving. The counsels of prudence are summed up in the admonition: "to see that we do not spend in a month what ought to last for a year." One piece of advice touches a higher note; "There is another thing"—says Ischomachus—"which, perhaps, you will not think very pleasant; it is, that when one of your slaves is ill, you ought to look after him yourself and do all you

can for his recovery." "Ah!" she cries, "there is nothing that I shall like to do more than this; they will love me for it!" An answer with which Ischomachus was justly delighted and which evoked from him the most beautiful little speech that any husband ever made to any wife: "But the sweetest reward will be when, having become more perfect than I, you have made me your servant; when as youth and beauty pass, you will not fear to lose your influence, because in growing old you will become a still better companion to me, a better helper to your children, a more honored mistress of your home."

Ischomachus tells his wife that she should take the trouble to instruct stupid or backward slaves in their tasks; they may then become in time capable and devoted servants, priceless treasures in the house. He goes more fully into the management of slaves when he deals with the farm bailiff. He says that like other animals, men are influenced by rewards and punishments. Noble souls are excited to do their utmost by the desire of praise, ignoble ones by convincing them that virtue pays. The first thing to secure is the good-will of your dependents; without this, very little can be done with them. But they soon become attached to the master and his house if he treats them kindly, and if, whenever a stroke of good fortune befalls himself, he gives some advantage to them. This is, I think, the earliest hint of "sharing profits!" For the rest, Xenophon declares (for certainly it is he who speaks), that he has known good masters with bad servants, but never a bad master with good ones. It is disappointing to remark that, elsewhere, he writes unsympathetically of the "licence" accorded to Athenian slaves, who were never allowed to be struck and who wore no distinctive class dress, so that "anyone might take

them for free citizens." Xenophon preferred the harsh practices in force at Sparta, which is only another proof that it is impossible to guess a man's public policy from his private disposition.

The dominant passion of Xenophon (if we take Ischomachus as his interpreter) was order. He grows lyrical in praise of the beautiful neatness of a man-of-war, and the passage might have been written to-day! This is the model which Ischomachus holds up to his wife for imitation. How admirable is a tidy linen-press or china-closet! Nay, how lovely are symmetrically arranged saucepans! Here the author has a suspicion that somebody will laugh, and perhaps he was laughing himself. A young wife wedded to such a martinet must have undergone various bad quarters of an hour; yet when she is really disturbed at the loss of something that was not in its right place, her mentor made haste to discover that he was himself to blame for it.

The most serious reproof that the wife of Ischomachus ever received was on quite a different score. One morning she appeared with her girlish brow whitened with *Lait d'Iris*, rouge upon her cheeks and a pair of high-heeled shoes on her feet. She was only following the fashion of the day; Athenian ladies, in spite of the seclusion in which they lived, had a perfect mania for cosmetics and gauds: they painted their necks and faces, darkened their eyebrows and wore a profusion of jewels. Self-adornment was even encouraged by the law which punished any woman who was observed to be carelessly dressed. It has been thought that artificial embellishments became the vogue because real beauty, so common among the men of Athens, was rare among the women. Curiously enough, in modern Athens there are far more handsome men than women.

although the most beautiful girls I ever saw were two sisters moving in Athenian Society; but their family sprang from the isle of Paros.

When Ischomachus saw his wife disguised as above described, instead of telling her that she never looked so well (which was what she expected in her poor little heart), he began to ask the most irritating Socratic questions. How would she like it if he brought her a quantity of pinchbeck silver and imitation jewelry? "Oh! do not say such dreadful things," she exclaims. "Could I love you as I do if you were to act like that?" When she sees the gist of his argument, which he pushes home with relentless logic, she takes the lesson in good part and only asks what she is to do to really become better-looking instead of only seeming so? As an alternative to cosmetics, Ischomachus proposes plenty of exercise, but alas! it is to be all indoors. Running about the house and offices to see that all is right and lending a hand at kneading the bread, hanging out the clothes and making the beds. This is the way to get a good complexion and a good appetite, and the maid-servants are encouraged when they see that their mistress is not above joining in their work. So ubiquitous a mistress would not be exactly popular below stairs in a modern house. Women, says Xenophon, are worth very little who are too fine to do anything but sit all day with crossed hands; which is true; still, it might have occurred even to him, that the routine proposed for the wife was cramped and dull compared with the vigorous outdoor life which he assigns to the husband. Ischomachus gets up early, and if he has no business to transact in the town, his groom brings round his horse and leads it before him to his farm (which, we may suppose, was about three miles out of Athens). He walks the distance on foot for the sake of a "constitution-

al." When he gets to the place, he watches the sowing or reaping or whatever rural task is going on and afterwards he mounts his horse and rides away over hedges and ditches and hills and dales—the sort of country one would cover in war-time—never stopping at obstacles, but taking care not to lame the horse if he can help it. On his return, the groom rubs down the horse and then takes it back to the town, carrying with him a basket of whatever farm produce is needed for the kitchen. Ischomachus walks home at a brisk pace and dines, neither too generously nor too meagrely, so that he feels well and active for the rest of the day.

An Italian proverb bids us praise the sea and keep to the land; many poets have praised the country and lived in towns. But Xenophon was not a poet, and he meant what he said when he gave the palm to a country life. He was glad to say good-bye to towns for good and all. Athens could never have been the same to him after the death of Socrates, which was the first news that met him on his return from conducting the retreat of the Ten Thousand. Nor did he like the whole trend of Athenian policy. It is sad to feel that you have grown foreign in your own land. Later he was banished from Athens, but even when the decree of banishment was revoked and he might have gone back, he did not do so. His one desire was to live out his days on the beautiful estate which Sparta had presented to him, where he took up his abode with his wife and two little boys when he was still in the prime of life. It seems that he was once compelled by the tide of war to leave this estate, but there is reason to hope that he regained possession of it and was able to remain there till he died at the age of ninety. It was in this delightful retreat that he wrote nearly all his works: giving thus a practical illustration of one

merit of country life not noted in his treatise: the leisure it affords for literary pursuits.

Scillas, the spot where Xenophon's property was situated, not only lay in one of the prettiest parts of Greece, but had the great advantage of being within a few miles of Olympia where every five years all the most distinguished Hellenes assembled for the celebration of the Olympian games. On one occasion, amongst the visitors was Xenophon's old friend the Warden of the temple of Artemis at Ephesus, to whom, years before, he had entrusted a certain sum of prize-money on the eve of a campaign; if he died the money was to be offered to the goddess; if he lived it was to be restored to himself. This money the Warden brought with him and with it Xenophon purchased some land, near his own estate, rich in streams, fish and game, which he consecrated to Artemis. He raised an altar and had a statue made just like that at Ephesus, only smaller, and of cypress wood instead of gold. Here, once a year, all the rich and poor men and women of the country round were invited to attend a festival, their wants being supplied "by the goddess": barley-meal bread, meat from the sacrificed animals, wine and sweetmeats forming the bill of fare, supplemented by wild boar, antelope, deer, and all sorts of game, the spoils of a great hunt organized by Xenophon's sons and his sporting neighbors some days in advance. Was there ever a happier *fête*, where each laid aside his sorrows, his heart-burnings, his little jealousies, his money-making to rejoice in the sweet air gladdened by the sun and in the presence of an unseen Power that hears and guards!

For Xenophon the gods controlled the events of life and had knowledge of the past and future. They could easily be made our friends: they only asked of us offerings of their own gifts, a

grateful heart, and no conscious concealment of the truth when we called upon them to witness our word. This was his religion, and it served him both in bright hours and grey. He was performing a religious sacrifice when the message was brought to him that his son Gryllus had fallen. Xenophon took

the garland from his head, but when the messenger added "nobly" he put it on again saying, "I knew that my son was mortal." Here we see the antique spirit at its best: self-restraint in adversity; preference of noble conduct to happy fortune; recognition that the gods rule wisely.

The Contemporary Review.

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

At the opening of the present year there were still alive amongst us two men who survived as representatives of what poetry was in these islands before the commencement of the Victorian era. Both have left us—Mr. Aubrey de Vere, having reached his eighty-ninth year, passed away on the 20th of January; Mr. Philip James Bailey, in his eighty-seventh, on the 7th of September. So, as we sit quietly and watch, we see history unrolling, since, in the chronicle of our literature, the closure of a great and complicated system of poetic activity is, in a sense, defined by the deaths of these venerable men. Moreover—and this is curious—in each of these survivors we had, living before us, types—not quite of the first order, indeed, but yet vivid types—of the two main divisions of the English poetry of the first half of the nineteenth century. That, namely, which was devoted to a reasonable grace, and that which was uplifted on a mystical enthusiasm. So that a sermon on the verse of that time might well take as its text the opposed and yet related names of De Vere and Bailey.

Nothing so extensive is to be attempted here. But before endeavoring to define the character of the talent of the younger of these veterans, and to note the place of *Festus* in the history

of letters, we may linger a moment on what resemblance there was between the two aged men, so intensely opposed in their general disposition of mind and their walk in the world. They had in common an exquisite personal dignity, Mr. de Vere moving both in Ireland and in London in the genial companionship of like-minded friends, Mr. Bailey stationary in his cloister or hermitage at Nottingham. They had in common the happy fate which preserved to each in extreme old age all the faculties of the mind, the sweetest cheerfulness, the most ardent hopefulness, an optimism that nothing could assail and that disease itself avoided. Each, above all, to a very remarkable degree, preserved to the last his religious devotion to that art to which his life had been dedicated, each to the very end was full of a passionate love of verse. Song-intoxicated men they were, both of them; retaining their delight in poetry far beyond the common limits of an exhilaration in any mental matter.

When this has been said, it is the difference far more than the resemblance between them which must strike the memory. Of the imaginative opposition which the author of *Festus* offered to the entire school of which Mr. de Vere was a secondary ornament,

more will be said later. But the physical opposition was immense, between the slightness of figure and flexible elegance of the Irish poet, with his mundane mobility, and the stateliness of Mr. Bailey. Mr. de Vere never seemed to be an old man, but a young man dried up; Mr. Bailey, of whose appearance my recollections go back at least five-and-twenty years, always during that time looked robustly aged, a sort of prophet or bard, with a cloud of voluminous white hair and curled silver beard. As the years went by, his head seemed merely to grow more handsome, almost absurdly, almost irritatingly so, like a picture of Connal, "first of mortal men," in some illustrated edition of Ossian. The extraordinary suspension of his gaze, his gentle, dazzling aspect of uninterrupted meditation combined with a curious downward arching of the lips, seen through the white rivers of his beard, gave a distinctly vatic impression. He had an attitude of arrested inspiration, as if waiting for the heavenly spark to fall again, as it had descended from 1836 to 1839, and as it seemed never inclined to descend again. But the beauty of Mr. Bailey's presence, which was so marked as to be an element that cannot be overlooked in a survey of what he was, had an imperfection in its very perfectness. It lacked fire. What the faces of Milton and Keats possessed, what we remember in the extraordinary features of Tennyson, this was just missing in Mr. Bailey, who, nevertheless, might have sat to any painter in Christendom as the type of a Poet.

I.

English literature in the reign of William IV. is a subject which has hitherto failed to attract a historian. It forms a small belt or streak of the most colorless, drawn across our va-

riegated intellectual chronicle. The romantic movement of the end of the preceding century had gradually faded into emotional apathy by 1830, and the years which England spent under the most undignified and inefficient of her monarchs were few indeed, but highly prosaic. Most of the mental energy of the time went out in a constitutional struggle which was necessary, but was not splendid. A man is hardly at his best when his own street-door has been slammed in his face, and he stands outside stamping his feet and pulling the bell. The decade which preceded the accession of Victoria was, in literature, a period of cold reason: the best that could be said of the popular authors was that they were sensible. A curious complacency marked the age, a self-sufficiency which expressed itself in extraordinary unemotional writing. To appreciate the heavy and verbose deadness of average English prose in the thirties, we must dip into the books then popular. No volume of the essay class was so much in vogue as the *Lacon* of the Rev. Mr. Colton, a work the aridity of which can only be comprehended by those who at this date have the courage to attack it. Mr. Colton, although he preached the loftiest morality, was a gambling parson, and shot himself, in 1832, in the forest of Fontainebleau. But that did not affect the popularity of his chain of dusty apophthegms.

The starvation of the higher faculties of the mind in the William IV. period was something which we fail to-day to realize. No wonder Carlyle thought, in 1835, that "Providence warns me to have done with literature," and in 1837 saw nothing for it but to "buy a rifle and a spade, and withdraw to the Transatlantic wilderness." In the letters of Tennyson we may easily read what it was that, after the failure of his enchanting volumes of 1830 and 1833, kept him silent in despair for ten

of his best years. This was the dead lull during which the moral storms of 1840-1850 were preparing to gather. It was the time when the Puseyite controversy was beginning, when *Tracts for the Times*, under an oppressive obloquy and miscomprehension, were making a struggle for religious warmth and air. A chilly light of reason applied to morals, that was what the subjects of William IV. desired to contemplate, and poetry itself was called upon to make a definite concession to the gospel of utility. Romance was at its lowest ebb, and even—

the ghost of Miltiades rose by night
And stood by the bed of the Benthamite.

Among poets who possessed the public ear at that time, the aged Wordsworth stood first, but the prestige of the laureate, Southey, who had been one of the most active and authoritative of reviewers, was, in many circles, paramount. Now Southey—as his most prominent disciple, Sir Henry Taylor, has proudly told us—"took no pleasure in poetic passion." By the time of which we are speaking, however, Southey and even Wordsworth had passed into the background of active life, but there had been no reaction against the quietism of their later days. That quietism had taken possession of the taste of the country, and had gradually ousted the only serious rival it had seemed to possess, the violence of Byron. It was at this time, in the full tide of Benthamism, that Henry Taylor attempted a poetical *coup d'état* which demands close attention from the student of our literary history.

In publishing his enormous drama of *Philip van Artevelde*, in 1834, Henry Taylor took occasion to issue a preface which is now far more interesting to read than his graceful verse. He thought the time had come to stamp out what he called "the mere luxuries

of poetry." He was greatly encouraged by the general taste of the public, which obviously was finding highly-colored literature unacceptable, and in a preface of singular boldness, not unadroit in its logic, Taylor presumed to dictate terms to the poets. He begged them, for the future, to walk the common earth and breathe the common air. He entreated them to believe that forcible expression, fervid feeling, and beautiful imagery are useless if employed in connection with thoughts that are not "sound." There was to be no health for us unless reason had full supremacy over imagination. Reflection must take the place of mere "feeling," thought the place of imagery. Passion, so this faithful disciple of Southey considered, was to be regarded as a direct danger and disadvantage.

Nor did the preface of 1834 confine itself to the encouragement of what was tame and good; it descended into the dust, and wrestled with lions that were wild and bad. It fought with Byron, as Christian fought with Apollon, conscious of the awful strength of its supernatural opponent. It fought, less strenuously, and with a touch of contempt, with "the brilliant Mr. Shelley," to whom it could afford to be condescending. It glanced round the arena without being able so much as to observe an antagonist who, to our eyes, fills the picture, and is alone sufficient to condemn all the *Philip van Artevelde* arguments and theories. This is Keats, of whom, so far as we can discover from this preface, Taylor had, in 1834, never even heard, or else despised so entirely that it did not occur to him to mention his name.

The Preface to *Philip van Artevelde* enjoyed a great success. Its assumptions were accepted by the reviews as poetic canon law. It was admitted without reserve that the function of poetry was "to infer and to instruct." The poets were warned to occupy them-

selves in future mainly with what was rational and plain. Henry Taylor had made a sweeping suggestion that the more enthusiastic species of verse was apt to encourage attention by fixing it on what is "puerile, pusillanimous, or wicked." There was a great searching of heart in families; the newspapers were immense. A large number of copies of *Childe Harold* and of *Manfred* were confiscated, and examples of Pollock's *Course of Time* (by many persons preferred to *Paradise Lost*, as of a purer orthodoxy) were substituted for them. Even the young Macaulay, who had suddenly become a power, joined the enemy, and declared that "perhaps no person can be a poet, or can ever enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind." Ah, but, cries in effect the excellent Henry Taylor, we will so coerce and browbeat and depress the poets that they shall not think a thought or write a line that is not "sound," and the Benthamite himself (the stupendous original Jeremy had died, of course, in 1832) shall pluck, unhandily enough, at the lyre now consecrated to utility and decorum.

It was the old balance between "stacy" and "ec-stasy," and Henry Taylor was, to a certain extent, justified by the character of such contemporary works as might be held to belong to the ecstatic species. It did not seem a moment at which great subjects and a great style were prepared to commend themselves. The most prominent indulgers in "the mere luxury of poetry" were Heraud and Reade, whose efforts were calculated to bring instant ridicule upon imaginative writing by their hollow grandiloquence. There were the Byronisms of Croly, the once-famous author of that gorgeous romance, *Salathiel*, and there was the never-to-be-forgotten Robert Montgomery. All these poetasters merely emphasized and justified Henry Taylor's protest. In genuine poetry of a

highly imaginative cast there appeared, almost wholly unregarded, *Pauline* and *Paracelsus*, and in 1838 Miss Barrett produced, in defiance of the taste of the age, her irregular and impassioned *Seraphim*. None of these publications, however, disturbed in the least degree the supremacy of the school of good sense, or threatened that "equipoise of reason" which the disciples of Southey thought that they had fixed for ever. Poetry was to preserve its logical judgment; it was never to "let itself go." The cardinal importance of Mr. Bailey's *Festus* is that it was the earliest direct counterblast to this scheme of imaginative discipline, and that when it appeared in 1839 the walls built up by Henry Taylor's arrogant preface immediately began to crumble down.

II.

The extraordinary poem which thus recalled English literature to the ecstatic after a period of bondage to the static, and attracted the astonishment of the public by leading a successful revolt against baldness, against what a critic of the time called "the pride of natural barrenness," was the work of an extremely young man. Philip James Bailey was born in Nottingham on the 22nd of April, 1816. He was the son of a journalist of an excellent provincial type, a sturdy local politician, antiquary, and philanthropist, himself an amateur in verse, "an inveterate rhymers," we are told, and full of enthusiasm for new ideas as they revealed themselves to active-thinking persons in those repressed and stunted "thirties." The father of Philip James Bailey promptly acquiesced, like the father of Robert Browning, in the decision of his son to adopt "the vocation of a poet," and the boy seems to have been educated to that end, as others to become chartered accountants or solicitors. Nominally, indeed, the lat-

ter profession was selected for young Bailey, who, nevertheless, as early as 1835, is understood to have begun to plan his great poem. It is further related that in 1836—the young man was in his twentieth year—he began to write *Festus*, and in 1838 had finished the first draft of it.

So far as it appears, there was nothing but irresistible vocation and a selective use of the most sympathetic models which led Bailey back to what had so long and so completely been neglected in English poetry, the record of the subtler action of the mind. In the midst of a fashion for scrupulous common-sense, and "the equipoise of reason," here was a young man of twenty who, without any sort of impetus from without, and in defiance of current criticism, devoted himself to the employment of clothing philosophic speculation with almost reckless imagery. Henry Taylor had entreated the poets not to attempt to describe anything which cannot "be seen through the mere medium of our eyesight." But from the very outset the new bard was to deal wholly with impassioned spiritual life, exalted into a sphere unoccupied except by rapture and vision. You are to build, practically dictated the Preface of *Philip van Artevelde*, nothing but comfortable two-storied villas, with all the modern appliances. The architect of *Festus* comes, raising none but pinnaced archangelic chapels high in the unapparent. This was the note of the amazement with which *Festus* was received in 1839. It bore a message of good tidings to spiritual souls starving in a utilitarian desert. It lifted a palm-tree, it unsealed a well in the arid flats of common-sense. We cannot, in the light of all that has been written since, appreciate in the least degree what *Festus* was to its earliest readers, unless we bear this in mind. All the yearnings for the unlimited, all the suppressed

visions of infinity, all that groped in darkness after the excessive, and the impassioned, and the inconceivable, gathered in tumult and joy to welcome this new voice. James Montgomery wrote that, after reading *Festus*, he felt as though he had been eating of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil.

To realize what it was which hungry visionaries found in the new poem, it is necessary to turn back to what it was which was presented to them in 1839. The first edition of *Festus* is a work of remarkable interest. It is now very rare, and it may safely be said that there is no volume which justifies more completely the passion or mania of the book-collector. For sixty-three years *Festus* has not lacked readers, and edition after edition has steadily supplied a demand. But the *Festus* of 1901 is a very different affair from the volume of the same name of 1839. In the first place, it is very unlike it in size, since it contains about 40,000 verses, while the original edition has something less than 10,000. We shall presently have to describe the extraordinary manner in which Mr. Bailey, during sixty years, steadily added to the bulk of his poem. But the point to dwell on here is that the effect made upon his own generation was not made by the huge and very unwieldy book which one now buys as *Festus* in the shops, but by a poem which was already lengthy, yet perfectly within the bounds of easy reading. It seems essential, if we are to gauge that effect, to turn back to the first edition. This was a large octavo, with no name on the title-page, but with a symbolic back presenting a malignant snake flung downwards through the inane by the rays that dart from a triangle of light, a very proper preparation for the redundant and arcane invocations of the text within the covers.

The attack of the utilitarians had

been chiefly directed against the disciples of Byron, and the new poet evaded the censure of such critics by ignoring in the main the influence of that dæmonic enchanter. It is specious to see the effect of *Manfred* upon *Festus*, but in point of fact the resemblance seems to result from a common study of *Faust*. Nor has the *Dr. Faustus* of Marlowe—although, since the publication of Lamb's *Specimens* in 1808, that majestic poem had been within every one's reach—anything very definite to do with Bailey's design. This was founded, almost too closely, on that of Goethe's *Faust*. The result of the manipulation of later editions has been more and more to disguise the resemblance of the original draft of *Festus* to its great German forerunner, and to this, therefore, with the edition of 1839 before us, we must give a moment's attention.

Bailey's poem began, not as it does now, but with an abrupt introduction of the reader to Heaven, exactly as in *Faust*, with a "Prolog im Himmel." In each case, God himself speaks, and in a triplet of verses. There is a "Chor der Engel," called by Bailey "Seraphim" and "Cherubim," and these combine in a great burst of melodious adoration, like "die himmelischen Heerschaaren" in *Faust*. Lucifer demands the soul of *Festus* to sport with, exactly as Mephistopheles asks for *Faust*. When the tempter abruptly appears to his meditating mortal victim, the startled "Who art thou, pray?" of *Festus* is precisely the "Wie nennst du dich?" of *Faust*. Later on, Lucifer and *Festus* ride Ruin and Darkness, the black colts of the Evil One, exactly as *Faust* and Mephistopheles do their black steeds after the Walpurgisnacht. In the 1839 edition of *Festus* the lyrical element is very much more prominent than in the later editions, where it has been steadily superseded by blank verse. These odes and choruses in the

original text are plainly modelled upon the lyrics in the German poem, and, what is curious, it seems to be rather the second than the first part of *Faust* which has attracted the English rhapsodist, whose cantatas closely recall, in their form, those of the "Chor seliger Knaben" and the rest.

It would be interesting to trace the mode in which Goethe influenced the mind of the young Nottingham poet, whose masterpiece was to be the most important contribution to English literature in which rivalry with *Faust* is predominant. Mr. Bailey, I am informed, never resided in Germany, and had but a scanty knowledge of the German language. The only direct reference to Goethe which I have found in his writings occurs in *The Age*, where he remarks that—

Wolfgang's *Faust* flames forth the fire
divine
In many a solid thought and glowing
line—

a couplet of not particularly luminous criticism. I suppose that Bailey was not constrained to spell out the original, since by 1836 Goethe was not without interpreters in this country. The acquaintance of Englishmen with Goethe as a force hardly existed earlier than 1827, when Carlyle's two great essays made their mark. In 1831 Abraham Hayward led the army of translators, with a privately printed *Faust*; and in 1832 a certain sensation was caused in English intellectual circles by the death of Goethe, a reverberating event. Then followed version upon version, comment upon comment; the publication to the outer world of Hayward in 1833, in 1835 the *Faust* of Dr. Anster, eagerly commended by the *Edinburgh Review*, these, we may shrewdly conjecture, were the main media of inspiration to the youthful Bailey, although he probably glanced at the original. Moreover there existed a widely-circulated port-

folio of designs for *Faust* by Ritzsch, with some text in English; these drawings were in the hands of the infant Gabriel Rossetti, it appears, by 1836, and may very well have stimulated the imagination of the adolescent author of *Festus*. There can be, at all events, no awkwardness in comprehending that the latter, without any deep knowledge of the German language, but by a mere happy inevitable instinct, could grasp the essential character of the sublime poem of Goethe, and bend its design to his own ends. The difficulty, I confess, to me is that, as I have said, *Festus* seems to presuppose familiarity with some scenes, at least, of the second part of *Faust*, which had not been published anywhere until 1831, and was but slowly and confusedly recognized in England.

In the evolution of a plot the English drama was far less successful than its German exemplar. The great disadvantage of *Festus* was immediately perceived to be its lack of coherent outline. Elizabeth Barrett remarked that "the fine things were worth looking for, in the design *manqué*." Horne, one of the earliest and most judicious of admirers, lamented that the framework of the poem was unworthy of its eminent beauties of detail. The plot of *Festus* is, in fact, too slight to bear the heavy robes of brocade which are hung about its insufficiency. To make such a work durably weighty it should have an actual story, complicated and animated enough to arrest attention. This was perfectly comprehended by Goethe in the first part of *Faust*. But the narrative element in *Festus* is thin and vague to excess. The hero is a human soul, of the highest gifts and attainments, doomed to despair and melancholy, and unwillingly enslaved to sin. The mode in which he becomes the plaything of the arch-spirit of evil is impressive, but scarcely intelligible; nor are the relations of the tempter to

his victim ever realized in a vividly dramatic or narrative way. It would be an almost impossible feat to separate the "story" or plot of *Festus* from its lyrical and rhetorical ornament. One has to face the fact that the poem exists in and for these purple robes, and that it is essentially a series of transcendent visions, each clothed upon by a fresh set of more or less sumptuous and redundant imagery.

The keynote of *Festus* is a spiritual optimism. The lesson of the poem was easily perceived to be insistence upon the ministry of evil as a purifier. Man was to pass through sin as through a fire, and to come out purged from the dross of humanity. At the opening of the poem the note of hope is struck. In spite of Lucifer, and of all his ingenious activity, Earth and Man are improving. But God (the youthful Bailey was extraordinarily familiar with the mind of the Creator), in a speech of disconcerting petulance, dooms Earth to end: "Earth to death is given," and the pitying angels cover their faces. It is by playing upon the depression of one who inhabits an orb which is about to be annihilated that Lucifer obtains his ascendancy over the spirit of Festus; he approaches him in the guise of a giant force, placable and sane, that will give the longed-for happiness. But Festus rejects all the vulgar forms of joy:—

Spirit,

It is not bliss I seek; I care not for it.
I am above the low delights of life.
The life I live is in a dark cold cavern,
Where I wander up and down, feeling
for something

Which is to be; and must be; what, I
know not;

But the incarnation of my destiny
Is nigh . . .

The worm of the world hath eaten out
my heart.

Lucifer is equal to the opportunity; he promises to renew the heart of Festus

within him, and to endow it with immortality in spite of God. Festus wavers, but he is now launched upon a career of supernatural adventures, presented to us in a succession of scenes and visions. These are pleasing in proportion with their seriousness, for Mr. Bailey had none of Goethe's gift of laughter, and his "comic relief" is invariably deplorable. It is in his communion with infinity, in his pictures of impassioned spiritual life, that he is successful, and his flights are most fully to be trusted when they carry him farthest up into the empyrean.

If we analyze the narrative of *Festus*, we are led to strange and awkward conclusions. The Spirit of Evil, embodied in Lucifer, rarely coincides with the ethical action of guilt, and is often actually in collision with it. One does not see what Lucifer has to gain from his ascendancy over *Festus*, since that personage continues melancholy, active in aspiration, in will passionately virtuous. The great evidence of his spiritual peril is the yielding of his intellect to the Devil, but Mr. Bailey is too delicate to carry out this submission to any practical issue. If Lucifer is very audacious, Festus does not embrace the wicked suggestion, but turns and rates the tempter, in tones dignified and courteous, like those of Dr. Primrose reproving sin in Mr. Thornhill. On their Walpurgisnacht-ride over the world, Festus and Lucifer overhear an island-people, on their knees before a maiden fair, singing "Hail Victoria! Princess, hail!" (A.D. 1837), and quaintly enough it seems to be gratitude to Lucifer for having shown him this patriotic scene which finally conquers the scruples of Festus and binds him to the tempter.

The central incidents of the poem are sometimes difficult to follow. Lucifer takes Festus up into the planet Venus, where they have an interview with the Muse, and where Angela, the dead love

of Festus, appears to him. The scene changes to earth, and Festus is discovered with one "my Helen" at what the stage-direction calls "a large party and entertainment." This episode, or lyrical intermezzo, is long, and breaks the poem into two parts; it was considered very sprightly in the "forties." Festus sings the following song:—

Thy nature is so pure and fine,
'Tis most like wine;
Thy blood, which blushes thro' each vein,
Rosy champagne;
And the fair skin which o'er it grows,
Bright as its snows.
Thy wit, which thou dost work so well,
Is like cool moselle;
Like Madeira, bright and warm,
Is thy smile's charm;
Claret's glory hath thine eye,
Or mine must lie;
But nought can like thy lip possess
Deliciousness!
And now that thou art divinely merry,
I'll kiss and call thee—sparkling sherry.

When Bailey is "divinely merry" he puts the Muses out of countenance; yet this amazing anacreontic has survived through all the editions of *Festus*. The social occasion which opens with this gaiety proves a very lengthy and animated affair; there are rompings and singing of arch songs, and the discomfortable practice of wearing, beneath the lamp, wreaths of flowers which have been dipped in the wine-cup, much prevails. An extraordinary number of kisses, and vows, and amorous forfeits are exchanged, and Lucifer takes a modest and agreeable part in the entertainment. But at Nottingham, in the reign of William IV., the most successful evening parties came to an end before midnight, and one George having gone so far as to propose that a certain Fanny should "fold him bee-like on her bosom's gentle tide," both Festus and Lucifer feel that it is time to separate, and the latter proposes that George should "shake

hands, man, with eternity," or, in other words, should go home to bed. The stage-direction is, "They break up."

From these faded pleasantries it is strange to turn to the serious portions of the poem, which have preserved to a remarkable degree their freshness and sonority. Almost immediately after this "party," so unhappy in its provinciality, we come upon a scene admirably dramatic in tone, and in its excellent ironic note of mockery not unworthy of Goethe or of Ibsen, in which Lucifer, in the guise of a ranter at the door of a church, preaches to the crowd a sermon on predestination, fooling his audience savagely, till, at last, they perceive his intention and turn to kill him. There is nothing of its kind finer in the poetry of that age than this magnificent sermon where it turns from persiflage to contemptuous invective. "Tremble!" cries Lucifer to his conventional congregation—

Tremble! ye dare not believe.
No, cowards! sooner than believe ye
would die.
Die with the black lie flapping on your
lips
Like the soot-flake upon a burning bar.
Be merry, happy if ye can: think never
Of him who slays your souls, nor Him
who saves,—
There's time enough for that when
you're a-dying!

Men are not to resist—such is the gospel of Lucifer; let yourselves go, he preaches, be swept on. Resistance is the beginning of spiritual life, it gives God his chance for leverage. "Prance merrily off, skim like bubbles on the river, for then you are sure to come to me." This is very Goethesque: "stürzt euch in Peneios' Fluth!" one remembers.

Although the subject is so audacious and apocalyptic, the text of the first edition of *Festus* is remarkable for simplicity of diction. There is a general absence of pomposity; the author is in-

spired, with evident earnestness, by a genuine ecstasy of spiritual life. He submits to "visions of sublime convocation," but he avoids the error of translating these into swollen and preposterous language. It is the more needful to insist on this, because in later editions Bailey contrived to spoil his poem in this respect. He lost a great deal of his directness of speech, and he substituted for it, as we shall presently see, a bombastic splendor which did him grievous wrong. But the blank verse of the original *Festus*, which has something of the best parts of Young's *Night Thoughts* (that very stately piece of elaborate rhetoric, nowadays so unjustly decried), is plain, full, and direct, with curious touches of realism. Its lyrics are less happy. Sometimes, as in the ballad of "The Gipsy Maid," we have such a vivid improvisation as we could imagine a bard composing by a watch-fire in a mountain-pass, with no art, no care, yet with a long breath of melancholy music. But, in the main, it is the non-lyrical parts of *Festus* which fascinate its readers now as they did those of sixty years ago, by their unsatisfied yearnings after infinity, their enfranchised metaphysical speculation, and their uplifted clarion-cries of melody and vision.

III.

Reviewers of the prevailing school, who held that poetry should be rational, broad and calm, received *Festus* in 1839 with bewilderment. To some of them it seemed less an achievement in art than an exercise in theological mysticism run mad. But the general verdict of the best judges was highly favorable, and when it became known that it was the production of a youth of two-and-twenty, it was looked upon as a kind of portent. There seemed nothing preposterous in comparing

such a work with the famous monuments of literary precocity, with the *Ode on Christ's Nativity*, with the *Essay on Criticism*, with *Endymion*. What might not the author attain to? It could not be questioned that *Festus* was a better poem than *Queen Mab*; why should young Bailey not grow up to be as great a poet as Shelley? Already he possessed sustained powers of a very high order. He had actually achieved, at these his tender years, a body of philosophical verse, strenuous, fervent and elevated. He had already, as Swift might have said, his wings and his music. What he lacked was what youth never possesses, a sense of proportion, a delicacy of workmanship, a full command over his materials. These would naturally follow with the ripening years, "which mellow what we write to the dull sweets of rhyme."

By what inscrutable fate was it ordained that in this case the gifts never ripened at all? At twenty-three Bailey was perhaps the most "promising" of living English poets, and at eighty-six that promise was still to be fulfilled. In 1902, as in 1839, Philip James Bailey was the author of *Festus*, neither more nor less. Had he died in the last-mentioned year he would have retained a foremost place among our "inheritors of unfulfilled renown"; he would be habitually mentioned with Chatterton. But, by the oddest irony, he survived, actively endeavoring to improve his position, until extreme old age, and yet was never able to recapture his earliest melody and fervor. Meanwhile his arrested development and successive mishaps did not affect to any appreciable degree the fate of his solitary production, which continued and continues still to have a wide circle of readers. The case is odd in itself and singular in the history of our literature.

The earliest reception of *Festus* was mainly by those most intimately inter-

ested in the art of poetry. Tennyson, Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray, the Brownings and Horne were among its few original admirers and advocates. But as time went on the ring of readers spread further outwards and became steadily less esoteric. The edition of 1846, which bore the author's name on the title-page, greatly added to the quantity of his readers, but took something from their quality. Tennyson, who had been rapturous, while advising FitzGerald to read *Festus*—"There are really *very grand* things in it"—confessed that his correspondent would "most likely find it a great bore." (Any human being, by the way, less likely to appreciate *Festus* than FitzGerald it would be difficult to imagine.) The Brownings, even, now saw spots in the sun. But with this slackening of technical or professional interest in Bailey, there grew up a public sympathy founded on the matter of his poem, its theological positions, its doctrine of ultimate salvation, its bewitching theory of remedial chastisement, its universalism. This process of divorce from the purely literary current of the time has continued ever since, and is the cause of several of the anomalies of Mr. Bailey's celebrity.

Borne on the tide of imaginative earnestness, the young author had declared that whatever he had received, in a rush of improvisation, was made independent of the workmanlike attributes of the art by the fulness of his message and the abundance of his imagery. With incomparable boldness, this lad of twenty-three had written as the colophon of his poem:—

Read this, world! He who writes is
dead to thee,
But still lives in these leaves. He
spake inspired:
Night and day, thought came un-
helped, undesired,
Like blood to his heart.

This is an impressive attitude, so long

as the inspiration lasts; but suppose it to be withdrawn? It is then that the rhapsodist feels the lack of that craft and discipline of art which he scorned in the hour of his prophetic afflatus. There was never a greater disappointment than attended the publication of Mr. Bailey's second volume, *The Angel World*, in 1850. The opportunity was matchless, since a generation had now grown up emancipated from all the sedative legislation of Southey and Taylor. Highly-colored poetry was at present in fashion; imagination had reasserted its supremacy over reason. There was no fear that Bailey's verse would be reproved because of its excess of force and fervor. But *The Angel World*, in Jeffrey's phrase, "wouldn't do." It was a kind of celestial romance in blank verse, faintly reminiscent of *Eloa* and still more faintly of *The Loves of the Angels*. It repeated, in less seductive accents, the universalist dogma of *Festus*—good and bad alike were finally to be lapped in the mantle of the Eternal rest:

They who had erred and they who
taught to err,
Along with those who, wise and pure,
withstood.

But it was, either as a tale or as a sermon, extraordinarily unexhilarating. However, although the little volume has never been re-issued, the reader may in this matter indolently form his own opinion, since Bailey, finding that people would not accept *The Angel World*, formed an ingenious and unfortunate project, which he continued to carry out for the rest of his life. If a poem was received by the critics and the public with marked disfavor, he would be even with them by putting it bodily into the next edition of *Festus*. The argument in his mind seems to have been something like this: "You won't read my new piece, and you say you prefer *Festus*? Very well, then it

shall form part of *Festus*, and so you will be obliged to read it." Accordingly, as research will prove, *The Angel World* was broken into two parts, and was silently implanted in the middle of the next edition of *Festus*, with such verbal adaptations as were necessary, but otherwise without change.

Internal evidence tends to show that the crushing failure of *The Angel World* convinced the poet of his error in depending wholly on improvisation or "inspiration." In 1855 he published *The Mystic*, a volume which displays a close preoccupation with form. It consists of three unrelated poems, of which the first is modelled on Shelley's *Alastor*, while the second, called "A Spiritual Legend," is a strenuous and almost violent *pastiche* of Miltonic blank verse, the stresses and inversions and elisions of the rhythm of *Paradise Lost* being reproduced as though for a wager. In particular, the Miltonic use of proper names is introduced without restraint, so as to produce at length an almost ludicrous effect, although often in itself beautiful in its full echo of Milton:

By great Shedad, city occult, whose
walls
Towered in alternate tiers of silver and
gold;
Where bright Herat, city of roses,
lights
With dome and minaret the landscape
green;
Damasek old, old Byblos, or Babel,
Or Tchelminar, or Baalbek, or where
Balkh,
Mother of cities, murally encrowned,
Mourns.

There are magnificent lines in both these poems, but especially in "A Spiritual Legend." The fault of them is their obscurity, their vagueness; it is, frankly, impossible to know what *The Mystic* is all about. They must be considered mainly as exercises in versification, undertaken, oddly and perhaps pathetically, by a poet who felt that

something divine, a gift of youth, was slipping from him, and who determined to recapture it by a tardy and vain pre-occupation with the form and structure of verse.

Certain fragments of the volume of 1855 were shredded, in the extraordinary fashion already mentioned, into the ever-swelling *Festus*, although most of *The Mystic* was rebellious to this kind of adaptation. But Bailey had formed the idea, long before this, that the original outline of *Festus* was sufficiently elastic to be stretched indefinitely: "more or less"—ambiguous phrase!—he had perceived this from the beginning, he wrote in 1889. He worked everything into the design of his drama, he accounted for all his later fancies and rhapsodies by thinking, "This will do for *Festus*." He thought that there had been revealed to him a new and more rational idea of Hell, and he now scarcely wrote anything in which his ideas of the limitation of punishment and the eternity of universal bliss did not find place.

A curious example of this persistency may be given. The last of the three pieces which form the volume of 1855 is a ballad called "A Fairy Tale"; it is one of Bailey's least fortunate productions, a languid and insipid story of how a little girl was disporting at eve in a verdant ring, when she was pounced down upon by the fairies, and persuaded to live with them. The hasty reader might easily see in this nothing but a piece of unusually guileless and puerile early Victorian mock-romance, but if he pushes on he will find his Bailey. The little girl casually discovers that the fairies are greatly depressed by their lack of a soul, so she sits up at the flower-embroidered banquet and eloquently propounds to Sir Oberon and to "divine Titania, night's incomparable queen," the glad theory of universal salvation. It really

became with Bailey a King Charles's head.

Of the later publications of Mr. Bailey it is kinder not to speak in detail. *The Age*, of 1858, was a satire on the manners and morals of the day, in heroic couplets; *Universal Hymn*, in Thomsonian blank verse, of 1867, was cut up, in the usual way, to feed that poetical *Oliver Twist*, the insatiable *Festus*; *Nottingham Castle*, of 1878, was an attempt at an historical ode in the grand style. No poet ever did more in his later years to destroy the favorable impression created by the writings of his youth. For the last quarter of a century Mr. Bailey has given up the vain attempt to attract readers to his miscellaneous writings. He frankly abandoned them, and we need not dwell upon them. He could afford to throw these punier children of his brain to the wolves, because of the really formidable proportions which his first-born had gradually attained. To a recent visitor he said, plainly, that he was the author of one book, and that is what he will remain in the chronicle of literature. His obstinate determination to present his string of scenes as a whole, in spite of the hopelessly invertebrate character of the design, has in the end led to a sort of acceptance of *Festus* as a definite achievement.

IV.

Of attempts to "place" the author of *Festus* in relation to other authors, the earliest, so far as I am able to discover, was that made by Robert Chambers in 1858. This careful critic, surveying the literature of his day, observed "a group of philosophical poets—men of undoubted talent, learning and poetic imagination, but too often obscure, mystical and extravagant." This group, he explained, consisted of P. J. Bailey, Robert Browning and Richard Hengist Horne. To-day the differences between

Festus, *Paracelsus* and *Orion* are more striking than the similarities, but Bailey had a pronounced admiration for both the latter poems. For the Brownings Mr. Bailey preserved an enthusiastic regard, but there is no trace of their style upon his.¹ In fact, we look in vain for contemporary influences in *Festus*; Goethe for matter, Milton, Thomson and Shelley for manner, were Bailey's masters, and occasionally he was faintly touched by Byron. It will be found that what was ultimately discarded from *Festus* as immature is in the main Byronic. The prevailing Byronism was a weed which he uprooted from his poetic garden, as Tennyson and Browning are said to have done from theirs.

Mr. Bailey's interest in the successive generations which he saw rise up and pass away was kindly but fluctuating. He liked a gorgeous texture in poetry, and was therefore attracted to D. G. Rossetti and much later to Lord de Tabley. About 1872-75 he indulged, anonymously, in a certain amount of reviewing, and said very kind and delicate things about some of the poets that were at that time making their first bow to the public. But more interesting is the fact that in the fifties he was taken as a model by a group of writers who made a great stir for the moment, and are now too readily forgotten. These were the Spasmodists, as they were called, who accepted the rather formless *Festus* as the pattern for huge semi-dramatic pieces more amorphous still; Alexander Smith, in *A Life Drama* (1853), Sydney Dobell, in *Balder* (1854), and J. Stanyan Bigg, in *Night and the Soul* (1854), displayed themselves as the docile and reverent offspring of Bailey. Why the influence of *Festus* suddenly, after so many

years, made its appearance thus sown broadcast, is curious, and curious too the extravagance of these imitations. Perhaps no one ever soared and sank so violently as did the author of *Night and the Soul*. Yet even the Spasmodists had merits, which might detain a critic, but here they are interesting to us only as a cluster of satellites oddly circling round the planet of *Festus* in its mid-career.

The Spasmodists imitated Mr. Bailey's ecstasy, but not his moral earnestness and not his original strain of religious philosophy. His was a mind of greater weight and fuller body than theirs. He was often redundant and sometimes nebulous, but there was always something definite behind the colored cloud. His occasional excursions into prose were not fortunate, for his style was awkward and heavy, and he liked to coin impossible words: he says "evilhood," for instance, although even he seems to have blenched before the use of "goodhood."² His prose was unattractive, therefore, but it is worth examining, because it reveals the intense convictions which led the writer onward. In natural temperament, I think, Mr. Bailey was timid, but in his determination to thrust his message on the world he showed an absolute courage which neither ridicule, nor argument, nor neglect could shake in the slightest degree. And this may bring us to a reflection to which the study of *Festus* must inevitably lead, namely that in this his single-minded earnestness lay the secret of Mr. Bailey's reward. A word to indicate in what way this operated must close this brief study of his work and character.

By a curious misuse of a phrase which has become almost a journalistic cliché, Mr. Bailey has been recently

¹ Miss F. C. Carey, the niece and constant companion of Mr. Bailey, tells me that her uncle became acquainted with "Paracelsus" immediately after the publication of "Festus,"

probably in 1840, as the gift of Westland Marston. This disposes of any idea of the influence of the earlier on the later poem.

called a "poet's poet." If this term has a meaning at all, it refers to the quality which makes certain writers, whose nature leads them to peculiar delicacy of workmanship, favorites with their fellow-craftsmen, although little comprehended by the vulgar. Mr. Bailey was the exact opposite of these poets. There was nothing in his work to attract students of what is exquisitely put, and, as a rule, he has been little appreciated by these rarer spirits. His form is so plain as to be negligible; it is in his matter, in his ethical attitude, that he is found attractive by those—and they are numerous—who in several generations have come under his spell. *Festus* appeals to the non-literary temperament, which is something very different indeed from saying that it ap-

The Fortnightly Review.

peals to the anti-literary. Those who love it appreciate its imagery, its large music, its spacious landscape, but they value it mainly for its teaching. No purely æsthetic estimate of the poem will satisfy those who reply, "Yes, what you say is technically true, no doubt; but it has helped and comforted me, and it helps me still." In many a distant home, in America even oftener than in Great Britain, a visit to some invalid's room would reveal the presence of two volumes on the bed, the one a Bible, the other *Festus*. This is an element in the popularity of Mr. Bailey which criticism is powerless to analyze. But no consideration of his remarkable career is complete if a record of it is neglected.

Edmund Gosse.

SOME GOSSIP ABOUT OLD PRINTS.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL C. A. COURT, C.M.G.

Few of us expect any remarkable initiative on the part of a Government office, and it is therefore with the greater pleasure that many people in all classes of life will have read the announcement that the Board of Education has projected a Loan Exhibition of Engraving and Etching for the early months of next year. The news will be welcomed by the wide and ever-increasing circle of enthusiastic print-collectors, who have hitherto been seldom able to examine and compare at their leisure the best work of the leading exponents of this fascinating art.

Superb as is the collection of the British Museum, and models of courtesy though the attendants are, the Print Room is undeniably more adapted to the examination of single specimens than to the survey of a period

or of a style. The prints are all stored away in portfolios, and some time is necessarily lost in tracing them and presenting them to visitors, with the consequence that this storehouse of gems is but little known to the general public. Space is wanting, and also the means of exhibiting specimens on the walls. What is required is a separate establishment, a large gallery for exhibition, a more generous endowment, and a better appreciation of the great artistic value of the treasures amassed by the intelligent foresight of our predecessors.

Another point deserving of consideration by the Government, now that it is engaged in turning its swords into "scrapers," is the question of revising the very strict rules which debar the Museum from lending their fine prints even for the purposes of an official ex-

hibition. These precautions are really excessive, and might at least be relaxed in the case of the numerous duplicates which the Museum possesses. After all, the prints belong to the nation, and the nation has the right to look at them.

The programme of the forthcoming Exhibition is a very extensive one, embracing as it does old and modern copper and steel engravings, line, mezzotint, stipple, aquatint, and etching. I shall only venture one criticism of the scheme—namely, that, although it is on a smaller scale than what was first contemplated, it is still too pretentious and covers too wide a field, affording grounds for doubt whether the officials have quite realized the magnitude of the ambitious task they have set themselves with such a light heart. It would have been better, in my opinion, to have restricted the Exhibition to one period or one style of engraving—say, the mezzotints of the latter half of the eighteenth century—and to have postponed the remainder of the scheme to a later date. Even with such a more moderate programme the selection and arrangement of the prints would have proved no light task; for no two mezzotinters work alike, and each one expresses his own artistic temperament and individuality in his plates. It is also hardly fair upon those who worked in the dainty and delicate art of stippling to place their miniatures—for the best examples really deserve the name—alongside the grand, bold, and powerful mezzotints of a Richard Earlom or a Valentine Green. It is even less fair upon the old line artists; for the depth, tone, poetry, and richness of mezzotint spoil the eye for the simultaneous consideration and enjoyment of the masterpieces of line engraving.

What the modern mezzotinters will think of being placed alongside the great engravers of the past I do not

know. A few—alas! how few—will bear the comparison; but machine-made paper and steel-faced plates, combined with the absence of the toning and mellowing effect of time, will place them at a grievous disadvantage in such high company.

If the idea is merely to please all sorts and conditions of men and women, no doubt the catholic taste of the Board will attract numbers to South Kensington; but the tremendous difficulty of choice in so wide a field will scarcely permit the Board to fulfil its educational mission with desirable completeness, and there is a danger of interest lapsing in a wilderness of engraved space. Take mezzotints, for example. It is no doubt easy to name, and perhaps to secure on loan, a few hundreds of the best known and most desirable prints; but to convey an adequate and instructive exposition of this finest of fine arts, much order, method, and research are required. It would be necessary, as an act of bare justice, to begin with Ludwig von Siegen's portrait of Amelia Elizabeth, Dowager Landgravine of Hesse, the first known example of mezzotint, dating from 1642; to follow it by Prince Rupert's Great Executioner, produced sixteen years later; and then to exhibit, step by step, by means of the choicest works of all the best masters, the gradual advance of the art to the perfection it achieved in the closing years of the eighteenth century. Nor would it be either unwise or unprofitable to mark the decline of the art, after the last of the later masters, S. W. Reynolds, Charles Turner, David Lucas, and Samuel Cousins had done their best work. It would also be well not only to give portraits of the engravers to whom we owe so much, but to follow each one by his choicest examples in their various "states," and to show examples of altered and touched plates and of reverses or counter-proofs. To

be complete such an Exhibition should show the copper-plates themselves in their various states of preparation, more particularly in the stages of the process known as "laying the ground," in which I think modern practice has gone astray, and also to show the cradles, scrapers, roulettes, and burnishers used by engravers at various periods. Such an Exhibition would be a real education in mezzotint and a triumph for South Kensington; but considering the great variety of styles and schools favored by the Board, one must entertain some doubt whether it will become a practical reality. *Qui trop embrasse mal étreint!*

However, after these preliminary grumbles one may frankly and unreservedly admit that all lovers of fine prints will be sincerely grateful that a British Government has at last given official countenance and recognition to an art which appeals in many ways to an even more numerous class than painting itself.¹

One of the greatest charms of the mezzotint is the fact that by adoption and practice it is an essentially British monopoly. One can use the word "British" advisedly, for, if comparatively few of the best engravers have hailed from north of the Tweed, it was an Irishman, MacArdell, who kept alive the sacred fire at a time when it was threatened by extinction, while other Irishmen—Brooks, Purcell, Houston, Ford, Dixon, Fisher, and James Watson—continued the work and helped to perpetuate the healthiest traditions.

Whatever the art may owe to Von Siegen, Caspar & Furstenberg, and Thomas of Ypres, not one of their foreign contemporaries are worthy of mention beside the great British masters of the eighteenth century. The

latter must always occupy a privileged and distinguished position in the world of art, not only on account of the intrinsic merits of their productions in British eyes, but because the longer the space of time that elapses the more pre-eminent and unrivalled does their work appear to all connoisseurs and art-lovers in all classes and in all lands. Valentine Green at his best in his translations of Reynolds's masterpieces, J. R. Smith the immortal, Dixon, the two Watsons, Dean, Dickenson, Earlom, the Wards, Spillsbury, and S. W. Reynolds have one and all produced work of the very highest excellence; and Sir Joshua never spoke a truer word than when he prophesied that he would be immortalized by the engravers. They have carried his name and his fame and those of his great contemporaries into countless homes which would otherwise possess no records of the grand epoch of British art, and they have done more to popularize the fine arts than any academy or society in existence.

Strangely enough, the number of really good judges of fine prints in England is extremely limited. There are of course the great London dealers, and scattered here and there a few more in the provinces—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*; there are some millionaire collectors and a small but very enthusiastic band of amateur connoisseurs; but taking the mass of the people, it is really astounding, considering the number interested in the art and the large number of ready buyers, how few know a good print when they see one or understand the alphabet of the art. How few there are who can go to Christie's and select a print on their own judgment without consulting a dealer: how many there are who at provincial sales constantly let slip the

¹ I am asked to express a hope that collectors who may chance to read this article will offer any fine prints they possess to the Secretary of

the Exhibition of Engraving and Etching, Board of Education, South Kensington, in the course of the current month.—Ed. B. M.

opportunity of acquiring modest fortunes for the want of a little trouble and a little study. For study and experience are both required, and there is no royal road to print-collecting, be the collector never so satisfied with his eye and his judgment: there is a very formidable literature to assimilate, books too which bring high prices and cannot easily be procured, and then there is the need for frequenting the British Museum or some other fine collection, and of studying the psychology of the sale-rooms.

Every now and then the general public reads languidly of high prices paid for old engravings, yet to the great majority the paragraph conveys little. There are hundreds who read these things in blissful ignorance that they possess on the walls of their country-houses, or stored away in old portfolios in their attics, treasures many times more valuable than the speculative investments which they study nervously after breakfast in the City article of the "Times." Others, again, reading of 1200 guineas cheerfully paid for an old engraving, believe that the hobby of collecting is reserved for millionaires, and despair of acquiring treasures of such value. Yet with care and with time it is quite possible, even *à l'heure qu'il est*, to build up a collection representative of the whole history of British engraving, without excessive expenditure, if judgment waits on knowledge and patience on both. Taking the very lowest point of view, and regarding collecting as a mere monetary speculation, there is no better investment in the market than old engravings of the right sort, since values have for years been steadily rising at the rate of perhaps over 20 per cent per annum. The Blyth sale last year was a case in point: this collection had been made by the late Mr. Blyth, advised by one of the best of the London dealers, during some fif-

teen years before his death at a cost of about £7000, and if my memory is not at fault it realized something like £27,000 at public auction. No great collection of the best sort has since come under the hammer: had such fate befallen the magnificent collection of the late Lord Cheylesmore, all previous records would undoubtedly have been far surpassed.

To-day the rage is all for "first states" of the full-length portraits of women after Reynolds and his greatest colleagues, and for the most exquisite of the old stippled prints in colors. On the other hand, engraved portraits of famous men, Scriptural, historical, and some allegorical designs, and all line engravings, except those of the French school, go for next to nothing. A collector of taste who does not slavishly follow the fashion can acquire the finest proofs of Woollett's work after the Smiths or Richard Wilson for about a fifth of the price paid thirty years ago. Many of these things are superb. Take, for example, Woollett's First and Second Premium prints: for breadth and vigor of execution in the foregrounds and for tenderness and lightness of touch in the distances these works have never been equalled, and will probably never be surpassed. Fortunate is the collector who can secure them, for fashion always, sooner or later, returns from its rambles and recognizes whatever is really fine and meritorious in art.

The reason why prints of women frequently run up to 1000 guineas while proofs of men's portraits can still be bought for a few pounds is quite simple. *Men* buy pictures, and they have the good taste to prefer the ladies. From the point of view of art this is absurd, as Euclid used to depress our youth by inauspiciously observing; but fashion is a woman, and the wise man will not argue with her. At the same time one must candidly

admit that, granted Fox was a great parliamentarian and Wesley a moving preacher, the counterfeit presentment of such celebrities cannot honestly be described as decorative, and it is this quality in the portraits of old masters which now secures such high prices.

Some day perhaps an enterprising patron of the fine arts will be sufficiently patriotic to desire to restore the lost charms of both stipple and mezzotint. The thing is possible, and from every point of view is worth doing. I believe there is one stipple engraver left in England, but I cannot name a second, nor do I believe that the solitary exponent of the school which Ryland and Bartolozzi founded, and Burke, Tomkins, and Caroline Watson brought to such a pitch of excellence, is by any means overwhelmed with commissions. Yet, at the very apogee of the early English school of painting, stippled prints, married to color engraving, commanded a ready sale, and the best examples realize long prices in the sale-rooms to-day. Mezzotint, it is true, is still very much in evidence, but how terribly fallen from its high estate! Take a print engraved about 1790 and place it alongside the best of the modern work, and cease to wonder why even a second-rate portrait of the old school commands a hundred times the value of the modern print. In the former there is depth, tone, harmony, a soft and velvety impression, richness and warmth, and, above all, character: the modern print, on the other hand, though often brilliant and effective, is generally cold, flat, hard, and unsympathetic. It is not that our modern artist-engravers fail, it is their public that fails them—the publishers, who insist on steel-faced plates for the sake of facility for reproduction; the buyers, who cannot distinguish what they have lost by the absence of the soft and ductile qualities of the old copper-

plates. But the plate is not everything: the modern system of "laying the ground" of the plate differs materially from the old: the hard, unresponsive, machine-made paper now used is also incapable of receiving and absorbing the ink in the manner done by the old hand-made paper: the ink, the act of printing—all is changed. Artists do not now give the personal attention to their engravers' plates that they used to do, while engravers expect the printers to do half the work. Thus, while engravers and printers are often equal to the old school as artists, and generally superior to them as draughtsmen and mechanics, the work they turn out is immeasurably inferior. I can see no vestige of a sign that it will ripen and harmonize as the old engraving seems to have done with the lapse of time, and our only consolation is that the paper will probably crumble away before the century closes, and the entire product of the age be lost to futurity.

I believe this can all be changed. I believe that copper-plates can be made precisely identical with the old, and the ground laid similarly by the careful study of a good model. Hand-made paper of the right sort can be provided when the demand for it begins, and meanwhile the old paper can still be procured, though with difficulty. All the rest is a matter of close attention to detail. Going into the matter with a leading publisher in London, I found that the cost of issuing a single plate in the way I have indicated would amount to £400, half of which represents the fee of a leading engraver at the head of his profession. Now, with a copper-plate one cannot safely reckon on more than twenty proofs and fifty print copies before the plate may have to be reworked and perhaps ruined: one would therefore have to issue the proofs at, say, £10 and the prints at £4 to merely

cover the expenses, apart from all question of profit, and there would still be the risk of the work not finding a market if the subject were not wisely chosen and the engraving not well done.

In the old days a proof rarely cost more than two guineas on publication, and a print from 5s. to a sovereign according to the size of the plate, and there was still a good profit secured. All fees and expenses were lower. I am inclined to think that the public would be quick to recognize a return to the best traditions, and would not be averse to pay rather a higher price than at present: the small issue and rarity of each print would also be an additional attraction. In any case it is my belief that both stipple and mezzotint could be restored to the artistic excellence achieved a hundred years ago; but it is not likely that this will be done unless some patriotic person is prepared to risk his money, and is not disheartened by a first failure. Should, however, any lover of the art care to embark upon the undertaking on the chance of coupling his name with the revival of the best traditions of an important English art, I would willingly give my time to the supervision of the details, every one of which is important not only in itself but in relation to the artistic harmony of the whole.

I am often asked to advise about buying prints, and my advice is always to buy the best things and not to waste money on the purchase of inferior impressions of even good subjects. Better one fine Valentine Green of a full-length Reynolds than fifty cheap prints or worn impressions.

Above all, a beginner should be encouraged to exercise independence of judgment; for in art, as in everything else, there is a great tendency to follow the fashion. If a collector has good taste and good judgment, and

knows how to wait, he will be sure to succeed; if not, no amount of advice will be of any service to him. He may choose a period, an artist, an engraver, or a style, and resolutely adhere to his specialty, or he may have a more catholic taste, and prefer to have a few examples of all schools and styles. The first method is well suited to a collector who stores his treasures in portfolios, the second to wall decoration. In the first case the question of margin assumes a certain importance, especially for the preservation of the prints from ill-usage; in the second, brilliancy of impression comes first, but margin must not be neglected, since the fact must be recognized that a wide margin adds very materially to the market value of a print. In hanging prints upon a wall there are questions of framing, of light, of wall-paper, and of arrangement, all of which require taste and supervision, in order that the prints may appear to the best advantage. Much of the beauty of old engravings can be, and often is, lost by bad framing, ill-chosen mounts, or unsuitable wall-papers: a fierce garish light is also a disadvantage. Every collector has his own ideas about framing and mounting: personally I prefer black-and-gold of English make for all uncolored prints; fairly simple gilt frames of old patterns for colored prints, and French gilt frames for all the French school, whether plain or colored. Wall-papers should in all cases be without pattern, or at most with barely definable vertical lines: a particular shade of deepish red is best, but olive-green is equally effective: whites and yellows are hopeless, and pinks only suitable for prints issued since 1820.

It has been very well said that if you want to know an individual you must spend ten days in a country-house with him or with her as the case may be, and in the same way there is no more

infallible guide to the excellence or reverse of a print than to have it under close observation for a time in one's own house. It is curious to observe how some prints grow on one, and this is especially true of the masterly works of J. R. Smith: others, again, which may have attracted at first, fail to stand the test of intimacy. No one, of course, should attempt to combine in one room a variety of periods and styles. The mezzotints of the earlier masters up to 1770 should be kept apart from the works of the grand period of 1770-1800; stipple work, whether plain or colored, must be kept away from the mezzotints; and the French school demands a place by itself. Everything later than S. W. Reynolds must be regarded as modern: it cannot exist side by side with the grand productions of the old engravers, not even if the signature be that of Samuel Cousins himself. The first two works of this engraver which secured his reputation were his Master Lambton and Lady Acland: both are undeniably superb in proof state before the title. His Lady Grey, Countess Gower, and Mrs. Wolff are also very fine indeed, and his Lady Grosvenor and Nature good but overrated. For the rest he is very uneven, and has the misfortune to be also very hackneyed. I think that his first two works after Lawrence show the merit of his teaching by that fine artist S. W. Reynolds, and that a proof before letters of Master Lambton is the best print of the nineteenth century, and one of the most perfect things that money can buy, but that, on the whole, the relative position which Cousins holds in the sale-rooms is far too exalted.

The test of propinquity soon brings out a very important point—namely, what are the companionable prints and what the reverse. There can be no doubt whatever that the prints which attract and hold one's interest longest

are the great mezzotint portraits of that period of giants, extending from somewhere about 1770 to 1800—that magic period of some thirty years which saw all, or nearly all, the best work done. The best portraits of this date are a real pleasure to live with and it is the same for many contemporary subject pieces, not labelled portraits, such as Walton's Fruit-Barrow and The Promenade at Carlisle House, both engraved by J. R. Smith, and others one could name of the same character. These things are the aristocracy of this fascinating art, and any new-comers placed beside them are only admitted on sufferance until they are found to be worthy of their surroundings.

I have only one fault to find with mezzotints, and it is that many of them are too dark. Contrary to the practice of the line-engraver and the etcher, the scraper of a mezzotint works from dark to light, and is often prone, out of sheer laziness, to leave large portions of his plate unworked or only lightly defined. There are, of course, many brilliant exceptions—Dean and J. R. Smith, for example, whose plates are generally bright and luminous throughout, constituting not the least of their great charm. Another point—rather a misfortune than a fault—is the absence of good examples of landscape in the works of the great engravers of the eighteenth century. That mezzotint is capable of adapting itself to the treatment of landscape is beyond a doubt; but, except here and there a Hobbema or two, we have to be contented with those charming little glimpses that form the backgrounds of some of the great portraits, and these glimpses rather whet our appetite than satisfy it, making us regret that the talents of the Dutch and English schools of the period were so largely devoted to portraiture. True it is that mezzotint

is peculiarly adapted to the delineation of flesh-tints, draperies, silks, satins, and all the delicate half-tones that make for so much in a fine portrait: at the same time, David Lucas's "English Landscape" series after Constable has shown us, at a later date, how well adapted the art is for the rendering of landscape, and these comparatively modern successes make one all the more keenly regret that a few men of the grand school, and S. W. Reynolds among the later masters, did not give us more evidence of their talents in this direction. Charming as the work of Lucas is when found in the earliest impressions, it is not absolutely perfect, having the defect of being surcharged with heavy blacks and deep shadows for the purpose of contrast with the high lights: such as it is, however, it is about the best thing in mezzotint landscape we possess, and comes next to the finest of Woollett's line work, which still retains its pride of place.

We are continually told by accomplished writers that the present price of old engravings is fictitious, and has been reached, by means of a skilfully engineered boom, by a ring of dealers. We are solemnly warned that a slump is impending, and that prices will soon give way and go down with a run. There are rings in all trades, but no one who knows much about sale-rooms will admit that the printsellers are disposed to force up the prices paid at auctions. Their action is rather in the other direction; and as they are practically the only, and in any case the chief, buyers at sales, it is manifestly not to their advantage to make the market too dear. I can see no signs whatever of an impending fall in prices; on the contrary, the omens are all the other way. Taste and the means of education, research, and comparison are greatly superior to what they were, and if fashion still neglects

many fine prints and exaggerates the value of others, it has on the whole fairly decided at last upon the beautiful and valuable things, and the prices of these will continue to steadily rise. Old books, old pictures, tapestries, curios, furniture, china, and bric-a-brac of all kinds increase in value year by year. It is a simple matter of supply and demand. Every year the supply decreases, and more fine things get locked up in the collections of rich men or in those cold tombs of museums. Every year more buyers come forward and the demand increases: it is the rise in prices alone that tempts all but executors to part with their treasures. There has been a marked decrease in the quality of prints offered for sale during the season which closed in July last: the names often sounded well, but the engravings themselves often proved most disappointing. Foreign collectors in all countries have thoroughly recognized the artistic merits of the early English school of engraving, and their buyers are busy in the field: at sales abroad the prices rule higher than they do in England, a good test of the justice of the complaint made against our printsellers. For the moment, Boston and Chicago millionaires hardly distinguish between mezzotint and photogravure, but example is contagious. Mr. Morgan and other rich Americans are collecting on a grand scale, and once the practice of buying prints by the yard and Caxtons by the hundredweight becomes generalized in the States, the Americans will raise the prices both of prints and of books to famine point.

Had "print states" been numbered consecutively by the old publishers we should now have graduated prices and some means of fixing approximate values from year to year: as matters stand, it is almost impossible to fix the money value of a good old engraving. The general public lumps together all

print states as of equal value, whether the work is palpably one struck off just after the proofs or when the plate was worn out.

The highest art in print-collecting is the faculty of recognizing and securing early and brilliant print impressions, which differ hardly at all from the proofs themselves. A constant source of disappointment is the belief that because one print has fetched so much at auction another of the same subject, and apparently identical in "state," size, and description, will realize the same figure. Sale prices taken by themselves are absolutely meaningless unless the collector has himself seen the print sold and taken note of its condition. It may be a good impression or a bad one; it may be rubbed, creased, torn, harmed by a fault in printing, worm-eaten, restored, badly cleaned, or bleached beyond recognition; it may have been cut down so that the platemark is lost or the whole subject not given; it may be "laid down" on cardboard, touched up or strengthened; it may have uncut margins or no margin at all; and the inscription may be complete or partly wanting, or pasted on. None of these points are mentioned in a list of sale prices, and yet every one affects the value. Even with all faults and blemishes it may become a bone of contention for two amateurs who may have left unlimited commissions for its purchase, and the price may mount up to many times the value of the print. Old engravings are not like candles, all equal of their sort and saleable at so much a dozen: they vary as widely as the price of yearlings at Newmarket sales, and generally for far better reasons. Engravings have one great pull over oils: it is that, given equal care, the print will preserve its freshness and life when the picture is a ghost of its former self. Prints also preserve for us the faithful record of

great works lost or destroyed, such, for instance, as Reynolds's great portrait of the Duchess of Rutland, burnt at Belvoir in 1816.

As a hobby, print-collecting is to my mind one of the most fascinating of pursuits, allowing endless scope for interesting study, judgment, decision, and independence of opinion. The print-collector adorns and beautifies his house with his treasures, surrounding himself with the portraits of famous men and women whose names have made history, with the scenes of great events, the truthful record of the daily and domestic life of all classes, the heroic and the commonplace side by side, and all explanatory of their time. Here is a famous duchess, Georgiana of Devonshire; there Polly Kennedy, the not less queenly and dignified demi-mondaine who won such a tribute of admiration from Reynolds—"the face has more grace and dignity than anything I have ever done." Here is the strong and manly face of David Garrick; and farther on the portrait of an even greater actor on a larger stage, Applan's Bonaparte, surrounded by Whitworth, Castlereagh, Pitt, Nelson, and others intimately connected with the history of the great war. Here again is the salon at Carlisle House, with portraits of many famous men and women; there, a life-like scene from a back-slum in Chelsea; mothers and their children after Lawrence, Romney's idealizations of his imperishable model, Gainsborough shepherdesses, Hoppner beauties, princes and ploughboys, duchesses and dairymaids, scenes and idylls and costumes from the every-day life in all classes of a great and a rising people. It is not possible to surround oneself with a similar record of any age or time, and these beautiful things—for even the commonplace are beautiful—breathe life and meaning into history as one reads it,

and explain many things, many great actions, many failings, many crimes, as no memoir and no history can ever possibly do for us. The alliance of history and prints is a natural union: with the two together the past is no longer a sealed book—it lives! Not that the French school should be neglected. On the contrary, it is eminently artistic and pleasing, and represents such radically different ways of thought and means of expressing them that it clashes in no way with our own fine school, and rather serves as the natural pendant to it. Greuze, Fragonard, Debucourt, Lavreince, St. Aubin, Janinet, Freudeberg, Moreau le Jeune, and many others, have left us a delightful record in its way of the age they lived in, more particularly in the detail of costume and in the representation of interiors. But here art comes first and nature limps along with halting steps almost out of sight: the manliness, fidelity to life, and breadth of treatment of the English school are wanting: we tire *à la fin des fins* even of Greuze's prettiness and Fragonard's sham pastorals, and are mainly attracted by the remarkable technique and delicate work of the best of the French engravers.

Cavillers are always ready to remark that engraving is only an imitative faculty and does not represent original work. In a sense this is true; but, on the other hand, how many painters would have been condemned to oblivion but for the faithful yet independent and brilliant art of the engravers? Take an original drawing of the period and compare it with the engraving, say, by J. R. Smith. Who can deny that Smith at least—and he did not stand alone—was an artist in the truest and best sense, conveying with fidelity the whole life and meaning of the picture, and yet placing the indelible impress of his own artistic temperament upon his task, making the print

a true work of art, one too which remains to-day as full of life, subtlety, and color as though fresh drawn from the plate, while the drawing has faded to an almost lifeless and monotonous daub.

Two things can hardly fail to strike a collector of fine prints of the early English school. The first is the recollection that the years 1770-1815 synchronized with the fiercest wars and most violent political commotions of our modern history, yet that there is hardly a sign or echo of war or tumult in the artistic record of the age. Hardly a tragedy, here and there a battle-piece, but never a sign of national passion: pathos, yes; but while the tempests raged outside the artists pursued the even tenor of their way, secure in their island fastness, as though murder and sudden death, defeats, rebellions, and treacheries were things that did not exist. And the second point is that all this great galaxy of talent, this consummate good taste and almost perfect sense of the beautiful and dignified in art, sprang exclusively from the lower classes of provincial England. Except Peters and Wilson, Lavinia Bingham and Lady Diana Beauchamp,—the two latter, thanks to the engravings of Gillray and Tomkins,—hardly a single man or woman of gentle birth contributed a jot to the revival which brought to British art such universal, well-merited, and undying fame. Let rich men and social magnates recall the fact that it is almost exclusively as patrons that a few gentlefolk have succeeded in entwining their names with the immortals. Admiral Keppel by taking Reynolds to Italy as his guest; Sir George Beaumont by aiding Constable; Sir Thomas Dyke Acland by recognizing the merit of Samuel Cousins and furthering his career. These and other patrons will be remembered so long as the story of British art is told, thanks

to acts of generosity which may have appeared to them at the time as scarcely deserving of mention in their diaries.

Whether we take the artists who designed or the engravers who translated and popularized their works with such fine art and superb technique, we find that nine-tenths from first to last were not only self-made but for the greater part self-taught. Reynolds, whose father was teacher in a small grammar-school; Gainsborough, son of a clothier; Lawrence and Woollett, sons of publicans; Hoppner, the White-chapel choir-boy; Constable, the handsome miller; Romney, one of eleven children of a cabinet-maker; Morland, son of a bankrupt picture-dealer; Wheatley, a tailor's son,—all these and many others started in life and practiced for long under conditions which seemed ill-calculated to promise the brilliant results which one and all

achieved. It was a popular movement, and it was native genius that triumphed in nature study, expressing itself in the highest terms of art. I know nothing to equal it, unless it be the success in other paths of glory that the sons of hairdressers, bandits, and smugglers were winning under the First Empire at the same moment for the future marshals of France.

To-day the devotees of art are drawn from all classes, and we see them leave our shores in throngs to study in Paris, Rome, Berlin,—here, there, and everywhere save in our own fields and lanes and cities, which provided adequate inspiration for our great masters. Yet all this forced hatching of art by foreign incubation has not given us a Reynolds, a Gainsborough, or a Romney, and until nature study occupies a higher place in the world of art I am disposed to think it never will.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ROWERS.

The banked oars fell an hundred strong,
And backed and threshed and ground;
But bitter was the rowers' song
As they brought the war boat round.

They had no heart for the rally and roar
That makes the whalebath smoke
When the great blades cleave and hold and leave,
As one on the racing stroke.

They sang: "What reckoning do ye keep,
And steer her by what star,
If we come unscathed from the Southern deep
To be wrecked on a Baltic bar?

"Last night ye swore our voyage was done,
But seaward still we go;
And ye tell us now a secret vow
Ye have made with an open foe:

Half-Beliefs.

"That we must lie off a lightless coast
 And haul and back and veer
 At the will of the breed that have wronged us most
 For a year and a year and a year.

"There was never a shame in Christendie
 They laid not to our door:
 And ye say we must take the Wintersea,
 And sail with them once more.

"Look south. The gale is scarce o'er past
 That stripped and lay us down
 When we stood forth. But they stood fast,
 And prayed to see us drown.

"The dead they mocked are scarcely cold;
 Our wounds are bleeding yet;
 And ye tell us now that our strength is sold
 To help them press for a debt.

"'Neath all the flags of all mankind
 That use upon the seas,
 Was there no other fleet to find,
 That ye strike hands with these?

"Of evil times that men could choose
 On evil fate to fall,
 What brooding judgment let ye loose
 To pick the worst of all?

"In sight of peace from the narrow seas,
 O'er half the world to run
 With a cheated crew to league anew
 With the Goth and the shameless Hun?"

Rudyard Kipling.

The London Times.

HALF-BELIEFS.

We have just been reading a reprint brought out by Messrs. Blackwood of Mrs. Oliphant's "Stories of the Seen and the Unseen" (3s. 6d.). As we laid it down we asked ourselves how far may the element of the supernatural (we do not mean religion, properly so called) legitimately intrude into fiction; that is, into novels and stories whose aim is presumably to depict life as it is. Most discreet lovers of fiction—those, that is, who like to scrutinize the manners and motives of men as keen observers set them down in books—dis-

like the intervention of this element. Great men, they must admit, have introduced it,—Scott and Hawthorne, for instance. Nevertheless, they generally feel that it is a device recourse to which is lawful but not expedient,—a license which should be kept for the very great. We do not altogether agree with this verdict. The element of the supernatural enters a good deal into life. It is impossible to map out correctly the human heart and mind, leaving out that half-lit region which lies outside the realm of fancy and beyond the bounds of actual belief where those theories take shape whose propositions most men will not affirm and yet dare not deny. "Half-beliefs," as Mr. Bagehot calls them, have a great influence upon life; consequently their discussion has a place in fiction. Very often they are nothing but the ghosts of that passed-away host of certainties which kept up the light heart of our youth, belief in some of which we would perhaps have died to retain, but almost all of which we have probably lived to doubt. In our opinion, no author has ever known his way about the spiritualistic side of the commonplace mind better than Mrs. Oliphant. She was a past-mistress of what we may call the domestic supernatural. She never trespassed upon the vulgar precincts of mere horror, nor lost her way in the celestial country of pure poetry; neither, though her stories of the unseen are certainly religious, did she invade the various folds of the orthodox faith. She dealt exclusively with those improbable possibilities so dear to the heart, so foreign to the intelligence, of man. She writes of them in the only way they can properly be written of,—in a style "which shirks, not meets," the intellect. We do not, however, desire to write an appreciation of Mrs. Oliphant, or a review of her ghost-stories; all we would do is to point out to our readers the immense part that

"half-beliefs" play in life, and how bare and cold would be the appearance of the world if they were suddenly swept away.

Few of us, we suppose, would be prepared to say we believe that one mind can influence another from a distance without the help of speech, writing, or action. We are all ready to condemn the unscrupulous impostors who accept 30s. a week in remuneration for "absent treatment" of some poor credulous invalid. We are sure that we cannot project the number of a five-pound note into another man's mind, and that if we asked our friends to dinner by a process of willing, we could not tell the butler even approximately how many to lay for. All the same, when we write to a friend and our letter crosses his, it gives us pleasure to notice that the two were written upon the same day, and if, as not infrequently happens, the letters turn upon the same subjects, we *think*, even if we do not *believe*, that some means for communication other than that of the post exists between us. Friendship would be a much poorer thing, and the world a much more lonely place, if we were sure that memory alone keeps up the fire of love in the minds of the absent.

None but Roman Catholics dare to dogmatize upon the vicarious efficacy of works of supererogation. We agree with David and with Matthew Arnold that "no man can save his brother's soul nor pay his brother's debt," and we regard those who shut themselves up in convents and give their lives to vain repetitions of "Aves" and "Paternosters" to deliver the world from the Devil as so many plous wasters of time. All the same, how much pathos would be taken out of life, and how much bitterness would take its place, if we had not some hazy idea that the sufferings of good people do benefit the worthless individuals for whom they are often undertaken. The idea of

imputed rightebusness lies at the root of love, but it is a sentiment which turns to ashes at the least touch of logic. We all have a vague notion that we can by mere willing do each other good or harm. If we hear a person wishing another bad wishes, we are shocked, not because we think he is doing harm to his own mind and soul—this may very well be the case—but probably we despise him too much at the moment to care a pin. Our instinctive feeling is that we have witnessed an injury and are sorry. The feeling is not, of course, so poignant as if the injury had been actual, but the one sensation is the shadow of the other. If we happen to say that we hate some one, and then immediately hear that he is ill, we instinctively take back our words. We do not definitely think that our expression of opinion could stand in the way of his recovery, but we anxiously avoid the possibility of its doing so. The dislike to speak ill of those lately dead has been proverbial for ages. The feeling no doubt springs largely from a chivalrous fear of slandering those who can no longer speak in their own defence; but have we not also a secret feeling that our thought may injure a soul which has cast off all material protection? True, we do not feel this of the dead we have never known; the dead in history are as the dead in fiction. Impersonal hates are not very pointed, and can probably injure no one. That a sense of well-being arises in the minds of those who feel that many people actively wish them well, we all vaguely know. To look for an opportunity to do a man a good turn is, we suspect, to benefit him in some manner, even though the actual opportunity should never arise. To hate some one to the extent of desiring to do him a mischief is to sin, we are certain,—and that not only against our own souls. Many of us have experienced, or have imagined we experi-

enced, in moments of doubt, perplexity, or suffering, a sense of suggestion, as if some friend prompted us to a course of action, or offered us an argument, a consolation, or a conviction. If we had asked that friend whether or no he was aware of our mental distress on that particular day, he would probably have told us that he was absorbed in his work or his amusement, and never thought of us at all. Perhaps this might prove to our mind that the whole thing was imagination; on the other hand, it might prove nothing of the sort, and we might consider that we had still a right to associate our friend with our moment of mental relief. We know next to nothing about the spiritual laws of the unseen world. The person we thought of is sure to be some one who has actually desired our happiness, and expended his mental and moral force for our good or our pleasure, perhaps when we were in no immediate need. That force, for anything we know, may stand to our credit, and uphold us when we want it most.

Sensible people if they are asked whether they believe in ghosts generally reply, with a mixture of irritation and sincerity, that they certainly do not. If, however, it is not impossible that we may be in some sort of touch with those at a distance, why is it impossible that we should be in touch with those at the greatest distance of all, with those, we mean, who have passed beyond the horizon of death? It would greatly add to the sadness of life if every man were absolutely certain that no one he had ever loved, no one whom any one had ever loved, could ever again show him, by any manner of means, the slightest sympathy or the slightest approval, that nothing he ever did while he remained in the world could ever again be of the least consequence to the person to whom, maybe, for many years his affairs were the most important thing in

life. Many men's influence lasts beyond their death; sometimes it seems to become stronger. Perhaps it may be all accounted for by the germination of the seed they sowed. Perhaps, being dead, they still speak, and speak with more authority. If it would be absurd to affirm this latter suggestion, why is it not equally absurd to affirm the former? Life is garnished by possibili-

The Spectator.

ties, and made beautiful by half-beliefs. To depict it without them is to draw a picture without atmosphere, to define the facts and miss the truth:—

Can science bear us
To the hid springs
Of human things?
Why may not dream
Or thought's day-gleam
Startle yet cheer us?

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MAGNUS.

You would hardly expect to find an ancient cathedral up in those Orkney islands that one usually sees huddled away in a spare corner of the map and made to look even smaller than they are by the exigencies of space. Drawn to half scale they seem like the fragments of a bursting shell scattered about an ocean which not so very many degrees higher becomes the empty Arctic. It is curious to think of: once, long ago, strange ships with monstrous figure-heads and painted sides, full of the Northern actors of history, crawled with their lines of oars into the sounds and bays of these islands, till for centuries they became the stage for dramatic events and stirring personages. Some of the players bore names that any history-book tells of. Harald Hardrada, old King Haco, Bothwell, and Montrose have all played their parts. And there are others, earls, and prelates, and Northern kings, and old searovers, who were really far better worth knowing than half the puppets with more familiar labels. Then, gradually, the lights went out and the audience turned away to look at other things, and the Orkneymen were left to observe the Sabbath and elect a County Council. One by one the old

buildings toppled down and the old names changed and the old customs faded, till the place of the islands in history became their place upon the map; but time and man have spared one thing,—this old cathedral church of St. Magnus in Kirkwall.

On the ancient houses of the little borough and the winding slit of a street the old red church still looks down benignly, and sometimes (of a Sunday I think especially) a little humorously. Over the grey roofs and the tree-tops in sheltered gardens and the black mites of people passing on their business, its lustreless Gothic eyes see a wide expanse of land and a wider and brighter sweep of sea. The winding sounds and broadening bays join and divide and join again, through and through its island dominions. Backwards and forwards, twice a day, the flood tide pours from the open Atlantic, and each channel becomes an eastward flowing river, and then from the North Sea the ebb sets the races running to the west. Everywhere is the sight or the sound of the sea; rollers on the western cliffs, salt currents among the islands, quiet bays lapping the feet of heathery hills. Out of the two great oceans the wind blows like

the blasts of an enormous bellows, and on the horizon the clouds are eternally gathering.

It is over this land of moor and water and vapor that the cathedral watches the people; and though from the difficulty of passing through so narrow a street it has never moved from the spot where it first arose, and never seen, one would suppose, the greater part of its territories, yet it knows,—none better—the stories and the spirit of all the islands. Crows and gulls cruise round the tower familiarly and perhaps bring gossip, but eyes so long and narrow, and of so inhuman an anatomy, may very likely see through a hill or a heart for themselves.

The country is like a fleet at sea, and the old spirit of the people came from the deep. At first it was only restless and fierce and free; in time it began to think and at odd moments to be troubled, and they called it plous. Then it looked for a fitting house where it might live when it could no longer find a home in the people. So it built the red cathedral, and there it silently dwells to-day.

There is something in their church none of the respectable townsfolk have the slightest suspicion of, something alive that vibrates to the cry of the wind and the breaking of the sea and the little human events that happen in the crow-stepped houses.

On the wild autumn afternoons when the hard north-east wind is driving rain and sleet through the town, the old church begins to remember. The wind and the sleet coming over the sea stir the quick spirit so sharply that every angle is full of sighing noises. As the shortened day draws to an end, and lights begin to twinkle in the town, and the showers become less frequent, and the clouds are rolled up and gathered off the sky, then the people come out into the streets and see the early

stars above the gable-ends and high cathedral tower. They think it cold and walk quickly, but a personage of sandstone takes little note of the temperature. The cathedral merely feels refreshed.

When the clear windy night draws in the people go to rest, and one by one the lights are put out till only the stars and the lighthouses are left. Looking over a darkened town and an empty night, with the air moving fresh from Norway, the memories come thick upon the old church which shelters so many bones. It is like digging up the soil of those lands from which the sea has for centuries receded, and where the ribs of ships and the skeletons of sailors lie deep beneath the furrows of the plough.

Kirkwall must have been a strange little town before the cathedral's memory begins, when there was no red tower above the narrow street and the little houses, in the days when Rognvald the son of Kol had vowed to dedicate a splendid minster to his uncle Saint Magnus, should he come by his own and call himself Earl of Orkney; and when the islanders waited to see what aid the blessed saint would furnish to this enterprise.

It is one of the island tragedies,—the saga of how the evil Earl Hakon slew his cousin Earl Magnus outside the old church of Egilsay with that high round tower that you can see over Kirkwall bay from the cathedral parapet; and how the grass grew greener where he fell, and miracles multiplied, and they made him a saint in time.

Though all these events happened before a stone of the cathedral was laid, they may help to give the meaning of its story, and on that account they are worth, perhaps, a rough telling here. Earl Hakon had died, and his son Paul ruled in his stead. He was a silent, brave, unlucky man, upright and honorable in his dealings,

but the shadow of his father's crime lay over the land. It brought old age and prosperity and repentance to the doer of the deed; on his son the punishment fell.

Rognvald claimed the half of the earldom. Paul answered that there was no need for long words, "For I will guard the Orkneys while God grants me life so to do." And then the contest began. Rognvald attacked from north and south; Paul vanquished the southern fleet and hurrying north drove his rival back to Norway; and so the winter came on and the peace that in those days men kept in winter.

All had gone well with Paul, but his luck was to change with a little thing. He was keeping Yule with his friends and kinsmen, when, upon a winter's evening, a man, wet with the spray of the Pentland Firth, came out of the dusk and knocked upon the door. He was hardly the instrument, one would think, a departed saint would choose to build a cathedral with, a viking with his sword ever loose in its sheath, and his lucky star obscured, coming here for refuge from the ashes of his father and his home. He was known as Swein Asleifson (a name to be famous in the islands) and welcomed for his family's sake; they brought him in to the feast, and the drinking went on. In a little while there arose a quarrel over the cups; Swein killed his man and fled out into the night again. He was a landless outlaw this time, for the dead man had been high in favor and the Earl was stern. Meanwhile men went on drinking over the hall fires, but Paul's luck had departed, and Saint Magnus had a weapon to his hand. In the spring the war began again, and suddenly in the midst of it Earl Paul disappeared, his body-guard cut down upon the beach, himself spirited clean away. Swein Asleifson had come for him and carried him to a fate that was never more than rumored.

So Rognvald won the earldom, and the first stones of his church were laid. The Saint had certainly struck for him.

That is the true story of the vow and the building of the cathedral, a tale too old for even the venerable church to remember. But all the long history of the seven centuries since it knows, and indeed it has played such a part in scene after scene and act after act, that a memory would have to be of some poorer stuff than hewed sandstone to forget a past so stirring. And who can be so far behind every scene as the house which during men's lives listens to their prayers, and at last upon a day takes them in for ever?

When it first began to look down from its windows upon those men going about their business in the sunshine or the rain, it saw among the little creatures some that were well worth remembering, though there be few but the cathedral to remember them now. There was Rognvald himself, that cheerful, gallant Earl who made poetry and war, and sailed to Jerusalem with all his chiefs and friends, fighting and rhyming on the way, and riding home across the length of Europe, and who, when he fell by an assassin's hand, was laid at last beneath the pavement of this cathedral he had founded. And then, most memorable of all the great Odal-ers who followed him in war and sat at his Yule feasts, there was the viking Swein Asleifson, he who kidnapped Paul and afterwards became the lifelong and, on the whole, faithful friend of Rognvald, and the faithless enemy of almost everyone else; the most daring, unscrupulous, famous and, judging by the way he always obtained forgiveness when he needed it, the most fascinating man in all the northern countries. He was the luckiest, too, till the day he fell in an ambush in the streets of Dublin, exclaiming with his last breath, in most remark-

able contrast to the tenor of his life: "Know this, all men, that I am one of the Saint Earl Rognvald's body-guard, and I now mean to put my trust in being where he is, with God." May he rest in peace, wherever his bones lie, even though his reformation came something late, the turbulent, terrible old viking, whom the saga-writers called the last of that profession.

The generation who built it had passed away, when on a summer's day, after it had weathered nearly a century of storm and shine, the cathedral saw the greatest sight it had yet beheld. Haco of Norway had come with his fleet to reconquer the western isles of Scotland, the Norse kings' old inheritance. The pointed windows watched ship after ship sail by with colored sails and shining shields, bearing the Norsemen to their last battle in southern lands; and then the islands waited for the news that in those days was brought by the men who had made the story.

Month upon month went by; men wondered and rumors flew; the days grew shorter and the gales came out of all the seas. At last, when winter was well upon the islands, what were left of the battered ships began to straggle home. They brought back stories that the cathedral remembers, though six centuries have rolled them out of the memories of the people; tales of lee-shores and westerly gales, of anchors dragging under the Cumbræes, and Scottish knights charging down upon the beach where the Norwegian spears were ranked on the edge of the tide. Then of more gales and whirlpools in the Pentland, until at length they carried their old sick king ashore to die in the bishop's palace at Kirk-wall.

He lay for two months in that ancient building, now a roofless shell, standing just beyond the churchyard wall, his most faithful friends beside

him, the restless Orkney wind without, and the voice of the saga-reader by the bed. First they read to him in Latin till he grew too sick to follow the foreign words, and then in Norse, through the sagas of the saints, and after of the kings. They had come down to his own father Sverrir, and then in the words of the old historian: "Near midnight Sverrir's saga was read through, and just as midnight was past, Almighty God called King Haco from this world's life." They buried him in the great red church that had stood sentinel over the sick chamber, and as the race of vikings died with Swein, so the roving, conquering kings of Norway passed away with Haco, and never again came south to trouble the sea-boards.

The Orkneys, however, were not yet out of the current of affairs. They cut, indeed, but a small figure compared with the Orkney of the great Earl Thorfinn in the century before Rognvald founded his cathedral, he who owned nine earldoms in Scotland and all the southern isles, besides a great realm in Ireland. But there was still a bishop in the palace, and an earl with powers of life and death in his dominion, and an armed following that counted for something in war; and the cathedral was still the church of a small country rather than of a little county. The sun cast the shadows of dignitaries in the winding street, and the bones they were framed of were laid in time beneath the flags of St. Magnus's Church. When one comes to think of it, the old cathedral must hold a varied collection of these, for here lie the high and low of two races and no man knows how many chance sojourners and travellers.

At last upon a dark day for the islands, their era of semi-independence and vikingism and Norse romance came to a most undignified end. A needy king of the North pledged them

to Scotland for his daughter's dowry, as a common man might pledge his watch. East to Norway was no longer the way to the motherland, and the open horizon meeting the clouds, the old high road, led now to a foreign shore. Henceforth they belonged to the long coast, with its pale mountain-peaks far away over the cliffs, which had once, so far as the eye could see, belonged to them. It was a transaction intended for a season, but the season has never run to its limit yet. Now, it is to be hoped it never will; but for centuries it would have been better for the Orkneys if they had gone the way of some volcanic islet and sunk quietly below the grey North Sea.

One might think that, when they had ceased to be a half-way house between their sovereign and his neighbors of Europe, and were become instead a geographical term applied to the least accessible portion of their new lord's dominions, that their history and their troubles would soon have ceased, and the islanders been left to fish, and reap late crops and try to keep the winter weather out. But there was no such good luck for many a day to come. Alas for themselves! they were too valuable an asset in the Scotch king's treasury. Orkney too valuable! That collection of windy, treeless islands, where great ponds of rain-water stand through the fields for months together, and a strawberry that ripens is shown to one's friends. The plain truth is that, measured by a Scotch standard of value in those days, it would have been hard to find a pocket not worth the picking. The rental of Orkney was more than twice that of the kingdom of Fife, and Fife, I suppose, was an *El Dorado* compared with most provinces of its impecunious country. So north they came, Scotch earls and bishops and younger sons, to make what they could before the pledge was re-

deemed. And to the old cathedral was flung the shame of standing as the symbol of oppression. It was not its fault, and every stone must have silently cried to Heaven for forgiveness. But a cathedral meant a bishop, and an Orkney bishop meant the refinement of roguery and exaction. When these prelates in their turns came to permanently inhabit their minster, and they could at last hear the voice of its spirit that loves the land it watches, demanding an account of their stewardship, what should they say? The old excuse, "We must live"? I can hardly think the church perceived the necessity.

That monument which the old sailors and fighters of the North had built that they might link a better world with the rough and warring earth, had to stand immovable for century upon century, watching the trouble of their sons. It saw them make their stand at Summerdale in the old fashion, with sword and halbert, and a battle-cry on their lips, and march back again to the town in a glimpse of triumph. But that quickly faded, and the weight of new laws and evil rulers gradually broke the high spirit entirely. It saw the proud Odallers reduced to long-suffering "peerie lairds," and all their power and romance and circumstance of state pass over to the foreigner; until after a time it was hard to believe that some pages further back there was a closed chapter of history which read quite differently from this.

Down below the parapet of the tower the narrow streets were full of the most splendid-looking people, all in steel and the Stuart arms,—well bar sinistered if their heraldry was accurate. Earls Robert and Patrick of that royal name, each, through his scandalous life, made the island the home of a prince's court; and out among the moors and the islands the old race wondered whose turn it should be for

persecution next, and how long Heaven would let these things be.

The downfall of the Stuarts' rule came at last, violently as was fit, but to the end they used the old church on behalf of the wrong. The tower was wrapped in the smoke of the rebels' musketry when old Earl Patrick lay by the heels in Edinburgh awaiting his doom as a traitor, and his son held Kirkwall against what might, by comparison, be termed the Law, and it was only at the point of the pike that they turned the last Stuart out of the sepulchre of St. Magnus.

Then the long windows watched the shadows of all manner of persons, who are well forgotten now, darken the prospect for a while, and pass away to let other clouds gather; and in all that time there cannot have been many whom a critical edifice can recall with pride.

The bishops were sent about their business and the solemn League and Covenant as solemnly sworn. The troopers of Cromwell stalked through the old pillars with their wide hats the firmer set on. The Covenant was unsworn, and the bishops came back and acquired emoluments for a little while longer, till at last they went altogether, and in good, sober Presbyterian fashion the awakened people set about purifying their temple. Poor old church! they did it thoroughly. Away went carving and stained glass, and ancient tombs and bones, and everything that the austere taste of Heaven is supposed by man to dislike. They made it clean with a kind of yellowish whitewash, and divided it by a sanitary deal screen impervious to draught. In this shameful guise, more like a human sinner penitent during his Majesty's pleasure than the symbol of God

on earth, the cathedral has watched the advent of quiet days and the slow healing of time. To-day the greatest clamor it hears is made by the rooks. No earl's men or bishop's men quarrel in the street; no one either fears or harries the islanders; the history of Orkney is written and closed and laid upon the shelf. The hands of the clock move evenly round, and the seasons change by the almanack.

But there stands the old red church, silently remembering and arranging in their due perspective all these things, remarkable and true. The worst of it is that it makes no comment that a mortal can understand, so that no one can say what a seasoned, well-mortared observer of seven centuries of affairs thinks of changing dynasties and creeds, and whether it is disposed to take them more seriously than so many moultings of feathers, and if one can retain any optimism through a course of whitewash and draught-proof screens.

It is pleasant to think, for the old minster's sake, that it heeds the rubs of fortune very little, and regards material changes just as so many shifts of plumage. Its people are still flesh and blood and its islands rock and turf and heather, and it will take more than pails and paint-brushes, and pledges and Covenants, to make them otherwise. The winter days are as bleak as ever, and the summer evenings as long and light, and the sun rises out of the North Sea among the flat green islands, and sinks in the Atlantic behind the western heather hills; and it is likely enough that from the height of the cathedral tower many other most serious events look surprisingly unimportant.

J. Storer Clouston.

SCENERY IN FICTION.

The late Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave wrote a book on Landscape in Poetry; we do not know that anyone has written a book on Landscape in Fiction. Yet this subject might repay close study. Any observations we can make must be of a desultory sort, and at once we will name the provocation we have received to launch our thoughts at all. It is that Mr. Eden Phillpotts has dared to open his fine novel, *The River*, with four pages of undiluted landscape, of unassuaged scenery. Scenery in fiction may well seem a subject for thought when the first chapter of a novel conducts you through 1,300 words of nature-painting to a rabbit-snarer sitting in the bracken.

Many novels, perhaps most novels, open with scenery or weather. Yet in spite of usage, in spite of illustrious example, we cannot rid ourselves of the idea that scenery and weather are a weak beginning. They make an easy and gliding beginning, no doubt: the harbor before the sea. In Mr. Phillpotts' case it is Southampton Water before the Channel. Yet we have never steamed down that magnificent waterway without an impatience to hear the first fist-blows of the sea on the ship's side. Yonder, not here, the voyage begins.

Mr. Phillpotts thinks otherwise. He leans all his weight on scenery at once. His first sentence is this:—

From the rapt loneliness of her cradle, from her secret fountains, where the red sundew glimmers and cotton grasses wave unseen, Dart comes wandering southward with a song.

Anyone who knows anything about writing must perceive that this sen-

tence was written with emotion. It has that lilt which is the evasion of tears, and that vagueness of utterance which unlocks a fateful door. One respects such sentences; one respects, too, such impassioned description as follows this one. Still our inclination is to smile. A great deal is being done for us, but we are perversely willing to wait. "A mother of old story with haunted pools . . . to-day she glides in sleepy backwaters . . . to-morrow she leaps and thunders cherry-red . . . to-day the sub-aqueous mosses gasp as her receding stream leaves them shrunken under full blaze of light; to-morrow she foams in freshet, tosses her wild locks on high, shouts hoarsely, with echoing reverberations in deep gorges and old secret caves, drowns half a fathom deep the little flower that has budded and bloomed with trust beside her brink." We know that all this is impassioned and beautiful (a little obviously, perhaps); but the House of Commons would not stand a dozen words of it, and though literature is not the House, nor we the Speaker, the gulf of difference seems scarcely bridged. True, Mr. Phillpotts tells us that at a certain point "humanity grows concerned with Dart" and "pollutes her current with drosses and accretions from cauldron or vat," but these things are said in order that we may ignore humanity. The very diction obscures Man. We are in Eden before Adam, who, when he comes (on the fifth page) seems an intruder, or rather a red-haired accident.

Of course Mr. Phillpotts has his case: *The River* is concerned with people who live with nature and whose lives may be said, by a convenient rhetoric, to be "concerned with Dart" and with "the granite aprons of her thousand falls."

Actually, however, the print apron of one cottage girl, to say nothing of her possible fall, is more important to Mr. Phillpotts as a novelist, is more important to any novelist, than the wildest heave of boulder-strewn moor or forest. Is it not a mistake, even in a novel of this class, to entitle the story by its setting and to introduce that setting with the utmost power and volume of words? Does scenery of any kind really qualify human nature? It gives it complexion, and certain habits of mind and speech; but we discover even these limited effects only when we meet the people. We are not interested in such effects until the people interest us. The environment is important only as bringing out human nature in little unaccustomed ways.

The error of putting Nature before Man is rarely, however, palpable and complete in any one writer or story. It is certainly not so in *The River*. It came near being palpable and complete in Mr. Hardy's novel, *The Well-Beloved*. It will be remembered that Mr. Hardy insisted in his preface that the remoteness and natural gloom of the Isle of Slings were "apt to generate a type of personage like the character imperfectly sketched in these pages." But when that amazing character was challenged and Mr. Hardy was driven to explanation, he referred it not to the climate and scenery of the Isle of Slings, but to the fact that the story was planned and partly written in his less mature period, when his reading of human nature was adventurous. The truth is, of course, that human nature is everything in a novel and scenery *qua* scenery nothing. At the best it is as the setting to the jewel, and at the worst it is as the cackle to the 'osses.

No,—a third and more excellent way there is, the way of drama, the way of truth. A novelist should see landscape through the eyes of his characters. He

should see it when they see it, and be blind to it when they are blind to it; and always introduce it as a part of the drama, never as an interlude. This may be a counsel of perfection, but in our opinion the success of even the shortest description of scenery in a novel depends upon our ability to see it through the eyes and mood of a character in the story, and in no wise on our ability to see it vividly through the author's eyes. In most novels when the author introduces scenery he is resting on his oars. The fact that a character walks from a place called A. to a place called B. is not in itself sufficient reason for describing the scenery between A. and B. Yet it is constantly done. Take the following very innocent passage from *The River*:—

She went to a pastrycook's, where a friend served in the shop, made a meal of the things she liked, drank a glass of milk, and then started very happily upon her journey of twelve miles. She pursued the beautiful road now slowly unfolding pageants of spring. She crossed Holme Bridge, where Dart, silent and mysterious, passed through rocky channels; she climbed the great hill beyond; sank down again to New Bridge; presently descended a tremendous declivity that led to Dartmeet; and saw beneath her the sister rivers mingle. Their shining confluence was set in leaf-buds, in the alder's catkins and the gold and silver flowerlight of the willows. Half way up another hill Hannah heard a man's step behind her, and the next moment someone reached her side and slowed his progress. Then a familiar voice greeted her, as though no great matter stood between them; and she looked up and saw Timothy Oldrieve returning from his sport. "Congratulate me," he said.

This is a fair specimen of the ordinary landscape art of the ordinary novel. Elsewhere in *The River* it would be easy to find higher work; but here we have landscape for mere landscape's sake. It is Mr. Phillpotts who sees it.

not Hannah. It is not related to the girl. It would have been the same for you or us. Now, note with what skill Mr. Meredith, by a single touch, makes a scene personal to the character for whom he has already reserved our attention:—

Nevil Beauchamp dozed for an hour. He was awakened by light on his eyelids, and starting up beheld the many pinnacles of grey and red rocks and shadowy high and white regions at the head of the gulf waiting for the sun; and the sun struck them. One by one they came out crimson flame, till the vivid host appeared to have stepped forward. The shadows on the snow-fields deepened to purple below an irradiation of rose and pink and dazzling silver. There of all the world you might imagine the Gods to sit. A crowd of mountains endless in range, erect, or flowing, shattered and arid, or leaning in smooth lustre, hangs over the gulf. The mountains are sovereign Alps, and the sea is beneath them. The whole gigantic body keeps the sea, as with a hand, to right and left.

Nevil's personal rapture craved for Renée with the second long breath he drew. . . .

It is not the splendor of the description that matters here, it is its dramatic attribution to the eyes and heart of Nevil. "He was awakened by light on his eyelids." In a moment we understand. So have we all awakened many times since childhood, and straightway we share the gradualness and wonder of Nevil, waking to the waking day. We obtain all the sensuous beauty of scenery, and yet we are wholly with Nevil; our attention remains the same in kind; we are not delayed, we progress. Even more apposite is the following:—

They had to wait for tide as well as breeze, and pilot through intricate mud-channels before they could see the outside of the Lido, and meanwhile the sun lay like a golden altar-platter on

mud-banks made bare by the ebb, and curled in drowsy yellow links along the currents.

A superb piece of dramatic landscape is this of Mr. Hardy's:—

Among the graves moved the form of a man clothed in a white sheet, which the wind blew and flapped sadly every now and then. Near him moved six men bearing a long box and two or three persons in black followed. The coffin, with its twelve legs, crawled across the isle, while around and beneath it the flashing lights from the sea and the school of mackerel were reflected; a fishing-boat, far out in the Channel, being momentarily discernible under the coffin also. The procession wandered round to a particular corner, and halted, and paused there a long while in the wind, the sea behind them, the surplice of the priest still blowing. Jocelyn stood with his hat off: he was present, though he was a quarter of a mile off; and he seemed to hear the words that were being said, though nothing but the wind was audible.

Here the entirely personal character of the vision is felt long before Jocelyn is mentioned; it is felt in that note of the fishing-smack sailing under the coffin. It is to this plane that novelists should endeavor to rise in their treatment of scenery. But it is the highest plane, and is therefore scarcely to be reached. They will do much if on a lower plane they guard against writing landscape for landscape's sake. It has been told in Gath and mentioned in the *New York Bookman* that Mr. Phillpotts never describes scenery without sitting down in front of it like a painter, and transferring it bit by bit to his canvas—we mean his pocket-book. The method surprises by itself, but we do not quarrel with it; an author may, work as he pleases. We are convinced, however, that Mr. Phillpotts finds his camp-stool too comfortable, and that it would be a kindness now and then to knock it from under him. Of course a

landscape-novelist like Black has his reward, but Mr. Phillpotts is hardly the man to covet that. He knows so much of human nature that one would have him see landscape as a part of it, and as a small part of it. In *The River* are passages in which he reaches a

The Academy.

noble level of art. Indeed, the landscape with which the story begins is artistically redeemed by the landscape on which it ends. The one is premature and subjective, the other dramatic and punctual.

FINGER-PRINTS AS DETECTIVES.

The part which science often plays in the detection of crime is a comparatively unimportant, but to many people a peculiarly interesting, chapter of its beneficial story. There is something of the Sherlock Holmes in the composition of the average man,—hence one may deduce the remarkable popularity of Sir A. Conan Doyle's ingenious creation. In the trial of a burglar at the Central Criminal Court last Saturday a part which has no precedent in our Court was played by one of the finger-prints which Mr. Francis Galton has done so much to expound to the English student. The burglar in question had made his entry through a window the sill of which happened to have been freshly painted. In doing so he was unlucky enough to leave "a particularly plain imprint of his left thumb" on the soft paint. This led to his detection, and the sentence of seven years' penal servitude which the Common Sergeant passed upon him last week. To most people it will not be very clear how this could follow. One thumb, they will say, is very like another; and how can it be said with such certainty that a particular imprint, however clear, belonged to Henry Jackson rather than to John Smith? But the truth is that there is no physical characteristic by which a man can be more easily and certainly identified than the print of his thumb. If the

reader looks closely at the ball of his thumb, or any of his fingers—wherein a small magnifying glass will be of great assistance—he will see that it is covered with a network of fine lines, arranged in a more or less distinct pattern of arches or loops or whorls. These minute marks are quite distinct from the lines to which the palmist attaches such importance, and though less obvious, they are far better worth study. The lines of cheiromancy, indeed, are the result of use, and indicate the creases into which the skin naturally folds itself when the hands are closed. But the less conspicuous markings, or "papillary ridges," originate at a much earlier period in the history of the individual, being essential features of the skin itself. They are probably formed by lateral pressure in the skin of the unborn infant: their mode of production is thus analogous to that which produces mountain-ranges, as the geologists tell us, by the crumpling which secular shrinkage causes in the earth's crust,—or, to take a more homely illustration, to the wrinkles which show themselves on the surface of the cooling porridge. It is possible that these ridges are connected in some obscure way with our sense of touch, and that we owe to them the power of distinguishing between the various textures of the objects which we handle. What is more important, from the

point of view of those who study crime and its prevention, is that the ridges in question afford a trustworthy means of distinguishing between human beings. They form patterns, as Mr. Galton has pointed out in his brilliant continuation of the work originated by Purkenje eighty years ago, "considerable in size, and of a curious variety of shape, whose boundaries can be firmly outlined, and which are little worlds in themselves. They have the unique merit of retaining all their peculiarities unchanged throughout life, and afford in consequence an incomparably surer criterion of identity than any other bodily feature."

It may seem at the first glance that the apparently simple markings on the thumb cannot possibly afford such a criterion. Among a number of men the same markings will surely be repeated, so that no reliance can be placed on their evidence. But experience and theory alike show that this is not the case. A great many thousands of thumb-prints made in permanent ink on convenient cards for reference have been examined, and no two alike have yet been discovered. By a calculation which depends on the mathematical laws of probability, and has been purposely "watered down" so far as to be certainly on the safe side, Mr. Galton has shown that there are at least sixty-four thousand million varieties in the arrangement of these lines, any one of which is as likely to occur as any other; in other words, if we assume the number of the human race to be sixteen hundred millions, the chance of any two right or left thumbs presenting the same marks is one in forty. If we take impressions of all ten digits, the chance that two men will be found with the same sets of marks is but one in the tenth power of forty, which is as near a certainty that no two such men will be found as human intelligence can desire. Most juries will con-

vict on less cogent evidence than that. It will be evident that the systematic study of finger-prints is a most valuable aid to the anthropometrist, who busies himself with the methods of identifying men chiefly in order that habitual criminals may be detected with ease and certainty. Mr. Galton maintains that the system to which he has done so much to call attention is superior in ease of application and sureness of results to the well-known Bertillon system, which is now in operation in most civilized countries, in spite of the deserved discredit which its inventor drew upon himself when in the Dreyfus case he ventured beyond his own special ground. If a record is made of a criminal's finger-prints when he is first sent to prison, he can always be identified in his next appearance. Even if he submits to the painful process of destroying his skin with fire or acids, the same tell-tale marks emerge once more when the new skin grows. It is easy to classify and index any number of such records, and it is not surprising that the criminologists of most countries are regarding the finger-print method with increasing favor. Since 1894 it has been in regular use by our own authorities, in conjunction with photography and the Bertillon measurements. Of course it is only rarely that finger-prints can actually be used in the detection of crime, and the case already mentioned is the first that one recalls in real life, though a novelist in *Chambers's Journal* and Mark Twain in "Life on the Mississippi" have shown how murderers might be convicted by the evidence of their blood-stained finger-marks on a damning document.

In both East and West, in ancient and modern times, indeed, finger-prints have been put to practical use. India and China furnish many instances in which the signature of a deed has been confirmed by the impression of a fin-

ger smeared with Indian ink, though it is doubtful how far this was used in the present sense. It has even been suggested that one of the apparently meaningless forms of our law may be traced to a survival of some forgotten anticipation of Mr. Galton's discoveries. Laying the finger on a wafer as you remark that you deliver a bond as your act and deed possibly alludes to an ancient practice of leaving a finger-print on the document, just as in some savage tribes a mystic value is attributed to the impression of a chief's gory hand on a sacred stone or weapon. The ancient Sovereigns of Japan used to seal State papers with the impression of the Royal hand in vermilion. Bewick, probably acting on his own idea, authenticated some of his books and receipts by an engraved thumb-mark. But the first practical use of thumb-marks as signatures is due to Sir William Herschel, a Bengal Civil servant, who began to use them about 1860 with a view to checking the native taste for forgery and personation. His first idea, borrowed from a native contract on which a thumb-mark was impressed, was to frighten the wily Bengali by attaching a magical significance to the act, but he speedily noticed the value of the finger-prints as a natural signature that could not possibly be forged. In a land where, as Mr. Kipling observes, a complete murder-case can be purchased, including the corpse, for fifty-four rupees, such a check to fraud

was most valuable, and Sir William Herschel's experience has been largely utilized by his successors. In 1896 the Postmaster-General of Bengal decided that post-office orders should in future be authenticated by the impression of the receiver's thumb. A Hindu has a natural genius for forging a signature, but no amount of study has yet enabled him to adopt the markings on another man's fingers. In this country such a system would happily not be worth the trouble that its introduction would cause; but there are large possibilities before the study of finger-prints. The whole Tichborne case, for instance, would have fallen to the ground at the outset if the missing Baronet had taken the precaution of leaving an impression of his thumb with his banker, and the easy method of identification which is thus provided must appeal to all who have found by experience the difficulty of persuading foreign authorities, if trouble arises, that they are really the men named on their passports or letters of credit. Forgery, too, would become a lost art if the finger-print were made a compulsory addition to the signature of wills and other important documents. In that case it would appear that Sydney Smith was really an unconscious prophet when he assured an heraldic inquirer that "the Smiths had no arms, but always sealed their letters with their thumbs."

THE BROKEN COURTSHIP.

Heart, why beatest thou so gladly?
Are epistles, then, so rare?
Are sweet perfumes? Nay, beware!
Lest the stirring strings breathe sadly
And the nascent song be broken,
Wanting one sweet word unspoken.
One too dear.

Heart, why beatest thou so strongly?
Are, then, whisp'ring lips so rare?
Or rapt glances? Ah! beware!
Lest desire interpret wrongly,
And thy trustful pulse be broken—
Peace, then. Hide the faith, half spoken
In mine ear.

Heart, why beatest thou so faintly?
Is the bed of sickness rare?
Or the pallid face? Beware!
Crush thy bitterness unsaintly:
Shall the melody be broken
By a nameless and unspoken
Pang of fear?

Heart, why beatest thou so wildly?
Is there not surcease of grief?
Are not all things earthly brief?
Quell thy tempests till more mildly
Soul may question—Nay, thou'rt broken;
Death thy ship, like hers, hath spoken—
Seek we, setting sail from here.
That darker mere.

Herman Montague Donner.

From "English Lyrics of a Finnish Harp."

A NATURALIST'S PIC-NIC ON THE OREGON COAST.

Our camp was pitched inside an old stockade, our camp-fire lit at the foot of a huge maple tree, and for sleeping quarters we took possession of a rude old granary. Although it was June, the sea winds were very cold and the rain almost incessant, so that we reluctantly abandoned the romance of tent life for the advantage of a moder-

ately tight roof above us and a dry floor beneath. The price which has to be paid for the magnificent evergreen vegetation and superb forests of the Pacific slope is an almost incessant downpour. One of the natives informed us that it rained nine months of the year, and was "apt to be showery" the other three. I can cheerfully

corroborate the absolute correctness of his assertion, for during nine out of the ten days we spent on the coast there were hardly two successive hours during which rain was not falling. Fortunately the rain, though chilly, was not exceedingly cold, and we rapidly got into a sort of amphibian frame of mind, so that although we were wet to the knees all the time, and to the waist nearly half the time during our stay, and the only way to dry off was to go to bed in our wet clothes and sleep them dry, none of us caught any serious cold, and in a short time we came to regard a condition of permanent water-soak as part of our normal environment. One of the local authorities solemnly assured us that whenever it refrained from raining for more than two weeks at a stretch his feet began to crack. We began to believe in the existence of those mythical ancestors of ours, the ancient Britons, who, according to the voracious chronicles of the times, used to crouch down in water up to their shoulders to keep themselves warm and allay the pangs of hunger.

Our first inquiry was what time next morning we should be able to go out to the rocks. At once a derisive howl went up from the entire wagon-party. "You had better ask what time next week, or how early in July"; and then it was borne in upon us that when you once enter the woods you must revert to the frame of mind of the savage who does his time-thinking in weeks and even moons, instead of in hours and minutes as in our railroad-ridden civilization. The Pacific Ocean, it seems, is what the French call an "extremely difficult" old lady. Not that she can be described as fickle; on the contrary she is persistently and far too consistently unkind. In spite of her bright blue smile and the velvet curves of her green land-lips, she is about the most utterly useless and unmanageable old

baggage in the shape of salt water that lies out of doors, for the oarsman and the yachtsman. In the first place, she has a steady surface pulse-wave one hundred miles long, with the whole distance from Japan to get up its swing in. This never ceases day or night, but throbs incessantly like the pulse of a sleeping world, and provides a superbly responsive basal tone for the blandishments of the local winds. In the winter south-west gales are well nigh incessant, while in summer the high westerly "sun-wind" is of daily occurrence; scarcely has the disturbance fomented by one subsided than that of a new day springs up, so that the would-be boatman or yachtsman finds himself constantly confronted six days out of the week, and even seven, by a surf from four to fourteen feet high. Even the floods of great rivers, like the Columbia, can make little or no headway against the incessant hammering of this wall of living water, but have to deposit their silt in the form of a bar, which makes a most serious impediment to the entrance or exit of craft of any description, and which usually only sea-going vessels and tugs can manage to pass, at the most favorable stages of the tide. Even after you have worked your way out through a four-foot surf, a storm, which has been racing all the way from Honolulu, may slip in under and past you, and before you can get back to shore at your best speed, be tossing up white-caps ten feet high.

As our enterprise involved the landing upon a rocky shelf at the foot of a precipitous cliff in mid-ocean, it was necessary to wait until all the conditions were favorable to have a reasonable possibility of success. So far as our boat and crew for the trip were concerned there was little left to be desired. About a mile up the coast from our camp a couple of fishermen had established a little hut for the pur-

pose of killing (for their fat and hides) the sea-lions, which abound on the rocks for which we were bound. Their boat was a fine, staunch, old sea-going craft, the gig of a whaler, requiring at least six men to row her and ten to launch her, as we found to our sorrow. There was no lack of game, for directly in front of their little cabin and scarcely half a mile off shore the innermost group of rocky islands, which we hoped to visit, were covered with the great brown bodies of the sea-lions and their little, shiny black cubs. They are not aggressive animals at best, and at that distance the old ones looked like great round sticks of cord-wood and the youngsters like little black caterpillars. They simply carpeted the lower ledges, looking almost as if piled upon one another like driftwood after a storm, but as they receded from the water their ranks grew thinner and thinner, until finally the topmost ledges of the rock-reef were occupied by three or four magnificent old bulls, the self-constituted sentinels and defenders of the herd. Their roaring was both cavernous and continuous and could be plainly heard all up and down the coast whenever the surf would moderate, but I am reluctantly compelled to admit that there was little in any way impressive about it. It did not in the least remind one of "the great seal roar that beats off shore above the loudest gale." It was much more accurately described by the light-keeper, of agricultural antecedents, who declared that he could hardly sleep for hearing them "a grunten' and a fitin' all night long, like a passel o' big hawgs under a barn." What the meaning of it all might be was hard to conjecture, for the mating-arrangements were long since settled and there was absolutely no fighting going on. Nor were the songs intended as danger-signals, for, with the exception of an occasional plunge by a single member for a cool

sea-bath and a little scurry after a cuttlefish, there was almost no movement going on in the herd. They were lying there in the sunshine, like so many logs of drift wood, only at intervals lifting their heads to join in the extraordinary chorus. Whether for some imaginary benefit to the crowd or merely for the pleasure of hearing their own voices it would be impossible to say.

The more I see of animals, the more firmly I am convinced that man for once has been grossly slandered when accused of being the only animal which talks purely for the pleasure of hearing its own voice. Those who moralize upon the vain loquacity of men and the dignified silence of animals usually know very little about animals. The motto of the whole animal world, man included, seems to be: "What is the use of having a voice if you can't use it?" Nearly every animal of gregarious habits and the slightest pretension to any social gifts spends the greater part of the time in which he is in the society of his fellows in some form of conversation, or at least vocal exercise. An afternoon tea or a Salvation Army testimony meeting is not by any means the only occasion upon which a continuous flow of remarks is considered an absolute necessity. A flock of rooks, a band of sparrows, a drove of elk, nay, a dignified senate of sea-lions or congress of seals, are all imbued with the same idea. Even cattle and sheep will keep up a constant interchange of sounds, excepting at such times as their mouths are actually engaged otherwise in the process of eating and drinking. Man is probably the one animal that talks while he is eating, but with that exception he is not a whit more loquacious than many of his blood relatives. Not only is this true of talking as a means of social intercourse, but I have also known a great variety of animals, including elk, bear and

buffalo, as well as birds innumerable, who would keep up an almost incessant conversational soliloquy even when entirely separated from the rest of their kind. The moping owl is seized with fits of this description.

The presence of these sea-lion hunters brings under notice an interesting and hotly-disputed question as to the natural dietary of these great beasts. On the one side are ranged the fishermen and salmon-canners; on the other the scientists. The former hotly denounce the sea-lions as among the deadliest foes of the salmon and other fish, alleging that, not content with capturing them in open chase, they will hang about the gill-nets spread in the mouths of the rivers, when the chinook are running up to their spawning places, and tear the thirty-pound "silver sides" right out of the meshes of the net—with what effects upon the latter fabric may be readily imagined. They allege that the sea-lions simply swarm about the mouths of the rivers, when the salmon are running, like deer about a salt-lick, and that one sea-lion will destroy hundreds of salmon in a short season. Not only do they kill and devour them, but they are also said to rush furiously in among the ranks of the fish and snatch and tear in every direction, burying their teeth in the flesh, or eating a single mouthful of a salmon and then dashing for another, killing for the mere lust of slaughter like a wolf among sheep. For a long time no one dreamed of challenging this assertion, and the sea-lion was put down, like Artemus Ward's Indian, as "pizen wherever found." But a few years ago a biologist was appointed by one of the State institutions to investigate the question, which he proceeded to do by securing the bodies of as many sea-lions as possible and examining the contents of their stomachs. A number of stomachs of the creatures were also secured by fishermen and

others and sent in with their contents for examination. The result was somewhat startling, for in no single instance were fish-bones or scales to be found either in the stomachs or in the intestines of these great brutes, while an abundant supply of the remains of cuttlefish and traces of shrimps, jelly-fish, etc., were discovered. Whereupon the distinguished scientific gentleman was compelled to state that, so far as he could discover, the alleged atrocities perpetrated by the sea-lion upon salmon and other fish were not supported by sufficient evidence. This naturally annoyed the fishermen, as nobody likes to be flatly contradicted, even when he is told that an imaginary enemy of his is really doing him no harm whatever; and as they were agitating for a bounty to be placed upon the heads of sea-lions, as enemies of the State, they demanded a further investigation. Another expert was thereupon set to work and reported precisely the same results, only the "pens" of cuttlefish being found in the alimentary canal, instead of bones and scales.

In spite of this, however, the fishermen and cannery men having a considerable number of votes and the scientists only one or two, the legislature was induced to pass a Bill granting a bounty of 2.50 dollars for the scalp or other evidence of the killing of a sea-lion. Whereupon our fishermen aforesaid had taken advantage of the slack season in the salmon fishery to embark on their little lion-hunting expedition. Unluckily for our friends Solomon and Indian Joe, by a base trick of fate or a special dispensation of providence (according as one sides with the scientists or the fishermen) it was discovered after the bounty-bill had been passed that no funds had been provided to pay the scalp fees, but as this did not come to light until the first batch of scalps was actually presented their enterprise was under full way before its

hopes were dashed to the ground. The naturalist's sneaking fondness for biology (of which he declares that man and all his works form only one small chapter) was unexpectedly stirred by the problem, into which he suddenly plunged, if not up to the eyes at least up to the elbows. A number of gruesome and fragrant carcasses, victims of the hunters' rifles, strewn the beach, and equipped with a large hunting-knife he proceeded to dispute with the gulls for the possession of these entertaining pieces of carrion. In spite of the abundant supply of excellent, if rather rancid, oil which his investigations provided, the flame of his enthusiasm waned lower and lower, after each ghastly encounter, until finally after two days, during which not only everything which he handled or ate or looked at but even his very dreams fairly reeked with train oil, he announced with a snort of disgust that the rest of the question might settle itself, so far as he was concerned. One small incidental advantage derived from the process was that his hands and boots were both practically waterproof and protected from "salt-chap" during the remainder of his stay.

However, the five huge paunches which he did succeed in quarrying out of the cavernous interiors of these great hulks, weighing from 1,500 to 2,000 lbs., absolutely confirmed the reports of the scientists. Not one of them contained the faintest trace of any form of fish-food, nearly all being occupied by a thick, reddish fluid, which closer investigation showed to be a *purée* of shrimps, and from one to a dozen "pens" (or chitinous plates from the dorsal mantle) of cuttlefish. After careful collection and sifting of the evidence of a number of fishermen he was able to arrive at a conclusion which was satisfactory at least to himself. His decision was a somewhat Delphic one, that both parties were

right, as their apparently conflicting results were obtained at different seasons of the year. The only season at which the sea-lions can be captured in any considerable numbers, or at which their bodies can be obtained for study, is during their breeding-period from May to August, when they collect upon the reefs and rocky islands in swarms and herds. Now during this season (as the fishermen promptly and without any leading on his part informed him) they are like their cousins, the fur-seals, eating nothing at all or confining themselves to cuttle-fish, jelly-fish, hydroids, shrimps and such exceedingly small deer as can be captured in the open sea; just as the findings of the scientists from their stomach-contents indicate. As soon, however, as the autumn sets in and the fall run of salmon begins they disappear from these breeding places and begin to frequent the mouths of rivers and smaller streams, which are packed with the masses of the salmon. There seems no reason to doubt the veracity of the fishermen's testimony in this regard, as salmon have been found with large pieces bitten out of them, and these rovers of the sea have also been seen dashing in among the frightened salmon, coming up to the surface with a great "steel-back" between their teeth, tossing him into the air and catching him as he falls with a resounding snap, just like a greyhound with a hare. Until a sea-lion can be caught, during either the fall or the spring run of salmon, in one of their chosen beats, the question must remain unsettled, with the burden of proof on the side of the fishermen. So far as analogy is concerned, their near cousins, the seals, are well known to be as destructive to fish of every description as terriers are to rats, and may be seen driving or herding schools of mackerel, like sheep dogs their flocks, and chasing them up into nar-

row and shallow inlets of the bay, where they can be secured by the rest of the waiting pack. On the other hand there is no inherent improbability in such behemoths supporting life entirely upon a thin and unsubstantial diet like shrimps and cuttle-fish. Those mastodons of the ocean, the whales, live exclusively upon such food-materials, and even include infusoria and tiny hydroids as well.

But fate had in store for us a much more intimate acquaintance with these spoilers of the sea than even investigation into their stomach-contents could bring. Every night we lay awake, listening to the wind and trying to imagine that the roar of the surf was fainter than it had been, and the grey of morning saw us each day taking our march up the beach to our fisherman's hut in the hope that his watchful eye might have detected some gaps in the furious ranks of our enemies, the breakers.

On one of these mornings, as two of us were beating our way on our wheels up the beach, in the teeth of a fierce and exceedingly wet sea-wind, we caught sight of a black mass on the wet sand, about fifty yards above the edge of the receding tide. As we looked at it, it moved slightly, and instantly, a sudden awakening of the hunting-instinct sent us both scudding forward, heads over handle-bars, to get between it and the breakers. In a few minutes we had cut off its retreat, thrown down our wheels and were advancing in open order upon a young sea-lion, which lifted up its head and barked bold, baby-defiance at our approach. The little chap was about the size of a large setter-dog, or female harbor-seal, with beautiful big black eyes and a voice like a musical mastiff. After striking and worrying fiercely for several minutes on the butt of my gun, he concluded that we were not exactly comfortable fish to bite,

and we were enabled to catch him, one by the tip of each flipper, and carry him, spread-eagle fashion, a safe distance up the beach. He very soon came to understand that we meant him no harm, and after we had sent for the wagon and conveyed him to our camp the smell of a bottle of milk changed his "offishness" into an affection so effusive, as to be, with his weight and baby-elephant clumsiness, positively disconcerting. One hundred pounds of pure affection and flippers, suddenly landed in your lap, and rubbing its milky nose all over your face and clothing, is a trifle embarrassing. We soon became the best of friends, and "Tillamook" was promptly adopted as the baby of the party, assigned quarters in a deserted shack close to the camp, and had an extra half-gallon of milk added to our daily supply-list on his behalf. And he took every ounce of it, too, except the odd half-pint which he would insist, at every meal-time, with a but imperfectly-appreciated generosity, in distributing over the overalls and coat-sleeves of his feeder. He was about the most strenuous eater I ever saw. A feeding-bottle was not a gently-pleasing object, to be peacefully approached and meditatively sucked dry; it was a wild, fierce thing to be grabbed, the life shaken out of it, and then to be swallowed whole, if possible. Feeding him was as exciting, and well-nigh as arduous, as a Græco-Roman wrestling match. The moment he smelt milk he came at you like a battering-ram, his nose high in the air, bunting wildly about, evidently hunting for the massive bulk of his lost mamma, and apparently incapable of recognizing anything much smaller. It was no manner of use putting any kind of nozzle or nipple on the bottle; for when you did at last succeed in landing the mouth between his teeth, if the milk did not instantly pour down his throat

like a stream from a hose, he either flung it aside in disgust or attempted to swallow it whole. Nor did he improve in this regard in the slightest with training. His idea of milk was evidently something to be swallowed in half-pint gulps, and the only possible way in which you could get him "connected" with the bottle for more than a second at a time was to stop the mouth of it with your finger until it could be jabbed between his teeth, and then to withdraw the finger and, holding him by the nose with one hand and "up-ending" the bottle with the other, let it empty itself down his throat. So strong and unmistakable was this curious gulping instinct, not only in "Tillamook," but also in five other sea-lion cubs which were washed ashore during our stay, that I was more than half inclined to suspect that the mammary gland of the mother sea-lion might be provided with some sort of a *detrusor* muscle, capable of squirting the milk directly down the throat of the young, just as is the case in the whale and in certain marsupials.

Another curious instinct of his proved to be highly troublesome. Being a sea-beast, we naturally supposed that his line of possible flight would be towards the water; and when we had blocked with pieces of drift-wood the seaward gate of the old corral in which his shack stood, we supposed that we had little to fear from his wandering tendencies, even if he should succeed in slipping out of his pen. Judge then of our surprise when, on visiting his quarters just after breakfast one morning, we found them empty, and a broad trail, as of a dragged potato-sack, leading across the sand and bent-grass, not downward towards the beach, but unmistakably upward and inland toward the foot of the sandy bluffs which bounded our camping-paddock on the landward side. In vain we searched for a side-trail leading to-

wards the surf; we found no trace; and as both bears and panthers were numerous in the neighborhood, we had about come to the conclusion that some evil beast had captured him and dragged him up towards the mountains, when we suddenly heard his musical bellow, uplifted in an unmistakable breakfast-call, from high up upon the brushy hillside above us. His trail was as easy to follow as that of a fire-engine, and dashing up it we soon came upon him perched upon the very edge of a miniature precipice, looking out toward the sea and fully a hundred feet above the beach. He was perfectly delighted to see us and to be brought down again to his beloved bottle; and though completely puzzled we concluded that misfortunes must have turned his brain and converted his normal "*surfo-tropism*"—to paraphrase Professor Loeb—into an opposite or "*cliffo-tropic*" impulse. But the very next time he succeeded in bulging his way out through the half-rotten walls of his shack—and as a flying-wedge he was a model, even for Harvard, in all but speed—he paid absolutely no attention whatever to the cool, wet sand and crisping surf, scarcely a hundred paces below him, but started straight up the sandy slopes of the bluff with the enthusiasm of a member of the Alpine Club, though from his necessary method of progress the performance must have been about as exhilarating as dragging oneself along on one's elbows with both hands and feet tied together.

It was the most extraordinary spectacle to see this amphibious creature, as thoroughly aquatic in his habits as a frog, turning his back upon the sea and climbing up into the hills for dear life. Perhaps, however, this instinct was not an inverted one, after all; as by great good luck four or five other sea-lion cubs were washed ashore, and adopted by the ranchmen along the

beach, it was possible to extend my observations; and I soon discovered well-marked traces of the same tendency in nearly all of them. They would quickly find their way to the highest point of ground in the enclosure in which they might be placed, or if laid at the foot of a bank would scramble clumsily but determinedly up it. It suddenly occurred to me that possibly baby sea-lions, like baby seals, did not take instinctively to the water during the first few days of life. Indeed, the latter, for the first week or so in their lives—until, in fact, they have shed their birth-robe of soft, silvery-grey fur—cannot swim at all, and would drown, if pushed into the water, unless supported by the mother-seal. Such observations as the surf would permit us to make of those lying upon the rocky ledges of the islets confirmed this impression. Water is evidently a source of danger to the infant sea-lion, and its earliest tendency is to climb as far away from it as possible. When in doubt, its instinctive “trump” is to climb as high up on the rocky ledges as it can get. The dozen or more which are washed ashore from the Netarts rookery each season show both the stern need of this “Excelsior” tendency on their part and how utterly helpless they must be in the water, since not even their mothers’ frenzied assistance can enable them to get back on to the rocks again.

The ultimate fate of these sea Water-Babies is sad enough. Although eagerly adopted and cared for by ranchmen, fishers or campers along the beach, not more than one in ten survives. Their keen appetite for milk falls gradually, and they pine away and die quietly within a few weeks. Of the six washed ashore during the week of our visit not one lived more than ten days; and though “Tillamook” was apparently well and hearty when I left him, five days after his rising like Venus from

the sea-foam, he died before the party broke camp, much to everyone’s regret.

At last, after days of waiting, we woke one keen, bright morning with a curious sense of something missing. A moment later it dawned upon us that it was the roar of the surf that was gone. There could be no mistake about it. We threw our ears up the wind, and could catch only a dull, drowsy growl in place of the loud, angry snarl which had become a part of the substratum of our consciousness. Before the griddle was fairly hot, down came a messenger, hot-foot from Captain Indian Joe, to say that our chance had come. Cameras were loaded, guns given a last smear with oil, egg-boxes piled into the wagon, and in less than half-an-hour we were off up the beach to the hunters’ hut.

Here our first difficulty cropped up. The tide was out; and as it would have been madness to risk our chance by waiting (although full-tide would have been far the most favorable time to slip through the surf) there were some two hundred yards of shining sand over which our huge old whale-boat had to be dragged by hand before she could be launched. This three-quarters-of-an-hour job merely prepared us to form a due and respectful estimate of the power of the breakers, when we felt her tossed about beneath us like a tooth-pick a few minutes later. Fortunately we were all accustomed to rowing, and our six oars, with Indian Joe at the tiller, quickly drove her through the lowest place in the surf-barrier and out to sea without misadventure.

The sea-lion rocks were the innermost of the group; and as we drew near we could see ripples begin to run through their ranks, which finally reached the water’s edge, and the great dun beasts began to pour into the waves in a steady, undulatory stream. Those nearest the edge just “wobble”

over, about as one would have expected to see sausages do if suddenly endowed with life; but the momentum gradually increased in ratio to the distance, until those highest up on the ledges were executing a superb, undulatory toboggan-slide, which ended in the water with a splash that sent the spray flying twenty feet in air. The first to plunge off were the mothers and babies, the last a splendid old bull who had been occupying the post of honor and danger on the highest ridge of the reef. He moved with the dignity befitting his rank, like a captain leaving his sinking ship.

The rocks we were bound for were three huge "hay-stacks" of basalt, with abrupt cliff-sides from sixty to a hundred and twenty feet high, and flattish sloping "roofs" of from an acre to an acre and a half in extent. They were not in the least promising-looking subjects, as not only were their sides exceedingly steep but the rock was rotten and crumbly, giving neither safe hand-hold nor foot-hold, and a climbing-hook wedged into a crack might easily split off a huge block or even a whole ledge. Indeed the inner islet had had a large, arch-shaped opening washed completely through it, fifty feet high by sixty wide, the shelf-ridged sides of which were simply lined with puffins and murres and their nests. We picked out the middle rock as the most "climbable" looking. As we came within clear eye-shot it began fairly to swarm with birds, like an arc-lamp in May-fly time. Squadrons of impudent pugnosed puffins, with their short wings and roll-shaped bodies, buzzed about like feathered bumble-bees. Regiments of graceful gullems and murres whirled and flashed in sweeping circles about the eaves of the hay-stack, or sat on dress-parade in long, white-waist-coated lines on every available inch of ledge and shelf. Gaunt and ungainly cormorants flapped solemnly backward

and forward from rock-top to water or stood at rigid "Tention!" beside their nests and eggs. Myriads of snowy and silvery-grey gulls dotted every notch and cranny of the brown rock-walls with splashes of white, like feathered snow-drops, or flitted swiftly and silently about on various thieves' errands. Wisps of pied surf-ducks, crimson-billed oyster-catchers, delicately pencilled dotterels and pearly-tinted terns filled in the kinetoscope picture. It was the sight of a lifetime. I can shut my eyes and see it yet.

We quickly found a passable landing-ledge. The steady ground-swell, with its rise and fall of four or five feet, would not permit the boat to touch the rocks; but by approaching stern-end-on and landing in a series of flying leaps we were soon ashore, although several of our bulkier belongings had narrow escapes from a watery grave in the process. Working our way along the foot-ledge to the other side of the islet, we discovered, after several unsuccessful attempts, a gully-like gap in the cliff-wall which promised a possible path upward. Ten minutes' vigorous scrambling brought us upon a little shoulder-like ridge or spur jutting out from the main rock about sixty feet above the water. The first man who pulled himself up on to this found himself kneeling in a gull's nest. Up we all swarmed headlong, at his shout, eager as a parcel of children in the copses over the first primrose, and in less than five minutes had captured nearly forty clutches of eggs.

But alas, the real fortress was yet to be scaled. Between us and the delectable ground at the top still rose forty feet of almost perpendicular cliff. From the narrow neck which joined the little shoulder on which we stood to the main mass rose a sheer, knife-like angle of rock, on one side of which a few painfully-widely separated knobs and short, slippery ledges

formed a sort of ghastly possibility of a devil's staircase to the top. It was bad enough to look at from below in cold blood, but when you had scrambled about ten feet up it, and looking down upon either side of the sharp-angled, vertical spur to which you were clinging, could see nothing between you and the white-fanged surf seventy feet below but the sloping, half-rotten, six-inch ledge into which your toe-nails instinctively strove to drive themselves through the soles of your boots, it was productive of strange and surprising sensations. The naturalist takes no shame to confess that one downward glance at the surf-cauldron between his insteps brought up such a surge of remembrances of his unprotected wife, and family of tender age, together with others that strangely reminded him of the parade-deck of a Cunarder, that the next thing he clearly recollects was suddenly finding himself sitting, extremely close to the ground, in the precise centre of the levellest patch he could find on the shoulder aforesaid. It was several minutes before he could gain his own consent to crawl to the edge of this delightful table-cloth-sized patch, and holding on to the blessed ground firmly with both hands, look down at the path up which he had climbed to it. As, however, the little eyrie in which he lay was simply crowded with nests, whose rightful owners were protesting volubly about his head, and the ledges and crannies of the great rock-walls which stretched away on either side of the angle were piled high with snow-drifts of nesting birds, so close to him that he could easily have reached out and touched scores of them with a trout-rod, he concluded to make the best of the situation. He had come, not for eggs, but to see the birds at home, and nowhere could he have found a finer opportunity for a little social inter-

course if he had climbed forty more precipices. And when, by working his way out to the extreme acromiom-process of the shoulder on which he stood, he found that he could get an excellent view of the roof-like top of the island scarcely twenty yards away, he was perfectly content and settled down in the weak June sunshine to enjoy himself.

The nests, with which every foot of the island above breaker-shot was simply crammed, could be divided into three great classes: the grass nests, the burrow nests and the nests that were no nests at all. The grass nests were those of the gulls and the cormorants; the puffins and petrels occupied burrows; while the murre and gull-mots, who formed at least two-thirds of the occupants of the rock, laid their eggs on any odd spot of the bare rock which was level enough to keep them from rolling right off into the water. And indeed, some of their nest-spots scarcely even fulfilled this condition, for the eggs would hardly stay there unless the bird sat on them to hold them in place.

The most workmanlike and comfortable-looking nests were those made by the gulls, and as this is the only creditable thing I know about them I hasten to set it down here. They are useful beasts as scavengers, three of them being equal to a turkey buzzard and ten of them to a pig, but they will steal like a congressman and murder like a pirate. They swarmed in the wake of our party like vultures after a battle, and long before the rightful owners, whom our approach had frightened away, dared to return to their nests, these saintly-looking scal-awags swooped down upon the unprotected eggs and young, right under our very noses.

Here came a curious illustration of the limitation of their intelligence. The larger eggs they promptly broke

with their powerful bills and sucked at once; no need to teach them to suck eggs. But turning suddenly I happened to catch sight of one of the rascals sidling up to a beautiful white petrel's egg, which had been fished out of its burrow and laid on the sod, waiting for the egg-basket. My first impulse was to throw a clod at him, as a petrel's egg was something of a prize; but he was so evidently puzzled that I decided to risk that particular specimen, just to see what he would do. His idea of an egg, evidently, was an oval, spotted thing, at least three inches long; but this round white sphere, scarcely more than an inch in diameter, was another sort of pebble. After poking it gingerly once or twice with his beak to see if it might be something squashable in the berry or jelly fish line, he decided that the proper thing to do was to swallow it whole. Again I restrained myself, hoping fervently that it would choke him; but after one or two violent gulps, during which, by some miracle, it escaped breaking, he coughed it out again and deposited it on the rock. His reasoning evidently ran, "It's neither big enough nor colored enough to be breakable; it's too big to swallow. I give it up." He next turned his bush-whacking attention to a couple of dead cormorant nestlings which happened to occupy the next nest (we found a number of dead nestlings on the rock, from what cause we were quite at a loss to determine; possibly cold, or previous attentions on the part of the gulls) and picking one of them up tried to swallow a wing of it. As this declined to go down without the rest of the body, which was hopelessly too big even for a gull's gape, he fussed around with it in a disgusted sort of fashion for several minutes, and then calmly picked it up, carried it to the edge of the rock and dropped it over. When he found it again, on the beach-ledge below, it

would probably be more amenable to reason in the matter of swallowing piecemeal. Obviously eternal vigilance is the price of safety, even on Bird Rock, and the brooding murre sits as close as she does for two reasons: to keep the egg on and to keep the gulls off.

The colors of the various eggs present some interesting problems. Several of them conform to the protective theory perfectly. Those of the gulls, for instance, which lie right out on the open ground in their large, grass-built nests with nothing between them and the sky except a few thin spears of grass or wiry sprigs of yarrow, are tinted a dull, earthy brown, with darker splotches, matching their surroundings so perfectly that constant vigilance had to be exercised to keep us from stepping on them before we saw them. Those of the puffins and the petrels, being deposited in the ends of burrows in almost total darkness and utterly invisible to any enemy, were naturally devoid of color, pure white—Nature, so to speak, wasting no pigment where none was needed.

But what is to be said as to the eggs of the cormorants, which were as utterly exposed as those of the gulls and in the open bowls of much larger nests, built up, funeral-pyre fashion, a foot or more above the surface of the ground, by the debris of successive generations; twigs, grass, feathers, and last, but chiefly, dried fish bones, the disgorged remains of former dinners. Instead of being brown, or even gray or neutral in tint, they were of a staring white, or with a slight skim-milk, bluish tint in them, and of a rough, chalky surface, just as if they had been recently smeared by an amateur whitewasher. And indeed the lime-coat of their shells was so loosely attached that they would make a broad chalky mark when rubbed upon a coat-sleeve or other dark surface. Here

was not only no protection, but wide-open defiance of danger. The only possible explanation which seems to present itself is that both papa and mamma cormorant being most devoted sitters, and one or other of them practically on the nest almost every moment of the time from laying to hatching, the eggs are, to all intents and purposes, under cover and as completely protected from hostile eyes as if in a burrow. And there is little danger of their being exposed by any frightening away of the old birds, for cormorant *père* is about as ferocious and indigestible-looking a customer as can well be imagined, with his gaunt twenty-four inches of height, glittering yellow eye and snake-like head and beak, and as a matter of fact he will take a back seat for nobody except the great sea eagle.

This last mentioned gentleman is indeed the sole Lord of the Manor of Bird Rock, the only enemy whom its inhabitants have to dread, except our own species of bipeds without feathers. He is said to descend occasionally, after hatching is fairly under way, and collect his rents in the shape of a sumptuous, but one would think somewhat cod-liver-olly, banquet on some of the young birds. They couldn't taste worse than caviare, however.

The eggs of the murrelets are equally puzzling in their tints, for though laid out on the naked rock with nothing but the sky above them, and plainly visible from every direction except below, they form a perfect spring flower-garden of tints. Their ground color ranges from pure white, with various washes of delicate gray, through half-a-dozen shades of baby blue up to purest azure; and upon this bright background is spread an elaborate pattern of splotches and splashes, of all sizes and shapes, thickest toward the large end of the egg, and ranging from dusky brown to chocolate-red

and velvety black. Of hundreds of eggs examined I found no two alike, either in shade of ground-tint, or color, size or number of splotches. There is certainly no attempt at protective coloring of any sort here. The only explanation that even suggests itself is that the birds, like the cormorants, are almost incessant sitters, one or the other of them being on duty every moment from the time the egg is laid. And there is an additional element of safety in that the murrelets sit, not like the cormorants singly, but in squads and shoals, the number of birds on each "nest" being limited only by the size of the available patch of space. The closeness with which the eggs are packed may be imagined from the fact that on a single ledge, about three feet wide by twelve feet long, one of our party counted ninety-two sitting birds.

But if so protected, what need of any coloring at all—why are they not plain white, like the cormorants' and puffins'? The student—colloquially yclept "The Undertaker," from the chastened melancholy of his habitual air—puzzled long over this apparent waste of pigment, and finally, after careful observation, emerged with the suggestion that it was due to the communal nesting, marked variations in color being necessary to enable each bird to recognize his (her) own egg among such a basketful. The theory was further supported by the fact that not only did the eggs vary widely in color and markings, but in size and shape, also, the smallest being scarcely larger than good large hens' eggs—Brahmas or Langshans, for instance—while the largest equalled moderate-sized turkey-eggs. Even the shape varied very considerably, for though the general form was that of a rapidly-tapering oval, like turkey-eggs, some tapered so abruptly as to appear positively top shaped, with others were almost as

even as olives and others nearly cigar-shaped.

The range of these variations, both of size and color, obtruded itself in a most practical way when we came back to fit our booty into the cardboard racks of the large egg-box. This, being a simple commercial structure, was built solely with reference to the almost infinitesimal variation of the hens' egg of commerce, and it was a worse puzzle than "pigs in clover" to get these wildly-individual children of the cliff-ledges to fit in with anything like economy of space or even safety. The longest and slenderest eggs would slip completely through the pockets of the rack, while the shortest and broadest would bulge over on both sides, so that they could only be put in alternate compartments; and when you had at last got the tray filled and tried to put on the buffer-sheet of cardboard which was to form the bottom of the next layer, you found that the tops of the largest eggs projected at least from half to three-quarters of an inch above those of the smallest. Such wide variations as these could certainly be utilized by the mother-bird, for they would make the eggs more unlike one another than our human babies up to, say, three months of age; and we all know that their mothers can tell them apart without the slightest difficulty, though we often wonder how under Heaven they can.

The naturalist was at first inclined scoffingly to maintain that such variations were utterly imperceptible to the limited intelligence of the birds, and that probably the hatching was as purely communal as the nesting; that each bird simply planted herself down upon the first egg she found vacant upon her return from the feeding-ground, caring not a boddle whether she or somebody else had laid it. All she wanted to satisfy her was the possession of an egg in that particular

group-nest. But the student, by dint of lying down upon his stomach on the top of the cliff, and craning his neck over the edge in the most uncomfortable fashion so that he could look directly down upon a nest-ledge only ten or fifteen feet below, was able to confute this cynical view of the murre's maternal intelligence. What he saw was a most interesting and quite complicated performance. The sexes evidently took turns in sitting upon the eggs. Whenever the male bird returned from feeding he pitched upon the extreme outer edge, which, indeed, was the only place where he could find any clear footing, and there called and clucked and craned his neck until he could elicit some response from his mate. The moment he had located her he plunged at once into the thick of the press and fought and shouldered and pecked his way through to her, to the intense disgust and dissatisfaction of the other birds. As soon as he was safely anchored on the precious egg, his mate, instead of taking flight from where she stood, simply reversed the performance and fought her way out to the edge of the ledge, amid a chorus of squawkings; every bird she passed within reach of giving her a parting peck for good luck. So that possibly the variations of color and shape may be of practical value to the birds.

The peculiar peg-top shape of the egg has certainly a practical value of another sort, and that is in preventing the egg from rolling. Eggs of such taper when disturbed will not roll straight onward like a barrel, but swing quickly round on their own axis and come to a standstill, large end downward, within four or five inches. We could hardly believe that the form would have such a decided effect in this regard until we tried some practical experiments with the eggs, placing them upon flat or gently sloping

surfaces and starting them to roll. It was simply astonishing how quickly they would whirl around on their own vertical axis. It took quite a smart push to send them more than nine inches away from the starting point; while if the push were given within an inch of either end of the egg, it would simply whirl round on its own axis without stirring more than a couple of inches from the spot.

The most comical feature about the nesting of the murre is that they do their sitting standing up. Indeed, it is hard to imagine how they could cover the egg sufficiently to keep it at the proper temperature, if it were not for their communal nesting, for they stand bolt upright, like soldiers upon parade, astride of their eggs, and must depend upon the contact of their neighbors' bodies for complete protection. That they sit astride their eggs is proven in a most disastrous manner by the results of a sudden flight from the nests on their part. It takes a good deal to frighten them off their nests, but when they do go they are exceedingly apt to carry the eggs with them, pitching them not merely clear of the ledge but eight or ten feet out into the water. Almost every shot that was fired by us to obtain some of the rarer cormorants resulted in the throwing of a number of murre's eggs off the nesting-ledges, and when we were working our boat through the archway already spoken of, which pierced the inner rock, a perfect shower of eggs and young birds fell all around us as the terrified tenants of the ledges fled in dismay. Mr. Frank Chapman relates a similar experience on his visit to the great Bird Rock in the gulf of St. Lawrence.

By far the most original of all the nests were those of the puffins and petrels. Every level or even roof-like space about the rock was covered from one to three feet deep with a

coating of soft, friable earth, composed partly of rotten rock, but chiefly of the remains of the droppings of myriads of generations of sea-birds. In fact it may be remarked in passing that the odor of the island, in spite of the magnificent ventilation by every wind of heaven, resembled that of an old and badly-kept hen-roost. In this soft and fragrant soil the powerful bills of the puffins have dug out innumerable burrows from two to four feet in length, at the end of each of which a rough nest cavity is scratched and a single chalk-white egg is laid. Each main burrow may have from one to four short side passages leading off from it, so that one ground-opening may accommodate four or five mother puffins. All you have to do is to lie down on the ground, thrust in your arm and pull them out, one after the other—providing that they don't get you by the fingers first. But this little proviso throws the odds rather, if anything, in favor of the puffin, for they bite like a beaver-trap. Here, as everywhere, audacity is the thing that tells. You must plunge the hand in boldly and quickly, so as to completely block the mouth of the burrow with your shoulder as soon as possible, for the puffin, like all other burrowing animals, as old rat-catchers and trappers assure me, will not bite in the dark. By this method you will not get bitten more than once in three or four puffins. You must handle your bird discreetly, however, even after you get him out, for a puffin robbed of his egg is as vicious as a rattlesnake, as I found to my cost. I had extracted one of them by this painless process, and laying him gently down on the ground beside me, turned to plunge after the egg, supposing that he would make the best of his liberty at once. But no such idea entered his head. Before I could wink he had me by the leg, and I had to choke him for what

seemed at least ten or fifteen minutes before I could make him let go, and bore the visible marks of his fury for weeks after. When at last I did get him loose, I laughed till I nearly fell off the ledge at the sheer, unadulterated nerve of the little beggar, and I have no doubt that that puffin is still relating to his grandchildren the story of his victory.

Even the slight and delicately-built petrels can drive their burrows into this friable soil, though these seem to be dug with the feet rather than with the beak. Wherever they can they take advantage of the previous work of the puffin, so that it is not uncommon to find a happy family in one of these burrows, with a couple of petrels in the front attic and hall bedroom, so to speak, and two or three puffins in the two-pair back.

The petrels are out on their feeding-ground all day, and never come near the burrows except at night, so that you might be constantly about the rock from dawn to dark for weeks and yet never see a sign of a petrel, and it is really hard to imagine where the pearly-white eggs which dot the burrows come from, as even the female petrel is never found at home, except during the actual process of incubation. In fact we never saw a petrel during the whole of our stay, except one or two which we found in the burrows, though we took scores of their eggs and could have taken hundreds.

The Oologist—surnamed "The Farmer" for short—had, however, on a previous visit to Netarts waded out at low tide to a small rock close to shore, whose top was riddled with petrel-burrows. The tide rose unexpectedly and he had to spend the night on the rock in his shirt-sleeves, without either supper, blankets or coat, but even at that he declared that his experience with the petrels was worth the discomfort.

Just as the last gleam of daylight disappeared they swept down upon the island like a swarm of bats. Those that were in the burrows came squeaking and whistling out to meet them, until the whole place, from two feet underground to six feet above it, seemed simply alive with them. It was a most uncanny performance, for though the ground under his feet was full of squeaking and gurglings, and the air of soft-twitters, while the breath of swift wings would fan his face now on this side now on that incessantly, not a bird, not a form of any sort, not even a shadow was to be seen.

When there are nestlings to be fed, the parent birds come home with their crops full of a sort of oil, the partially-digested extract of the fish which they have caught. On reaching the nest they thrust their beaks into the open and clamorous mouths of the young and simply squirt the extract down their throats into their crops, thus antedating by several thousand years the forced-feeding methods of poultrymen. The situation has a drawback for the egg-collector, since, on the principle of "easy come, easy go," the young petrel is almost as ready to eject his dose of cod-liver oil as he was to have it injected, and the moment you touch him will promptly "play Jonah" in your direction with surprising power of projection. To have an ounce or more of hot, rancid fish-oil suddenly shot up your sleeve is not exactly gratifying, either to your nerves at the time or to your nostrils afterwards.

But it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, and the foxy natives of various sea-coasts, among them the Australian, get their principal supply of oil for the year from this source. They both empty the crops of the younger nestlings and take the bodies of the older ones, which be-

come mere balls of fat. So oily have these latter become that—it is alleged—all that is needed to make excellent candles of them is to dry them and poke a wick down their throats. A match does the rest.

In the midst of our enjoyment, ere we had been on the rock three hours, which seemed scarcely thirty minutes, Captain Joe suddenly signalled to us. No breeze had risen, but the advance ripples of a sea, raised by some storm half-way to Honolulu, had slipped in under and past us, and the sweet surf was roaring defiance to our landing. Hastily collecting our precious specimens, we started down, only to find the waves beating over the ledge along which we had worked our way round the point of rock from the landing-place to the foot of our cliff-gully. There was nothing for it but to drop our rope straight down the other side of the shoulder and swing ourselves down it, hand-over-hand, forty feet sheer on to the rocks below. This, with the lowering of our egg-boxes, guns, camera, etc., took some little time, and we couldn't imagine what made Indian Joe so anxious to hurry us on board.

We soon found out, however, for ten minutes' vigorous pulling with the tide brought us in plain sight of a surf-wall which had grown up, like Jonah's gourd, six or eight feet in half as many hours. It wasn't attractive to look at, but we were flushed with our triumph over the Rock and ready for anything. A moment we hung on the tide, then at Captain Joe's hissing, "Now, boys!" slap we dashed at it! The staunch old whale-boat shot up into the air like a thoroughbred hunter at a fence, a breathless downward plunge on the other side—and we could

see the wall of furious water behind us.

But horrors! It was coming after us. It gained on us every second. Should we never pull out of that trough? The green terror astern was too much for Solomon's nerves; with a gasp he turned his head wildly to gaze over his shoulder for a soft spot to be washed up on. Instantly he caught a crab, fouled the next man's oar and the boat swung sidewise. Crash! came a quarter of a ton of green water right over our stern and half way up to our seats. Biff! came ten tons of the next wave against our seaward side, rolling us over like an empty cracker-barrel. Luckily the "crab" had knocked Solomon over on to his back, in the bottom of the boat, while his oar went floating out to sea. This cleared the next man's oar; we struggled into our stroke again and were under way before the next wave caught us. Five minutes later we landed, safe but excessively wet, especially Solomon, who was still lying on his back, feet up in air, in about nine inches of water. His impression apparently was that he had gone to the bottom and was being drowned. No soon had we persuaded him out of this and got him on his feet than a single glance at the fire in the Captain's eye sent him scuttling ashore with astonishing alacrity. Indian Joe was ready to scalp him, not so much for nearly swamping the boat and drowning half of us, as for the exceeding coldness and wetness of the quarter-ton of Pacific Ocean aforementioned, which had deluged his broad shoulders, as he stood in the stern.

Farewell to the Bird Rocks of Tillamook Light, but also, and most fervently, *au revoir!*

Woods Hutchinson.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A SNOWFLAKE.

It is one of the most interesting things in connection with the subject of the weather that all its phenomena are so closely in touch with one another, and that in order to explain any one of them it is necessary to take account of all the rest. A further fact is that the various phenomena have a power of transforming themselves very quickly as it were into something else, so that it is often a long process to hunt down and discover what is the fundamental structure of these fugitive shapes. A snowflake, for instance, at first sight might be thought to have a separate existence from any of the other children born of aqueous vapor, but on attempting to follow up the history of these "frozen flowers," as Professor Tyndall called them, it is found that the attention is at once directed to the consideration of such things as rain, hail, sleet, mist, dew, hoar-frost, and clouds. Hail, rain, sleet and snow are, of course, very nearly related indeed, but similarly to the other phenomena they are all built up out of aqueous vapor, and when vapor is condensing out of the atmosphere it is, at some seasons of the year, quite as likely to take one shape as another. Of the phenomena mentioned above, hail is probably the most noisy in its descent from the atmosphere to the earth, and this more especially when it happens to be accompanied by a thunder-storm. On the other hand hoar-frost and snow are probably the quietest of all the children of the air, while as regards their picturesque effects, who would venture to decide between two such skilful artists? Snow, which is the parent of the grinding glacier and the stupendous iceberg, has, however, such notable effects on climate and on weather that few meteorological phe-

nomena can compare with it for interest.

Now, it is probable that, as is the case with a raindrop, or with hail, in order to give a snowflake a start in life there must be a tiny nucleus of dust, round which the condensing vapor may gather. It is mainly a question of temperature as to what form this condensing moisture will take, but commonly when the temperature is above the freezing point rain is the outcome. When this process takes place in a body of air at or about the freezing point, snow gets its opportunity; while when the condensed moisture does not at once freeze solid, hail will be more likely to occur. At some times, indeed, both snow and hail take the form of little fluffy pellets of frozen moisture, and considerable experience is necessary to distinguish between them. As a general rule the colder the weather the smaller the snowflakes; the large flakes, which children describe as being due to the old woman plucking her geese, appearing when the thermometer is not far away from the freezing point. Large flakes, indeed, are a conglomeration of smaller flakes, and it is in the latter that the greatest regularity and beauty of structure are to be seen.

In order therefore that a snowflake may make a successful journey through the atmosphere it should be built up on a particle of dust, while if it should be fortunate enough to commence its career at the top of a cloud soaring many miles above the level of the earth, it will thereby become still better equipped for adding to its stores of frozen vapor. Between the growing snowflake and the earth, it should be borne in mind, there are in ordinary conditions strata of atmosphere that differ very much as regards their tem-

perature, and the amount of moisture they contain. These different layers through which the descending snowflake will pass favor its development, for it often happens that in one layer of atmosphere the flake gathers moisture which is promptly frozen in the succeeding layer. In this connection it is well to recall what happens when one holds a snowball, or two pieces of melting ice in a warm hand for any length of time, for either can be welded into a solid lump by a little pressure, a process commonly called regelation, and to be borne in mind when seeking for the causes that favor the growth of a snowflake.

From each layer of atmosphere through which it passes the fluttering snowflake may therefore be thought of as collecting a tribute of moisture, but unlike a hailstone it makes these accretions in gentle fashion. There is a fuss and a dash with the downward plunge of a hailstone, so that the frozen moisture is welded around it with great force and it quickly grows hard and solid. On the other hand, with a snowflake the frozen moisture is not so much welded as it is enmeshed, for on every snowflake, even in its early moments, there are protuberances and spicules that catch the floating moisture as in a tiny net. The most common forms of snowflake have a solid nucleus with rays ramified in different planes, others taking the shape of six-sided needles or prisms, or six-sided pyramids. A complicated snowflake takes the form of a six-sided prism from one or both ends of which six-sided plates are projected. Another kind of snowflake is found to be simply a thin lamina of frozen moisture, snowflakes of this class being observed in great variety. Many interesting sketches have been made of all these different kinds of snowflakes, but this is work that requires further elaboration by some observer willing to devote

a little time to this most interesting work of taking a picture of the snowflakes as they reach the earth. It has been said that the crystals in any given snowstorm have a family likeness, each storm, as it were, having its own particular type of snowflake. This is an interesting point to be settled only by careful observation, and for the present it is enough to recognize the fact that although snowflakes seem all very much alike yet there is endless variety in these "lovely blossoms of the frost."

It will be seen, then, that the conditions most favorable for the production of large snowflakes are when the atmosphere is freezing in some parts and thawing in others. With these conditions the process of regelation of moisture on the surface of the snowflake will proceed apace. Under such favorable circumstances very large flakes may be built up, although, as already mentioned, these large structures are often but the result of flakes that have collided in mid air and joined forces. These large snowflakes are like very large hailstones, which are often but a mass of ice formed by several hailstones crushed together. Both as regards the snowflake and the hailstones, these conglomerates are not properly to be taken as showing to what size a single flake or stone may grow. With this proviso it may be stated that one of these conglomerate snowflakes was found to measure $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in breadth, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in thickness; the flake when melted yielded $2\frac{1}{2}$ cubic inches of water. Such large snowflakes as this cannot come to maturity when the atmosphere is of a very low temperature all through. In such circumstances there are no alternate layers of air of varying conditions in temperature and moisture, and as a result only small, dry flakes of snow are produced. This is the kind of snow that falls in the polar regions, and it is these cold weather snowflakes

that are the most perfect in form. Closely allied to the small and the large snowflakes is sleet. This commonly is objugated as the most unpleasant of all the children born of the atmosphere, but it will perhaps be seen that rightly to understand the whole story of a snowflake, something of the changes in temperature that produce sleet need to be taken into account.

When lying on the ground, snow, from a meteorological point of view, is of much greater interest than when falling through the air. In an ordinary way there is a constant exchange of heat between the surface of the earth and the atmosphere. Thus during the day the sun pours its warmth down through the air to the earth, so that the surface of the ground is raised in temperature. During the night hours this acquired warmth is rapidly radiated into space, and the temperature of the earth accordingly falls. The atmosphere, moreover, that is everywhere in the closest intimacy with the ground, is also affected by this prodigal behavior of the earth. Now, when the ground is wrapped round in its mantle of snow, these imports and exports of heat to and from the earth are interrupted. In other words, the diurnal range of temperature is greatly modified, so that all the time snow is on the ground there is not that excessive expenditure of heat that ordinarily takes place, and as a result the soil beneath the snow is maintained at an equable temperature.

Anyone who has been on the snow a few thousand feet above the level of the sea will have recognized the fact that snow is a good radiator of heat. At such a height, moreover, the atmosphere is dry and free from dust, so that as the heat rays pass through the air, to and from the surface of the snow, they have but little effect as regards raising the temperature of the air. Air such as this is said to be diatherma-

nous, and heat rays passing through such territory, so to speak, pay no toll. Similarly snow, so long as it remains clean and free from impurities, reflects the heat rays, but will not absorb them. Supposing, however, that a little dirt or a plentiful supply of coal-dust settles on such snow, heat is at once absorbed, and the "frozen flowers" are destroyed. That the snow is white is considered to be due to the fact that the ice crystals of which each individual snowflake is built up, act as so many miniature prisms that blend the prismatic colors and so scatter a white light. In its embrace also, each snowflake, as it lies upon the ground, holds a tiny supply of air, and it is this circumstance that makes the snow so bad a conductor of heat. Snow then in regard to the earth and the atmosphere acts as a buffer state, so that it passes no heat down from above and allows none to travel upwards from below.

Further, not only is snow of interest in the manner of its birth and in respect of its sojourn on the earth, but its actions are no less entertaining when it melts. In passing it may be observed that one foot of snow is considered to be equal to ten or twelve inches of rain. When, therefore, snow is on the ground to the depth of several feet there is an enormous quantity of moisture held in suspension. It is not surprising then that when a sudden thaw sets in, the water courses and rivers are unable to carry off the melting snow, and that floods result. At times, too, it will happen that the ground in the neighborhood of fallen snow is frozen hard, so that as the snow melts it rushes impetuously onwards, disastrous floods being again produced. When the snow disperses in orderly fashion it percolates through the ground, and it will readily be understood that as the cold icy water passes downwards notable modifications occur in the temperature of the

soil. At such times undrained land becomes saturated with the chilly water, and for this and other reasons it has been observed that the effect of draining land is the same as if it had been removed one hundred miles to the southward. It is not, therefore, surprising that in many countries considerable attention is given to the work of observing the snow, so that ample warning may be given to those whom it may concern of the time when it is beginning to melt.

Both when on the ground and when it melts it will therefore be seen that

Knowledge.

snow is constantly modifying the temperature of its surroundings. On the winds also which blow to and from the snow-covered areas these changes have also their effects, so that in studying climatic conditions it is imperative to know the times and seasons when a given locality is covered with snow. As already mentioned, to follow the biography of a snowflake to the end, something should be said concerning glaciers and icebergs; but it is sufficient for present purposes to call attention to them, with the observation that they were built by the snowflakes.

Arthur H. Bell.

THE SCHOOL OF NATURE.

After a generation or more of severe step-mothering the village school has suddenly become, if not the spoilt child of the educational world, at least a small personage about whose welfare all parties are making a prodigious fuss. Of old it had to make the best of a system designed for the great town schools, and when its friends protested they were lectured as either clerical obscurantists or as petty tyrants anxious to perpetuate a system of serfdom and cheap labor. Yet now not only the House of Commons, but if we may believe the nonconformists, the great heart of the people itself is passion-rent over the prospects of paying for those services which the country school has so long rendered gratuitously. Furthermore if we quit politics and come to education, we find that at last the separate existence of the country school is being recognized and even blessed by boards and codes. We have "Nature Study" Conferences such as that held in Yorkshire on Saturday last, when Lord Herries and Professor

Miall bade teachers turn from the dead and dried specimen to the living animal; we have had a "Nature Study Exhibition" designed to show how a school can be countrified, where dukes and duchesses gathered to approve, and on whose opening platform were to be seen together, for the first time on record, the official chiefs of the English and Scottish Boards of Education! Amid the general chorus of praise and congratulation that followed the Exhibition there has not been wanting the voice of the scoffer; the cynic saw nothing new, only another fashion to pass in its turn; the hard-bitten teacher warned us against more or less fantastic "play" taking the place of work; the idealist was alarmed lest the collection of "things" should displace the study of ideas.

Of course all these defects and more were plentifully visible in the material shown at the Nature Study Exhibition: still there was an aim "if dimly yet indeed revealed" which is worthy of a little consideration. We may dismiss

at once the possible usefulness in after life of the information acquired; it is a specious idea, sounding well upon a platform, that every country child ought to know, for instance, the names of the grasses, good and bad, to be met with in the meadows, but if one really faces the question it will be hard to conceive the situation, time, place, and occasion, when such knowledge can be translated into the value of a penny piece. But the habit of mind which may be engendered by looking at the grasses with sufficient accuracy to discriminate between them is on the contrary an asset that may be realized many times over and may color the whole of a man's life. It is still necessary to repeat that the business of a school is not to impart knowledge, only the higher schools and universities ought to be making a beginning at that. Unfortunately in the past we tried to design even our elementary schools on University models, but the idea of the men who are now fighting for the teaching of science in schools of all grades is not to introduce some "useful knowledge" but a method, in particular the method which will save us from the devitalizing effects of civilization. The ordinary town-bred man has in these times but few calls on his resourcefulness, on his handiness, either physical or mental, to meet an emergency; he lives in his appropriate pigeon-hole; to a school with all its work and play carefully mapped out succeeds the life of a specialist "fiddling at a piston or a valve"; even if his morning train or tram break down he can do nothing himself but must wait until the higher powers resume their normal operation. Beyond falling in love and the abiding desire to "best" his fellows in money-making, the civilized man is never in contact with any elemental facts his whole life long; in time the socialists may even succeed in taking away the outlet for these last workings of the

old Adam. The efforts of civilization are all directed towards removing the accidental and violent incursions of what we may term nature, so reducing life more and more to an orderly sequence, with a corresponding loss both of power and of character in the individual. But how is the teaching of science going to supply any corrective to this numbing result of over-organization, for it can hardly be pretended that science possesses more of the primitive than say football, which indeed is lauded by one head master as the "onlie begetter" of that nerve and art of leadership whose loss we are deploring? Well in the first place mere "natural history" can be a great stimulus to the power of applied reasoning; collecting is after all the modern boy's version of hunting, and if it be not too much reduced to system and made the verification of quasi-facts got up from some of the all too numerous handbooks to the country, it can be fruitful of that "knowingness"—observation followed by deduction, rapid adaptation to circumstances and patience in dealing with the vagaries of things themselves—which is the missing element in our education. Long ago Milton classed as education "the helpful experience of hunters, fowlers, and fishermen", but in those days Piscator, Venator, and Auceps might meet at the top of Totnam Hill; now the hawk-moth is the object of desire rather than the hawk, and the trapper's skill can be only widely exercised on rats and sparrows.

However "Natural History" is after all only glorified play, desirable enough to develop some faculties but not a whole training for a civilized man; the value of real scientific training lies in the way it rubs up the immature mind against the stubbornness of things. Even in elementary physical science there are few experiments which go in the very simple fashion attributed to

them, and if the boy be set to work out something for himself, some series of experiments which, as Professor Armstrong insists, will put him in the position of an investigator, he will find that he has to try back and contrive and keep on adjusting the details to the occasion in a fashion that is of the very texture of life itself. And he will learn by degrees two lessons, one of the importance of details, the other of the meaning of measurement. The Englishman is specially prone to "slap dash" methods of doing business; he only wants to get to work instead of thinking first how to begin and what resources he possesses to carry him through the undertaking. Of course it is a fault with peculiar virtues of its own; "thinking too intently on th' event" may result in inaction, but certainly it is not our national tendency to err in that direction and we can well afford to cultivate the reasoning faculties without danger of sickly over our native hue of resolution.

As to the habit of measurement, recent events have been showing us only too clearly how the slipshod prevails in all departments of national life, we all need to assimilate the old professor's appeal "Pray, sir, be definite". A more subtle result of the habit of measurement lies in the attitude it brings towards the things of the mind; when

The Saturday Review.

a man has found that exactitude about such simple matters as the length of a yard or the weight of a pound is merely approximate, and that a reasonably close approximation is only to be attained by care and precaution, he becomes less inclined to be dogmatic about ideas admitting of no measurement at all; "catchwords" of all sorts—"Free Trade", "Liberty", "Nationality"—become less sure foundations to build upon and are judged as they are rather than accepted as inviolable corner-stones for all time.

And as the right kind of "Nature Study" is only a recognition of the fact that field and hedgerow, meadow and garden, provide just the material for one kind of training in scientific method, herein lies the value of the subject in the elementary school, and the value of the recent exhibition in providing some examples of the true method at work. The boy who leaves school at twelve or thirteen can acquire but little useful knowledge, yet he can be given a way of looking at things which he can carry over to whatever may be his future business, he can be made to feel that reason and not only routine is at the bottom of doing, and that the world of thought or even of books may be made to piece on to the daily business of life.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Le Galliene's "Odes from the Divan of Hafiz" are to be published next spring in a limited edition.

There has been some surprise at the apparently arbitrary omission of certain authors from the supplement to the "Encyclopædia Britannica". This is now explained by the statement that

an age limit was fixed, by which all writers under sixty years of age were excluded.

Austin Dobson is to write a life of Fanny Burney for the Macmillans' English Men of Letters Series; Edmund Gosse is to do the volume on Jeremy Taylor; and the volume on

Sydney Smith which was to have been written by Augustine Birrell has been undertaken by George W. E. Russell.

The persons and events of the French revolution of 1848, from the point of view of one who was an eye-witness, form the subject of a volume which Mr. John Murray announces for early publication. The narrator is the Baroness Bonde, an Irish lady by birth who married a Dutchman residing in an official capacity in Paris. The book was written in the form of a journal in which the Baroness noted her impressions of many of the most prominent characters in Paris at the time of the Revolution.

It would appear that, in spite of what is said or thought to the contrary, people do read sermons. The "Metropolitan Tabernacle Pulpit," of London recently printed the 2,500th sermon by the late C. H. Spurgeon. This means that each week for forty-eight years an original sermon by him has been printed. Moreover, the publishers have on hand sufficient unpublished manuscripts to enable them to issue a sermon a week for many years to come.

The latest "American invasion" reported from London is that of an unnamed American who bore away in triumph from a recent sale a unique collection of books comprising seven hundred lots. The collection embraced thirty-two examples of Caxton's press, mostly from William Morris's library, and three books issued by the Oxford press in the fifteenth century. The first Oxford book was the "Tyrannius Rufinus," the earliest of all (1468 for 1478) issued from the press. The second book was the *editio princeps* et *unioa* of the "Latin Commentary on the Lamentations of Jeremiah," made by John Lothbury (1482), with wood cut border. The third was the "Explana-

tiones notabiles denotissimi" of Richard Rolle of Hampole (1483), said to be the only one of four copies not in a public library, and the price paid for the last named volume at the Ingils sale in 1900 was £300.

As soon as it was known that Mr. Carnegie had made Mr. John Morley a present of the late Lord Acton's magnificent library, it was anticipated that Mr. Morley would take an early opportunity to pass the noble gift on to some institution which was able properly to house it and to make a wise use of it. Mr. Morley has justified these expectations by making a free gift of the library to the University of Cambridge. In a letter addressed to the Duke of Devonshire, the Chancellor of the University, Mr. Morley admits that for a time he "played with the fancy" of retaining the library for his own use and delectation, but he soon came to the conclusion that such a collection was more fit for a public and undying institution than for an individual. Of the library itself Mr. Morley writes:

The library has none of the treasures that are the glory of Chatsworth. Nor is it one of those noble and miscellaneous accumulations that have been gathered by the chances of time and taste in colleges and other places of old foundation. It was collected by Lord Acton to be the material for a history of Liberty, the emancipation of Conscience from Power, and the gradual substitution of Freedom for Force in the government of men. That guiding object gives to these sixty or seventy thousand volumes a unity that I would fain preserve by placing them where they can be kept intact and in some degree apart.

Writing in his eightieth year, with a mind richly stored with the fruits of observation and experience, but with a spirit eternally young and buoyant, Edward Everett Hale has recorded his

"Memories of a Hundred Years", which the Macmillan Co. publish in two attractive and profusely illustrated volumes. It is briefly the story of the nineteenth century in the United States which is here told, with a vivacity, a piquancy, a genius for seizing upon salient facts and putting them in the fewest words rarely equalled. Dr. Hale's own recollections extend over at least seven decades of the century and are supplemented by those of his father, and by family papers, for the earlier period, so that the personal element is strong throughout. Dr. Hale's Americanism is as robust at eighty as it could have been at twenty, and he unfolds the panorama of the national development, depicts the great events and the great men who shaped them, and fills in details of social, industrial, and literary progress with an unflagging interest which his readers will discover to be contagious. Doubtless a more orderly history might have been written, if Dr. Hale had been concerned with so grave a matter as the orderly writing of history, but it would scarcely have been as entertaining. His very asides, his bits of personal opinion, his abrupt changes from the past to the present, and the flavor of humor which gives piquancy to the whole add to the charm of the volumes. A fine photogravure portrait of the author looks out at the reader from the frontispiece.

Of rare autobiographic interest is the "Life and Letters of H. Taine," which E. P. Dutton & Co. publish. It covers but twenty-four years—his childhood, his education at the Ecole Normale, his failure to pass for the Philosophy *Agrégation*, his work in provincial professorships, hampered by the unfriendly supervision which at last forced his resignation, and his return to Paris for independent study—stopping short thus of the time when the earliest of his

publications appeared. But periods of preparation have a significance of their own, and these letters give really fascinating glimpses of the evolution of their writer's thought. By far the larger number are addressed to intimates of the Ecole Normale—the frank outpourings of an ardent, fearless mind on the political and philosophical problems of his day—but these are diversified by light, bantering, affectionate notes to his mother and sisters, which reveal the domestic side of his nature with the same freedom. The translation, by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire, is a very satisfactory one.

A pleasant narrative style, delightful bits of description, dialogue glancing brightly from one to another of the problems of the day, caustic satire of current fads, and a picturesque grouping of striking figures against a New England background—all these are matters of course in Arlo Bates's novels. But his fiction has been weak in that human interest without which the most ingenious plot fails of its purpose. The characters have not been real, and the reader has not really cared what became of them. In this respect "The Diary of a Saint" is decidedly superior to any of its predecessors. Ruth Privet—daughter to the old Judge, and Lady Bountiful for the community—high-spirited and independent, yet keenly sensitive to the niceties of conduct and character,—compels the reader's liking at the very outset, and he follows the passing of her love from one to the other of the two men who come to woo her with a sympathy that becomes absorbing toward the close. The most delicate social problems are bound up with Ruth Privet's personal perplexities, and the writer's treatment of them is at once decorous and searching, although his climax seems an evasion. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1844.

VOL. CXL.
THIRD SERIES. VOL. IX. No. 3.

THE ECLECTIC MAGAZINE OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

MARCH, 1903.

CONTENTS.

I. The English Novel in the Nineteenth Century....	<i>Edinburgh Review</i>	281
II. Before Love Came. By ELLA HIGGINSON.		295
III. In the Tracks of War.	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	295
IV. The Taming of Garden Birds. By FRANCIS IRWIN		
	<i>Pall Mall Magazine</i>	305
V. Frederick Temple.	<i>Saturday Review</i>	311
VI. Patchwork. By M. E. FRANCIS.	<i>Longman's Magazine</i>	314
VII. Wild Flowers. By JOHN B. TABB.		324
VIII. Campaigning With Kitchener. By a Staff Officer.		
	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i>	325
IX. A Farm in the Cantal. (Haute Auvergne.) By MARY DUCLAUX		
	<i>Contemporary Review</i>	335
X. Outward Bound. By HENRY NEWBOLT.		351
XI. The Non-Jurors. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.	<i>Speaker</i>	352
XII. The Precept of Silence. By LIONEL JOHNSON.		357
XIII. Browning's Casnistry. By SIR LESLIE STEPHEN, K C. B.		
	<i>National Review</i>	357
XIV. The Limitations of Lord Macaulay. By H. C. FOXCROFT.		
	<i>Fortnightly Review</i>	372
XV. A Fool's Wisdom. By E. P. LARKEN.	<i>Longman's Magazine</i>	385
XVI. St. Francis and the Twentieth Century. By PAUL SABATIER		
	<i>Contemporary Review</i>	386
XVII. The Paradox of the English Business-Man. By R. E. VERNEDE.		
	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i>	398
XVIII. Mine Ease in Mine Inn. By T. H. S. ESCOTT.	<i>Chambers's Journal</i>	406
XIX. A Reverie of the East. By OWEN SEAMAN.	<i>Punch</i>	411
XX. The Traditional Sayings of Christ.	<i>Spectator</i>	412
XXI. Songs of the Russian People. By A. E. KEETON.	<i>Monthly Review</i>	414
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		420

Address :

THE LIVING AGE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Terms: Single Numbers, 25 Cents.

Yearly Subscription, \$3.00

Entered at the Post Office at Boston as second-class matter

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

17 SETS ONLY.

We have secured from a collector, who has been years in getting them together, seventeen sets of the first seven volumes of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE. We have had them bound in golden brown pebble cloth with gold lettering. And we can, as long as they last, supply the entire twenty-seven volumes of the present series, which they complete, covering the years from

September, 1889, to February, 1903, inclusive, for \$54.00, delivered free. Our price heretofore for this splendid set has had to be a third more than this, and it will be so again as soon as these are gone. Easy terms will be made reliable purchasers.

Old numbers untrimmed and clean taken from actual subscribers at full price in exchange.

17 SETS ONLY.

AMERICA COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, BOSTON.

ZOLA'S NEW NOVEL

FINISHED JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH

"What is TRUTH?" asked jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer.

TRUTH

Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. The third in the "Four Evangelists" Group, following "Fruitfulness" and "Labor"

THE PLOT: Virtually a re-setting of the famous Dreyfus case.

SUBJECT: Illustrates the antagonistic influences of the Jesuit and secular parties in modern France.

TREATMENT: Sustains from cover to cover intense interest in a vivid dramatic situation.

Ready Middle of February

12mo. \$1.50

JOHN LANE

- - -

NEW YORK

NEW OVERLAND SERVICE. Chicago to SAN FRANCISCO

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL

and
UNION PACIFIC LINE

Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific Railways.

THREE DAILY TRAINS Nebraska, Colorado, Utah CALIFORNIA.

For detailed information call upon any railroad ticket agent or passenger representative of this company, or address

J. H. HILAND,
Traffic Manager, Chicago.

F. A. MILLER,
Gen'l Pass'r Agent, Chicago.

W. W. HALL, N. E. Freight and Passenger Agent, 369 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

The **GLEN SPRINGS**

The
American
Nauheim

A Health Resort of the highest class. The most complete and modern bathing establishment in America.

All Approved Forms of Hydrotherapy, including Hot Neptune Brine Baths and Carbonated Neptune Brine Baths (*the Schott treatment*) as given in the celebrated Nauheim Baths for Gout, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Diseases of the Nervous system, and of the Heart and Kidney.

Also Electricity in every form, Massage, Swedish Movements, Turkish and Russian Baths.

Valuable Mineral Springs

Muriated, Alkaline, Chalybeate, Iodo-Bromated and Brine.

Climate mild, dry and equable.

Location overlooks thirty miles of Seneca Lake. Sixty acres of private park. Well-kept and attractive Golf Links. All the appointments of a first-class hotel. Send for illustrated book.

WM. E. LEFFINGWELL
President, Watkins, N. Y.

Musical Record and Review

Edited by THOMAS TAPPER

The Brightest,
Most Attractive,
Most Unique,
Most Useful,
Music Magazine
Published.

You can have it 12 times (one year)
For ONE DOLLAR.

Send for the entertaining little book about the
Musical Record and Review.

OLIVER DITSON CO.

a820

Ditson Building, Boston.

**Free for One
Week !**

This is a proposition which is unique in the history of a reputable publishing house. It is desired that all LIVING AGE readers should know the peerless leader of ALL works of reference.

The New 20th Century Edition of the FUNK & WAGNALLS' Standard Dictionary

With Cyclopaedia and Atlas of the World

The Publishers are willing to waive, for a limited time, the ordinary formalities of business regarding payment. We simply ask that you permit us to place this unequalled Dictionary upon your table that you may have a week's use of this famous work. By such a practical test we believe that you will admit that THE STANDARD DICTIONARY is more than we claim for it. Send it back, then, if you like, at our expense; but allow us to give you the company of this \$1,000,000 guest for seven days, gratis.

We do this because it is simply impossible to give any fair conception of the magnitude of THE STANDARD DICTIONARY by means of a Prospectus, however elaborate it be. A bare statement of facts would appear incredible. It is only in testing the Dictionary by actual use, and by comparison with other works of reference, that an adequate idea of this unique and indispensable work can be gathered.

**You incur absolutely no risk in accepting this proposition
We take all risk, pay all carriage charges, etc.**

We cannot promise to hold this very liberal offer open long, and it is naturally limited in its operation. Immediate return should therefore be made of the special LIVING AGE Form below, when we will send the work to any responsible reader carriage prepaid. It will at once be seen that this is

AN UNPRECEDENTED OFFER

It costs you nothing for a week of rare pleasure and profit. The Form below brings a \$1,000,000 Book to you Gratis.

YOUR Library should have the BEST.

It is magnificently Illustrated and Superbly Bound.

THE STANDARD contains 5,000 new engravings, many matchless color pictures, and 88 pages of the latest maps of the world. The single illustration of the brilliant Solar Spectrum cost above \$5,000. This requires 52 lithographic impressions, and is recognized as one of the finest pieces of color printing yet produced. As additional features the Dictionary contains an appendix of 47,000 proper names, and 500,000 encyclopedic facts. It is full of new and unique features impossible to enumerate here. You will never know what a really modern reference Dictionary work is until you see THE STANDARD.

This edition is not stocked by general booksellers, and is sold only by Subscription.

The Living Age On-Approval Dictionary Form

Please return at once, as offer is limited.

Gentlemen—Please send me for examination, carriage free, a copy of your new Standard Dictionary in two volumes, bound in full leather, price \$22.00. It is expressly understood that I may retain this work for one week, and if then I do not care for it, I will return it to you at your expense. If retained, I will remit to you \$2.00 as the initial payment, within eight days of receipt of the Dictionary by me, and \$2.00 monthly until the \$22.00, the regular cash price of the Dictionary, is paid.

Signed.....

Profession.....

Date.....1903.

Address.....

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 30 Lafayette Place, NEW YORK.